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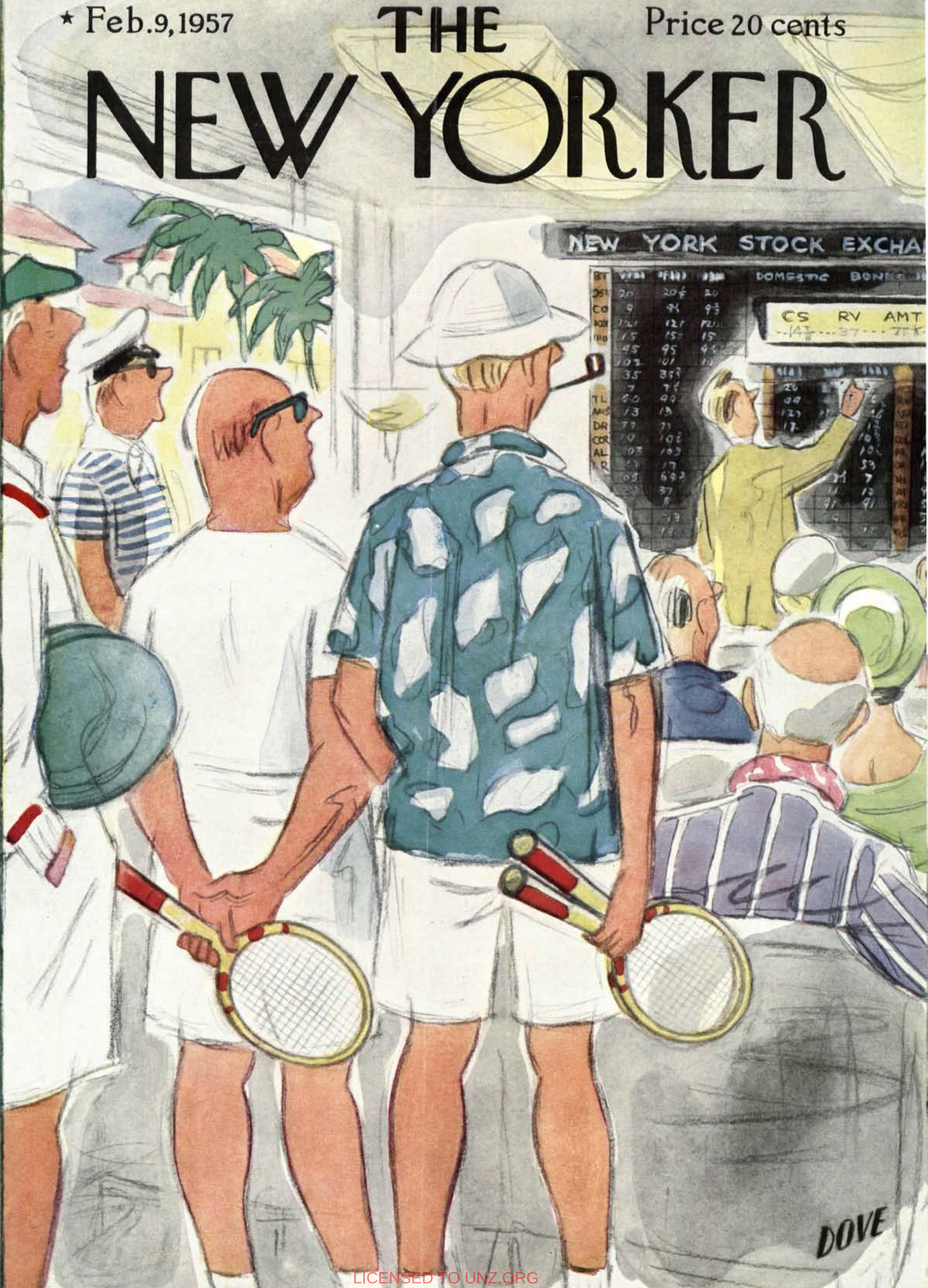
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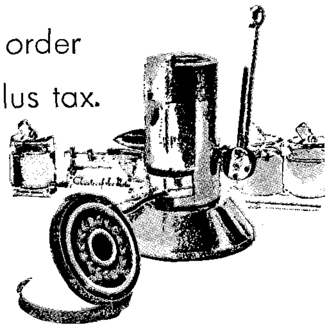

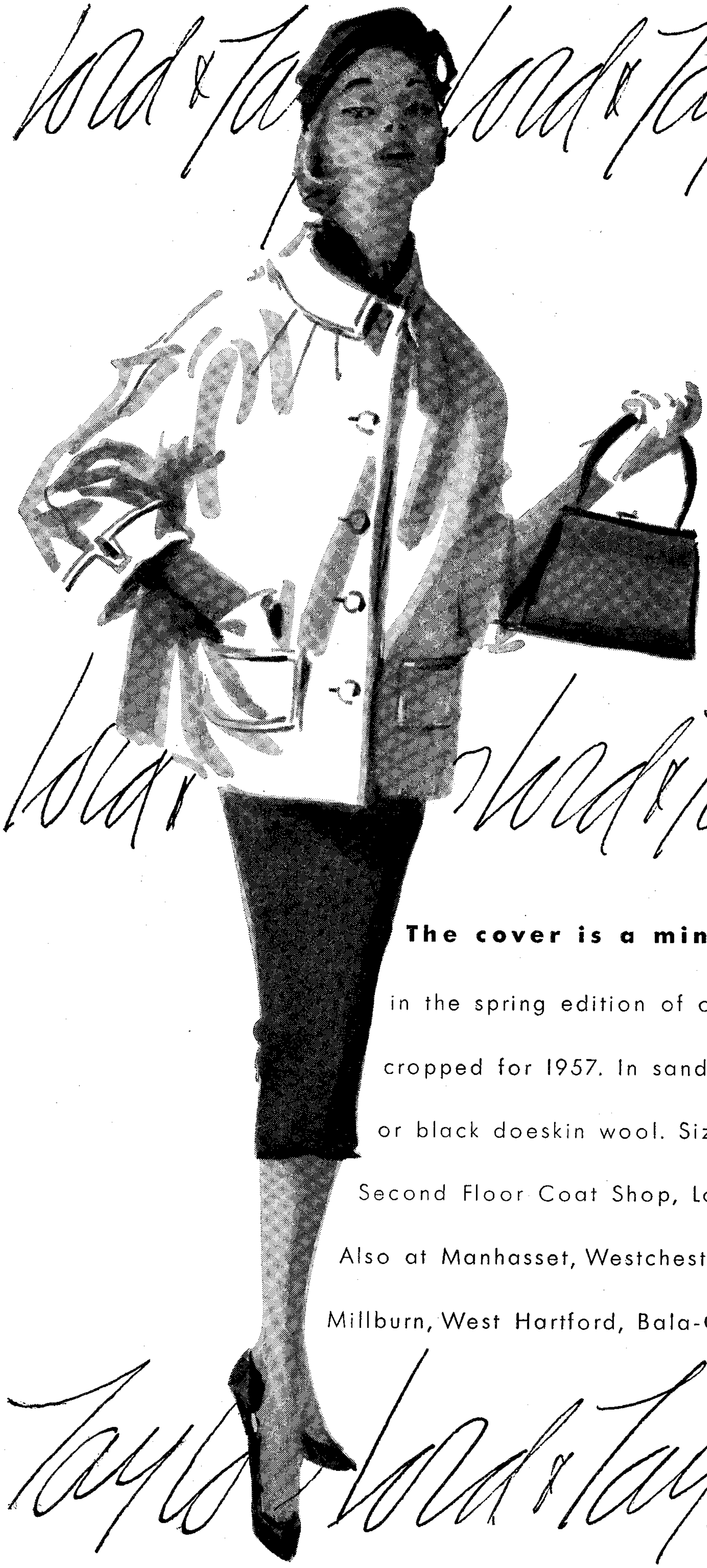
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Clearing in the Woods—Though Kim Stanley is very good in the leading role, Arthur Laurents' play about a neurotic young woman is annoyingly capricious in design and not very interesting in content. The cast, directed by Joseph Anthony, includes Onslow Stevens and Joan Lorring. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Eugenia—Tallulah Bankhead and Henry James do practically nothing for each other in this hapless piece based on a James novel. Still, for the record, there are lines by James and there is Tallulah reading them. Also, pretty much on the side, there are Anne Meacham, Scott Merrill, Jay Barney, and others. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happiest Millionaire—This comedy, Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book he wrote with Cordelia Drexel Biddle about her father, pictures a household that is a good deal odder, if considerably less entertaining, than the one in "Life with Father." Walter Pidgeon heads a cast that also contains Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

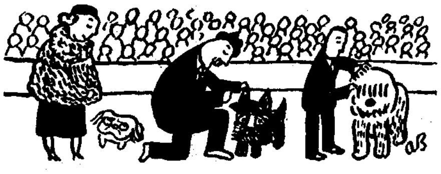
The Hidden River—A fairly penetrating study of how men's political attitudes during the Second World War live after them in the France of today. Adapted from Storm Jameson's novel by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, and directed by Robert Lewis, the play is powerfully performed by a cast led by Dennis King, Robert Preston, and Lili Darvas. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the delightful sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Potting Shed—A smoothly written, expertly acted, and, for the most part, absorbing play by Graham Greene, whose technique seems to be as surefire with sacred mysteries as with profane ones. Robert Flemyng and Frank Conroy set the pace for the fine cast that also includes Sybil Thorndike, Leueen MacGrath, and Lewis Casson. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Madeleine Renaud–Jean-Louis Barrault Company—This colorful and polished troupe of French repertory players will be on hand through Feb. 23. The schedule through Feb. 16 is as follows: Molière's comedy "Le Misanthrope" opens Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ A double bill—Armand Salacrou's play "Les Nuits de la Colère" and Georges Feydeau's farce "Feu la Mère de Madame"—opens Monday, Feb. 11, at 7:30, and will run through Wednesday, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ The late Jean Giraudoux's play "Intermezzo," with music by Francis Poulenc, opens Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Regular evening performances at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Separate Tables—A two-part effort by Terence Rattigan that doesn't accomplish much in the first stanza but winds up splendidly with a piece about a pair of bedevilled people who are rescued from their despair by their neighbors' charity. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are excellent as the troubled team, and are also excellent as the hero and heroine of the first offering. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Uncle Willie—This comedy about a Mr. Fixit is very, very frail, but Menasha Skulnik goes through his paces in the title role with all the wistful bounce his followers revel in. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Ralph Richardson pleasantly occupied as the hero of an Anouilh comedy about an aging Don Juan. Directed with style and perception by Harold Clurman, the play has a generally stimulating cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne appear in it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** A reconstruction of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two celebrated orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Edward G. Robinson, Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit in Paddy Chayefsky's play centering on a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman is playing the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 10.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical having to do with a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—If you are an admirer of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates, the chances are that you will enjoy this apparently quite faithful reproduction of their carryings on. The stage version is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and music, respectively; and Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser, who had a hand in such miracles as "Guys and Dolls" and "Where's Charley?," wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." He has done an accomplished job, though there may be a few who question whether it was worth doing. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the talented cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** Gretchen Wyler plays a demon, Ray Walston her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.) . . . **MR.**

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXII, No. 51, February 9, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

WONDERFUL: Sammy Davis, Jr., is the center of all this disturbance about a night-club entertainer and his struggle to reach the top. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare (for the moment) and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET—Cyril Ritchard is the star and director of this new comedy by Gore Vidal, which is being produced by George Axelrod and Clinton Wilder. Opens Thursday, Feb. 7. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TUNNEL OF LOVE—Tom Ewell in a comedy by Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries, based on the latter's novel. Presented by the Theatre Guild and staged by Mr. Fields. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS—A comedy by Ronald Alexander, with Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews. Produced and directed by Shepard Traube. Opens Thursday, Feb. 14. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—Ben Bagley's excellent revue, "Shoestring '57," with sketches, lyrics, and music by some eighteen contributors, among them Bud McCreery, Mike Stewart, Charles Strouse, and Lee Adams. The cast includes Dody Goodman, Dorothy Greener, Paul Mazursky, and Fay De Witt. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre in a cast under the direction of Philip Burton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 7:30.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," which has been staged by Day Tuttle. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Phyllis Love in August Strindberg's "Easter," translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

JAN HUS HOUSE—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—"Measure for Measure," with Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, and Richard Waring. The first of two plays being presented by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, of Stratford, Connecticut. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

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SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Twelfth Night," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE EAST—Molière's comedy "The Misanthrope," in a verse translation by Richard Wilbur. With Gerald Hiken and Laurinda Barrett. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30: "Filling Station," "The Masquers," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Dix," "The Masquers," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 10, and Lincoln's Birthday at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Pastorale" (première), "Pas de Dix," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30: "Filling Station," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30: "Fanfare," "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—The company formerly known as the Ballet Theatre in a single performance, consisting of "Winter's Eve" (American première), "Theme and Variations," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." A benefit for the Ballet Theatre Foundation. (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-4427. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

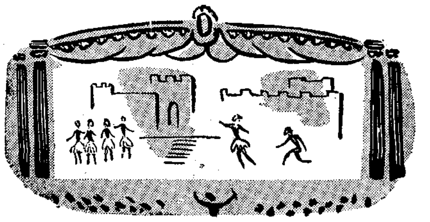
COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—As their second production this season, the group will do "The Last Five Minutes," a modern Italian comedy by Aldo De Benedetti. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, at 8:40, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, one of the stateliest homes of all Park Avenue, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing after ten. Up to then, the music is solely for listening purposes. Closed Sundays.



EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A movie studio specializing in the comedy of manners, which has undergone surprising changes in this generation. Music for dancing by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Charles Holden's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lilo, a French soubrette with the energy of an exploding cigar, is the dinner and supper décor in the Cotillion Room, where her songs deal mostly with *vive la France, vive le sport.* The rest of the evening, the customers can dance to the music of Joseph Sudy's dandy orchestra and Alan Logan's rumba band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Denise Lor, a presentable escapee from television, is having a go at warbling in front of live customers, for a change. This happens at dinner and supper. The rest of the time, Ted Straeter paces his combined orchestra and glee club through a light, fantastic potpourri of dance music, and Mark Monte's smaller unit of bandsmen follows suit. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing. . . . ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Lombardos, a self-perpetuating hierarchy, are on the throne in the Grill, handing out sugar candy to their millions of minions. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a sumptuous art gallery devoted to a series of handsome one-woman shows, is now exhibiting Doretta Morrow, that eighth or ninth wonder of the modern world—a girl singer whose only gadgetry is a mild strip tease (no shower bath, no troupe of dancing elves, not even a microphone) and who relies largely on a light, sweet, yet dramatic voice. Waltzing by the guests is encouraged by the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller orchestra, which is a milestone in the night life of many a citizen, are holding forth in the ample Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room is dominated twice a night by Lena Horne, who, unlike a lot of her fellow reigning beauties, has a sardonic sense of humor. This gives her mating calls, which are solid three-dimensional affairs in the first place, a very nice fourth dimension. There is also lyric dance music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and bombastic dance music by Mischa Borr's band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down music for listening from cocktails to eight-thirty, and for dancing from eight-thirty until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, Mr. Borr's dance band does the rumbling.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which in any weather is a room with a view, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this *grande-luxe* stage set, Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, is at the concert grand during cock-

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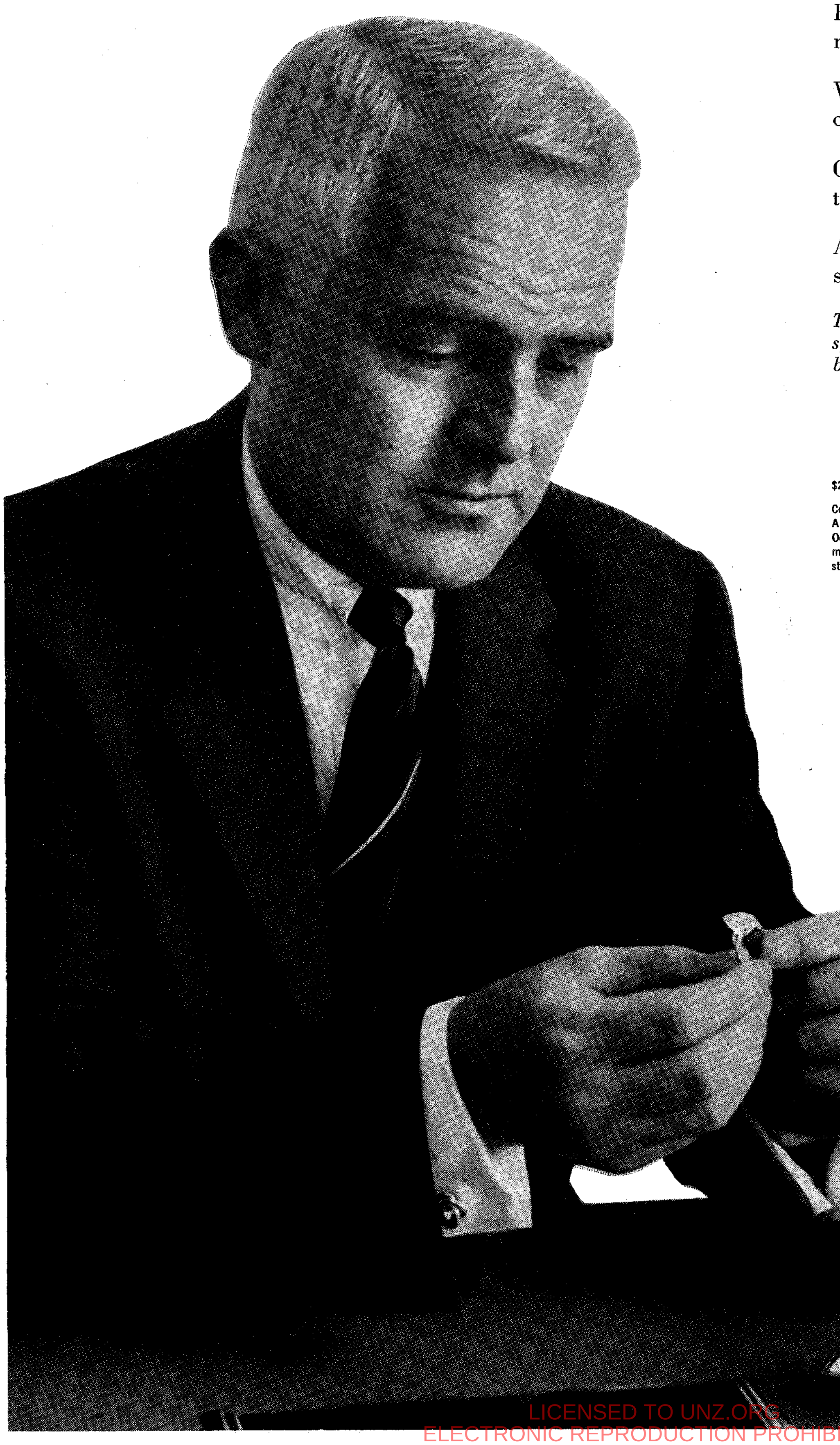

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tails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A nineteenth hole, a sportsman's preserve, a stamping ground. The accompaniment is George Rosner's piano most of the night. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano of Wayne Sanders (dreamlike) and of the owner (chipper). It begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the most luxurious of the Roman holidays, in which it's hard to tell whether the hero of the evening is the chef or the pride of violinists that hithers and yons from dinnertime until past the supper hour. Herman Honigsberg is the senior stringman, Paul Schlesinger is the senior pianofortist. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eadie and Rack, who have made four-hand piano one of the seven liveliest arts, do the honors from eight-thirty until between one and two. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From nine to one, in an amphitheatre of some elegance, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks fondly of love. The more impetuous passages occur after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as eclectic. He's around from six to eight and again from ten till one or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain with a remarkably sunny disposition, which explains why the Andalusian singing and dancing on display are so cheerful. The patrons may join in the second sport from time to time. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Tommy Wolf, one of the proud parents of such upper-crust madrigals as "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," has at last come to New York to play piano and sing, after ten, in an ornate reminder of our gilded (or F. Scott Fitzgerald) youth. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A reasonable facsimile of when knighthood was in flower, done in glorious Technicolor. The menu is up-to-date, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, the most agile of the walking, talking violinists, is from the Age of Nostalgia. It goes on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A new show-business green room, art gallery, and conservatory, all very plush (*green* plush), from wall to wall and floor to ceiling. After ten, Hubbell Pierce, who's sung to his own piano on the left banks of Great South Bay, the Thames, and the Tiber, obliges every night but Monday. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Amid the candelabra and lush architecture, you'd expect to see a ghostly Bourbon or two sampling the French cuisine and the Pan-European piano and violin, all of which is available every evening but Monday. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's actually the Sherry-Netherland bar, where Steve Weltner, late of the Venezuelan pleasure-dome circuit, is at the piano off and on from dinner until after one every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): You know—happy villagers making song and music at their work. A restaurant and bar are provided for the audience. It all starts around seven-thirty and goes on until the small hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): This particular operetta sings impartially the praises of Hungarian composers and Hungarian chefs, and does it both quietly and well. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music, music everywhere, all night long. The best of it is produced by Monica Boyár, who is vocal, and by a six-man band in the "Zwei Herzen" tradition. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and conversation, in an extremely relaxed household.

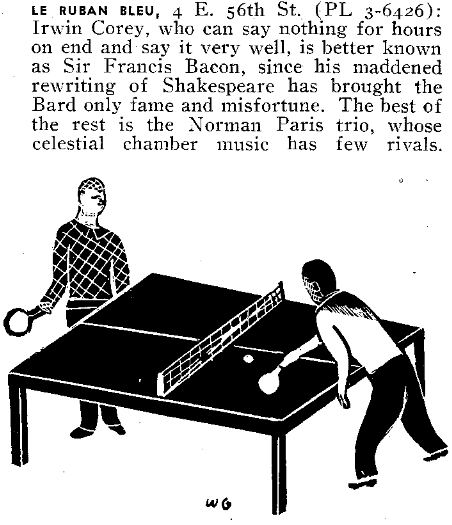
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): An endurance test for which the reward is Pearl Bailey, whose diary of a well-spent life is an open book to everyone within reach of her owlish voice. She goes away on Wednesday, Feb. 13. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A barrelful of monkeyshines, such as bits and pieces of ballads by Martha Davis and Spouse (i.e., Calvin Ponder); the wry philippics of Orson Bean, the man from Mars, White River Junction, and Harvard; and the rowdydow songs of Dorothy Loudon, girl spoofer. There is, moreover, Johnny Mathis, whose progressive-school tricks with melodic lines may be too complex for some of us. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements is a perfect backdrop for everything. Mondays, by the way, the Davises stay home. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's rumpus-room music by the Lyons trio and the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher—four children who should be not only seen but heard—are the spokesmen for a small revue that is no respecter of persons or anything else. Its wicked witticisms were devised by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery and blended by Julius Monk, who knows precisely what to do with children, revues, and witticisms. It comes to life around ten-thirty. Stan Keen and Gordon Connell are at the plural pianos. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who was shouting from the housetops when rock-and-roll was a pup, still has no difficulty in making her rent-party ballads heard. Also present is Abbey Lincoln, a cool little cucumber with a teasing voice. The background is the dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A dizzy spell that begins around eleven and can last for hours. The main reason is Kaye Ballard, a wit who should have her head examined only by lovers of sheer lunacy. There are, in addition, Tony and Eddie's roustabout parodies; the shattered songs of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town; Joey Carter, who may have found some of his jokes under a spreading chestnut tree; and Warren Vaughan, who plays real pretty piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, who can say nothing for hours on end and say it very well, is better known as Sir Francis Bacon, since his maddened rewriting of Shakespeare has brought the Bard only fame and misfortune. The best of the rest is the Norman Paris trio, whose celestial chamber music has few rivals. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A one-of-a-kind *boîte* and *salle à manger* that brings together Mabel Mercer, the leading influence on a whole generation of calm, collected ballad singers, and Felicia Sanders, one of the more recent lust-for-life sopranos. The recital begins around ten, but there's piano from dinnertime on, lots of it, by Sam Hamilton, Miss Mercer's lifetime companion. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): A smoke-filled room where people who get up at the crack of dusk can listen to the electrifying nocturnes (voice and piano) of Bobby Short, a born entertainer and a born nighthawk. He and his hot trio sleep Sundays, when Isobel Robins, one of our brighter canaries, has the floor. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are tinkling away at the twin pianos. In addition, a couple of times a night there are funny sayings and songs by some hard-working fledglings. Sundays there are silly old silent movies, too, and Mondays are amateur nights.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon, the well-known guitar and ringside-table jockey. Between sets, Johnny Varro and Buzzy Drootin keep the spirit of '76 going. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The prevailing mood is again block-party, what with the huffing and puffing of Jonah Jones' quartet and the pyrotechnics of Dorothy Donegan's threesome, which rarely takes its foot off the loud pedal. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day, and on Sunday nights guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band is going on about how it's finer to be in Carolina. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoon. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, a prophet not without honor anywhere in the world, and his band of faithful followers (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Shep Shepard, Benny Moten, and Sonny White) are at their old homestead. Every one of them believes in the great American past. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the bar and join the listeners in the back room whenever you want to hear truly modern music in the making. Bernard Peiffer's piano is the guiding star of his trio; Chuck Wayne's electronic guitar is the guiding star of his quartet, which includes Dick Wetmore, who works with (among other things) an electronic violin. The Peiffers are absent Mondays, the Waynes on Sundays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday, when he's away; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams, who sings with the strength of ten, is letting his sad songs burn with a bright-blue flame. He's but one of the many men-at-arms of Count Basie, whose beat and brass section are second to none. The quartet of Johnny Smith, gentleman and scholar, plays, too. All hands depart on Wednesday, Feb. 13, and next evening Carmen McRae, a singer of note, arrives, along with Charlie Ventura's quintet and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Russ Haddock's threesome, which is fairly fast but not furious, is the centerpiece of the oval bar when Frannie Thorne, a pianist who's getting far afield from his native Yale, is not wooing whatever muses sit at the bar between sets. Mr. Thorne begins at nine; the other hired hands begin at ten. No music Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): Cy Coleman and his trio, forerunners of the future, are installed in their niche—a recent and very comfortable one, just big enough for a few kindred souls. Among the souls right now is Jutta Hipp, a mere

THAT AYRES LOOK—how nicely it takes to Nassau and how apropos this magnificent casualness is anywhere in the world—costume of separates in the Newport manner by Bellciano and cloche by Adolfo of Emme. For so long its tradition, L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis has been showing fashion with this look of effortless elegance sparked by being a little in advance. Photographed in the Bahamas by Derujinsky.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

slip of a girl, whose Continental progressive piano has many overtones of ours. The Colemans and Miss Hipp's trio let go at eight-thirty. The Colemans are off Sundays, the Hipps on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): If you're able to make yourself heard in here, you belong up on the back bar with Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins, who sound off in the course of a staggering day that starts at 3:30 P.M. It starts even earlier, at 1:30 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Bohemia is indeed the word for this establishment. The quintet called Les Jazz Modes leaves on Thursday, Feb. 7; J. J. Johnson's fivesome sticks it out through Sunday, Feb. 10. Meanwhile, Buddy De Franco's quintet arrives on Friday, Feb. 8; Ronnie Bright's trio is due Monday, Feb. 11. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend sand pile for small fry who like their music hot and Southland. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, it will be made by the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Art Trappier, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): From nine to one every evening, the all too rarely visible Bobby Hackett and his silver cornet revive happy memories in a big open space on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel. Among his virtuoso followers, five in all, are Ernie Caceres and Dick Cary. The interludes are occupied by Sanford Gold, a piano man who has his memories, too. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Leonard Baskin—A first New York showing of sculptures, nicely combining Early American folk-art forms with modern suggestions; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gifford Beal—A big, inclusive, generally interesting memorial exhibition of paintings and other works by this American artist, who died last year; through Friday, Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Recent oils painted in this country; through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Martin Craig—A small group of sculptures in terra cotta, done in an abstract style of considerable originality; through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Delius, 24 E. 67th St.)

Jane Braswell Crawford—Billowing, cloudlike abstractions, in a New York début showing by this artist; through Feb. 23. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Lin Emery—A first local exhibit of craggily effective abstract sculptures and bas-reliefs; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

Jean Fautrier—This Parisian artist is currently represented by thirty-one canvases; through March 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jan Gelb—Paintings and drawings by a native New Yorker; through March 2. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Adolph Gottlieb—New paintings, much broader in feeling and in design than heretofore, in his first showing since 1954; through Feb. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

John Hartell—Landscape paintings mostly, in a sort of mixture of the abstract and Impressionist styles; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hollis Holbrook—Abstract oils, agreeably blending the influences of Klee and the Japanese; through Monday, Feb. 11. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

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Wassily Kandinsky—Paintings in oil and other mediums, dating from 1904 to a few years before his death in 1944; through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Marines, still-lifes, and other subjects, all from his late years (1942-54), in a small memorial to this artist, who died in 1955; through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Felix Pasilis—Big, bright Expressionist oils of still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 9. (DeNagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Walter Quirt—Figure paintings, very rhythmical in design, in his first exhibition here in some time; through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Doris Rosenthal—Oils and pastels executed during the past two years, all with Mexican subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Piero Sadun—Abstract still-lifes, quietly serene in manner, in the first American showing of works by one of the younger Italians; through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Delius, 24 E. 67th St.)

Egon Schiele—A review of water colors and drawings by the Austrian Expressionist (1890-1918); through Feb. 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

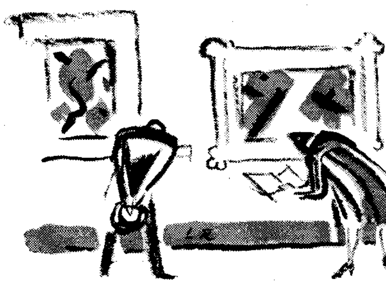
Thomas Sills—A new set of abstract paintings, full of bubbling forms and glowing colors; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Walter Stein—Large, shadowy paintings, adroitly mingling realistic designs with occasional abstract suggestions; through Feb. 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Edward John Stevens—His fourteenth annual show, comprising thirty-two gouaches on a wide variety of subjects; through March 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Maurice Utrillo—A retrospective of some sixty oils; for the benefit of the Hadassah Medical Relief Association. Through March 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN,** 32 E. 65th St.: A selection made by Vincent Price, television's art curator, of paintings and drawings by living American artists, among them Hyman Bloom, Robert Motherwell, and Mark Tobey; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **JAMES,** 70 E. 12th St.: The midseason exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the League of Present Day Artists, whose members include Nancy Dryfoos, Domenico Facci, and Helen Gerardia; through Feb. 21. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four twentieth-century American paintings by a dozen painters, among them John Marin, George Bellows, and Eugene Speicher, plus a collection of oils, water colors, and drawings by Edward Hopper; through March 1. . . . **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, and Ogden Pleissner are three of the contemporary painters who have new oils on view; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with items by Chaim Gross, Louis Schanker, Seymour Lipton, and others; through Feb. 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: The February offering contains fifty oils chosen by Samuel Adler, Victor Candell, and Paul Cadmus. Through March 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a presentation of paintings by artists identified with it, including Ben Benn, Charles Heidenreich, and Charles LeClair; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)



Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KOOTZ,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show entitled "Incantations," made up of abstractions by Hans Hofmann, David Hare, Pierre Soulages, and other American and French painters and sculptors; through March 2. . . . **MELTZER,** 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of the gallery; through Feb. 18. . . . **WORLD HOUSE GALLERIES,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: The opening exhibition in this new establishment is called "The Struggle for New Form" and consists of paintings and sculptures, on loan, dating from the end of the nineteenth century to 1950 and ranging from Manet to Pollock; for the benefit of Just One Break, Inc. Through Feb. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5; and Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Cubans; Group Show—A display of present-day Cuban paintings, with examples by sixteen invited artists; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Galería Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HELLER,** 63 E. 57th St.: Felice Casorati, Bruno Cassinari, Renzo Vespignani, and nine other contemporary Italian painters; through Feb. 23. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: Oils by twelve modern masters, among them Kandinsky, Modigliani, and Severini; through March 16.

French; Group Shows—At the **GALERIE HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Works by seven French painters, including Vlaminck and Buffet, and one Italian sculptor, Carmelo Cappello; through March 1. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-six oils, all of them being shown here for the first time, by such artists as Miró, Chagall, and Rouault; through March 9. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: "Masterpieces Recalled," comprising fifty nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Cézanne, Degas, and Renoir (to name a few) that have been handled by the gallery and are on loan from private collections and museums; for the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Through March 2.

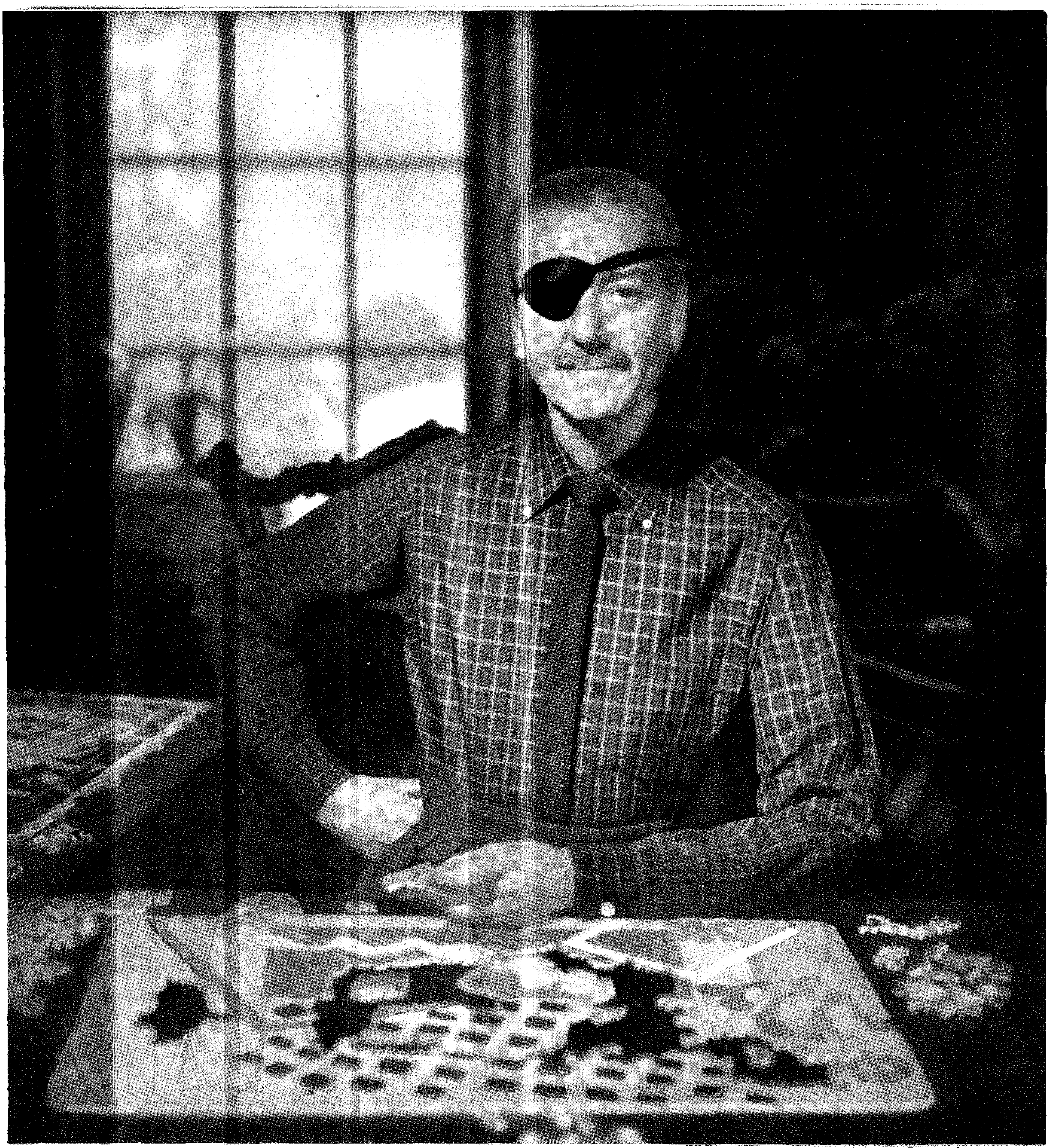
Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **ALAN,** 32 E. 65th St.: Herbert Katzman; starting Monday, Feb. 11. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Joe Jones; starting Monday, Feb. 11. . . . **DE NAGY,** 24 E. 67th St.: Helen Frankenthaler; starting Tuesday, Feb. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **KLEEMANN,** 11 E. 68th St.: Hans Uhlmann; starting Monday, Feb. 11. . . . **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Thomas Blagden; starting Monday, Feb. 11. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Cornelis Ruhtenberg; starting Monday, Feb. 11. . . . **STABLE,** 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: John Ferren; starting Monday, Feb. 11. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Leonardo Cremonini; starting Monday, Feb. 11.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot-long panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5. The Versailles rooms will be closed on Lincoln's Birthday.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About fifty drawings, by artists from North and South America, Europe, Africa, and Asia, acquired by the Museum over the past few years; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A selection of prints by the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944); through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Golden Years of American Drawing, 1905-56," com-



Puzzles by Par

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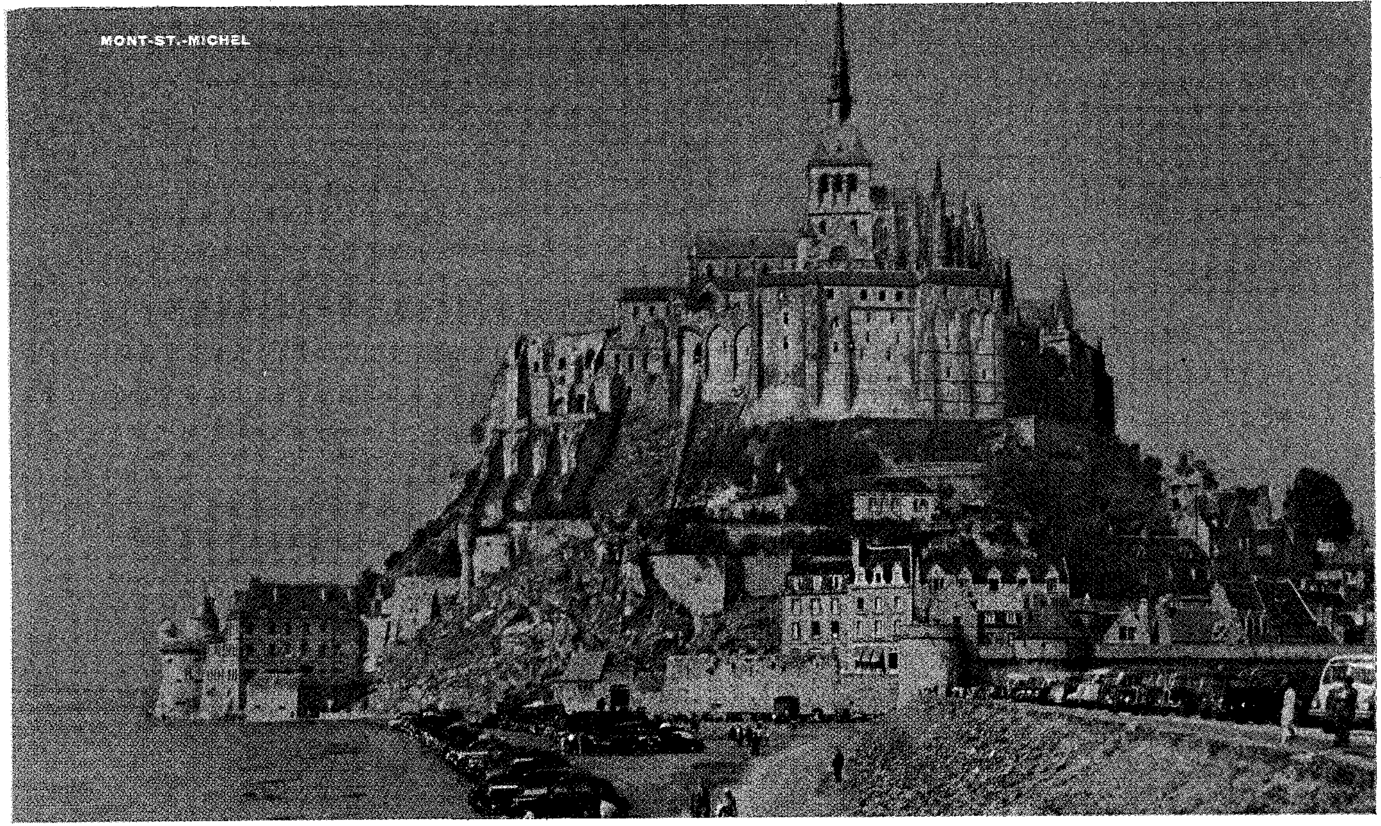
If your store has sold out before you get there, complain to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Meanwhile, hurry.

France in the spring
is apple blossoms in Normandy
savoring an omelette Mère Poulard at
marvelous Mont-St.-Michel discovering
the folklore of Brittany's colorful fishing
villages Chartres' stained glass
the wonder of April in Paris and
myriad other surprises!



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

posed of a hundred and seventy-five items, many on loan, by William Glackens, George Luks, Marsden Hartley, Ben Shahn, and others; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings (1815-65) from the M. and M. Karolik collection of nineteenth-century American art, most of them lent by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; through Feb. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Ramon Vinay, Hermann Uhde, and Kurt Boehme. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Richard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, George London, and Jon Crain. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Laurel Hurley, Sandra Warfield, Gianni Poggi, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Kurt Baum, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Jean Madeira, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Licia Albanese, Nadine Conner, Margaret Roggero, Martial Singher, and Ralph Herbert. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Gianni Poggi, Walter Cassel, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 1:30: "Siegfried," with Martha Moedl, Wolfgang Windgassen, Otto Edelmann, and Norman Kelley. (The third of four special-subscription performances.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Paul Franke.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting on Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:45 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting a Wagner-Bruckner program on Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2:30 (no soloists); and a Beethoven-Mahler program on Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 (both with Maria Stader, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Westminster Choir).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting, with Nicole Henriot, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting, with Henry Szeryng, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Musical Salute to Negro History Week—A symphony orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, plus Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Charlotte Price, soprano, and Tessa Yerzy, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Bach program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Julius Baker, flute; and Isidore Cohen, violin. The second in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

De Pinna

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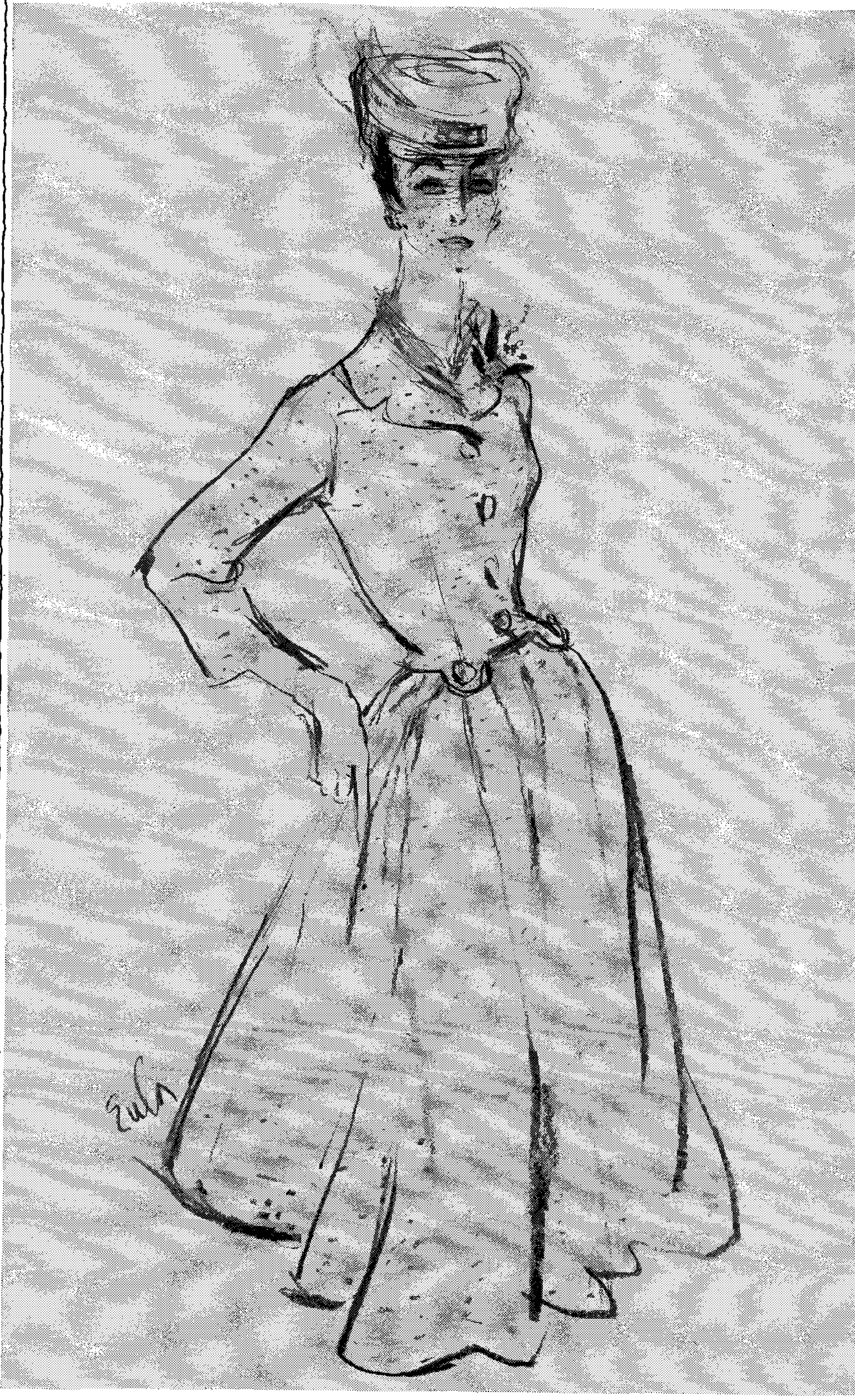
THE COSTUME SUIT IN TOWN



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Don Cossack Chorus—Serge Jaroff directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Moeller directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2:30.)

Concordia Choir—Paul J. Christiansen directing. A benefit for the Eger Lutheran Home, in Staten Island. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GI 8-8335.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing, with George London, bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

American Concert Choir and Orchestra—Margaret Hillis directing, with Ellen Faull, soprano; Gloria Sylvia, mezzo-soprano; Grant Williams, tenor; and Mack Harrell, baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Benno Moiseiwitsch—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Kurt Saffir—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:40.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Leon Fleisher—Piano, in a recital postponed from Friday, Nov. 2. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Claremont String Quartet, with Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Mahalia Jackson—Gospel singer, with Langston Hughes, poet, and a chorus. A program in honor of Negro History Week. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call EL 5-5372.)

Chamber Music Circle—With Florence Kopleff, contralto. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 5:30. For tickets, call CO 5-4692.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-57—The second in a series of ten concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. It will involve the New York Brass Quintet and the New Art Wind Quintet, conducted by Samuel Baron; Max Pollikoff, violin; and composers Luigi Dallapiccola, William Mayer, Carl Ruggles, and Frank Wigglesworth. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 5:30.)

Renata Tebaldi—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Musicians' Guild—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Leonard Rose, cello; Nadia Reisenberg, piano; and the Kroll Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8:40.)

Robert McFerrin—Baritone. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in two all-Chopin programs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at 8:30.)

George London—Bass-baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available upon written request.)

Leonard Rose—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of German Reformation and baroque music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:40.)

Note—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 12, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Calypso Programs—The Virgin Isles Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

Jazz Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Ted Heath and his band, Al Hibbler, June Christy, and Eddie Heywood's trio are scheduled to appear on Saturday, Feb. 9, at midnight.... ¶ Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie and his orchestra, Joe Williams, Jeri Southern, Bud Powell's trio, the quartets of Terry Gibbs and Phineas Newborn, Jr., Chet Baker, Lester Young, Zoot Sims, and others are expected on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at midnight.

Operas-in-Brief—"La Traviata," the first in a series of four abbreviated operas to be presented uptown by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 5:30.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be programs by: The Knickerbocker Chamber Players, conducted by Herman Neuman and Simon Sadoff, with Eugene List, piano, and Carroll Glenn, violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.)... ¶ An orchestra conducted by Jonel Perlea. (Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)... ¶ The Festival Orchestra of the National Association for American Composers and Conductors, conducted by Howard Mitchell. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 5.)... ¶ The United States Army Band and Chorus of Washington, conducted by Captain Hugh Curry and Captain Barry Drewes. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)... ¶ The Master Singers, directed by Joseph Liebling. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.) Free tickets for individual programs can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 8: Isidro Martinez vs. Bobby Courchesne, featherweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 15: Spider Webb vs. Neal Rivers, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Tuesday, Feb. 12, through Saturday, March 30.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 9: Millrose Athletic Association.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16: New York Athletic Club. (Evenings at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**: Siegfried Landau conducting, with dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 3.) ... **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 11.)

Play—The Traveling Playhouse presenting "Mr. Popper's Penguins." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd

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St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 10:30 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1956 and previews astronomical events for 1957; through March 4. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"The Lion and the Horse," with Steve Cochran. A benefit for the Play Schools Association. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 52nd St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 10. For tickets, call PL 5-1381.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

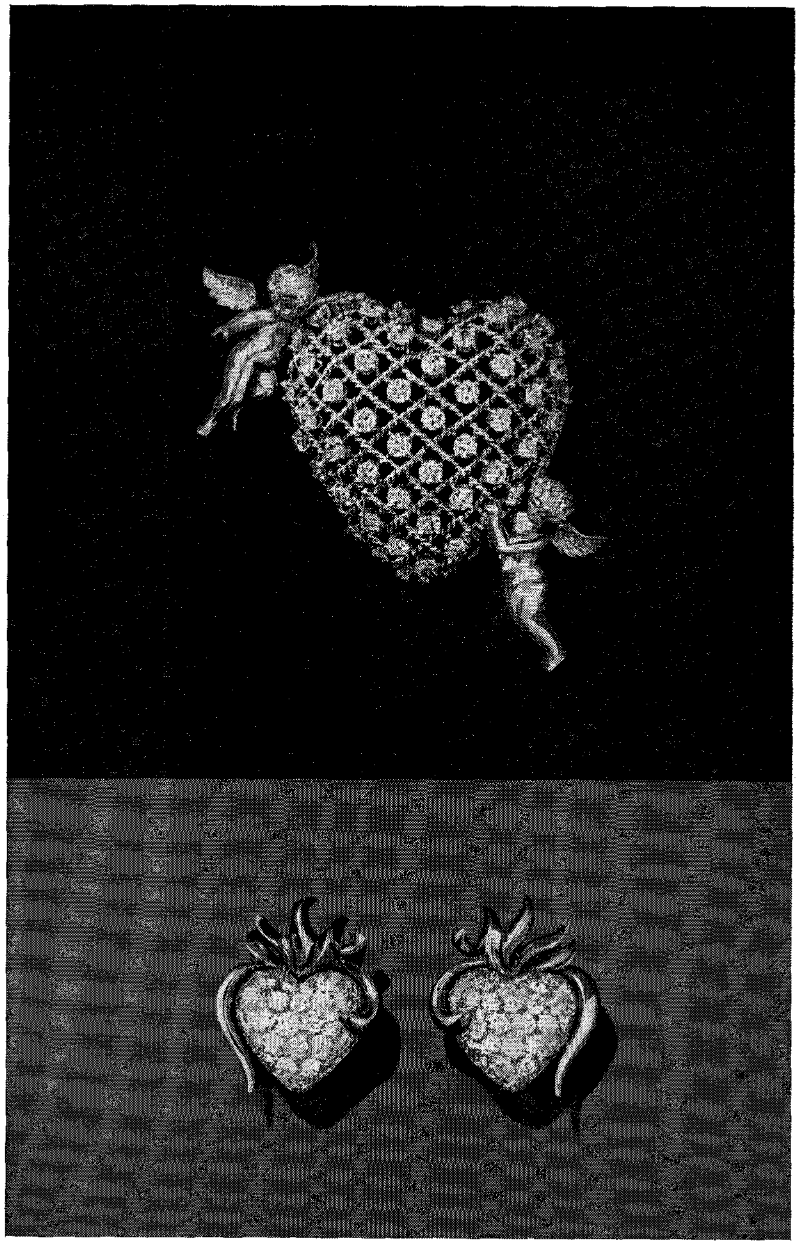
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations figures are interviewed and films of General Assembly meetings are shown Sunday mornings on WCBS-TV, from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30, daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—At the **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** Y.M.H.A.: Robert Graves in a lecture on "The White Goddess," illustrated by readings from his own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:40.) . . . **MC MILLIN THEATRE:** A group of actors, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in a reading of Shakespeare's "Othello." (Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.) . . . **VANDERBILT HALL,** New York University: Robert Graves reading from his own works. (40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical costumes, paintings, and photographs illustrating the various fashions that have appeared on the New York stage from 1872 to 1954. Included in the collection are costumes that were worn by Gertrude Lawrence, Ina Claire, and Lynn Fontanne. Through June 2. . . . ¶ "Valentines of a Hundred Years Ago," a display of thirty or so cards thought to have been made and sent in 1857; through Feb. 17. (Tuesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at 1:45: Georgian furniture and decorations; Chelsea, Worcester, and other old English porcelains; paintings; and Oriental rugs. The property of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lender and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: Etchings and engravings by such artists as Rembrandt, Dürer, Haden, and Whistler; from the estates of Dr. Malcolm Goodridge and Auguste Kuhn.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 9: "Three Women" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. A silent film, with French subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 10-13: "The Lost Weekend" (1945), with Ray Milland and Jane Wyman. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy, written by S. J. Perelman and produced by Michael Todd. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Fun and games with some of the odd types who inhabit the backward areas of Mississippi. Written by Tennessee Williams, the picture was directed by Elia Kazan, and has the competent services of Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Giant—Texas and all that, in an adaptation of the Edna Ferber novel. Sprawling all over the place, the picture never quite gets into focus, but there's plenty of the whoop-de-do we've come to expect in depictions of the Lone Star State. The film was directed by George Stevens, and the cast includes Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Feb. 9.)

The Great Man—José Ferrer as an embattled radio commentator assigned to do a heroic obituary of a broadcasting figure who was a four-ply heel. The mores of the radio and television world get a savage going over, and the piece is reasonably entertaining. Mr. Ferrer has the support of Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. Everybody on view is satisfactory. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—A splendid color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with quite a bit of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and as Gauguin, Anthony Quinn is also right up to the mark. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Magnificent Seven—An extended but galvanic Japanese chronicle of how some villagers of the sixteenth century, through the good offices of a handful of itinerant samurai, kept a mob of bandits from destroying their community. A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Feb. 12, tentative.)

The Rainmaker—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a rather homely maiden that she is really a most desirable female. In the hands of Burt Lancaster and Katharine Hepburn, these characters are quite stimulating. Others in the cast include Wendell Corey, Cameron Prud'homme, Lloyd Bridges, and Earl Holliman. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Feb. 11.)

The Silent World—Interesting doings underwater as recorded by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, dean of the frogmen, whose explorations have taken him beneath the surface of half a dozen seas. A French picture, with an English narration. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Feb. 8, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 9-11.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—In its translation into film, the Kaufman-Teichmann comedy about a flibbertigibbety lady who succeeds in taking over a huge industrial corporation has lost none of its comic value. Judy Holliday is hilarious as the lady, and Paul Douglas makes a nice foil for her in the role of the big-league businessman. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 11, tentative. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Feb. 8, tentative. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting Feb. 10.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only trouble with it, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—This French film sets out to explain nymphomania and doesn't get very far. Still, it is a lively melodrama, and the acting is commendable—particularly the performances of Françoise Arnoul, who plays a young lady who can't keep on the straight and narrow, and Raymond Pellegrin, who plays her upset lover. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a colorful swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne DeCarlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays and Lincoln's Birthday at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

We Are All Murderers—A ruthless, exciting attack on the institution of capital punishment, incorporated into a French film directed by André Cayatte. Though somewhat diffuse, the picture gets down to hard cases when it describes life in the condemned cells of a French prison. The meritorious cast includes Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Feb. 10.)

Wee Geordie—A simple and diverting little British picture that builds up some amusing episodes in the course of a tale about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the damnedest hammer thrower ever seen on earth. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are attractive as a covey of Scots, and the scenery in the background is beautiful to behold. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 7.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 10-12.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 12, tentative.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film, dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 8.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Feb. 7, tentative.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 9.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Feb. 7, tentative.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 7.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock (1953)—An Italian film about a number of young girls who are plunged into tragedy by the collapse of a stairway. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 13.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Feb. 11: **THE RAINMAKER.**
From Feb. 12: "Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Written on the Wind," Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Feb. 8: "Gun for a Coward," Fred MacMurray, Jeffrey Hunter.
From Feb. 9: "Three Violent People," Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Iron Petticoat," Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Wings of Eagles," John Wayne, Dan Dailey.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Top Secret Affair," Susan Hayward, Kirk Douglas.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Feb. 7: "Anastasia," Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, Helen Hayes.
From Feb. 8: "The Girl Can't Help It," Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BABY DOLL.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Special performances Lincoln's Birthday at 10:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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Last year, General Electric and some 42,000 suppliers—12,000 more than in 1950—worked together to produce electrical products people wanted. Over 90% of these suppliers were small firms.

A company like General Electric is willing to take the risks and provide the great breadth of technical skills and facilities needed for today's big jobs — designing and producing advanced industrial and defense equipment, for example, or producing consumer goods in great quantity. As these projects go forward, they open up opportunities for the particular talents of smaller or more specialized businesses.

Breaking down big jobs

The development of the gas turbine is a good example of a big job resulting in opportunities for suppliers. Since 1948, General Electric has invested large sums in developing the gas-turbine power plant for electric utilities, pipelines, locomotives, and ships. Today more than 1,000 firms are contributing to this new type of business and gaining profitable opportunities that did not exist just eight years ago.

There are similar widening circles of opportunity for other businesses in our defense work, in important new fields like atomic electricity, or in advances for the home, such as the new all-electric kitchens and new all-electric heating and cooling. For the skills and services they furnish us, suppliers receive almost half of every General Electric sales dollar.

Working with a half million firms

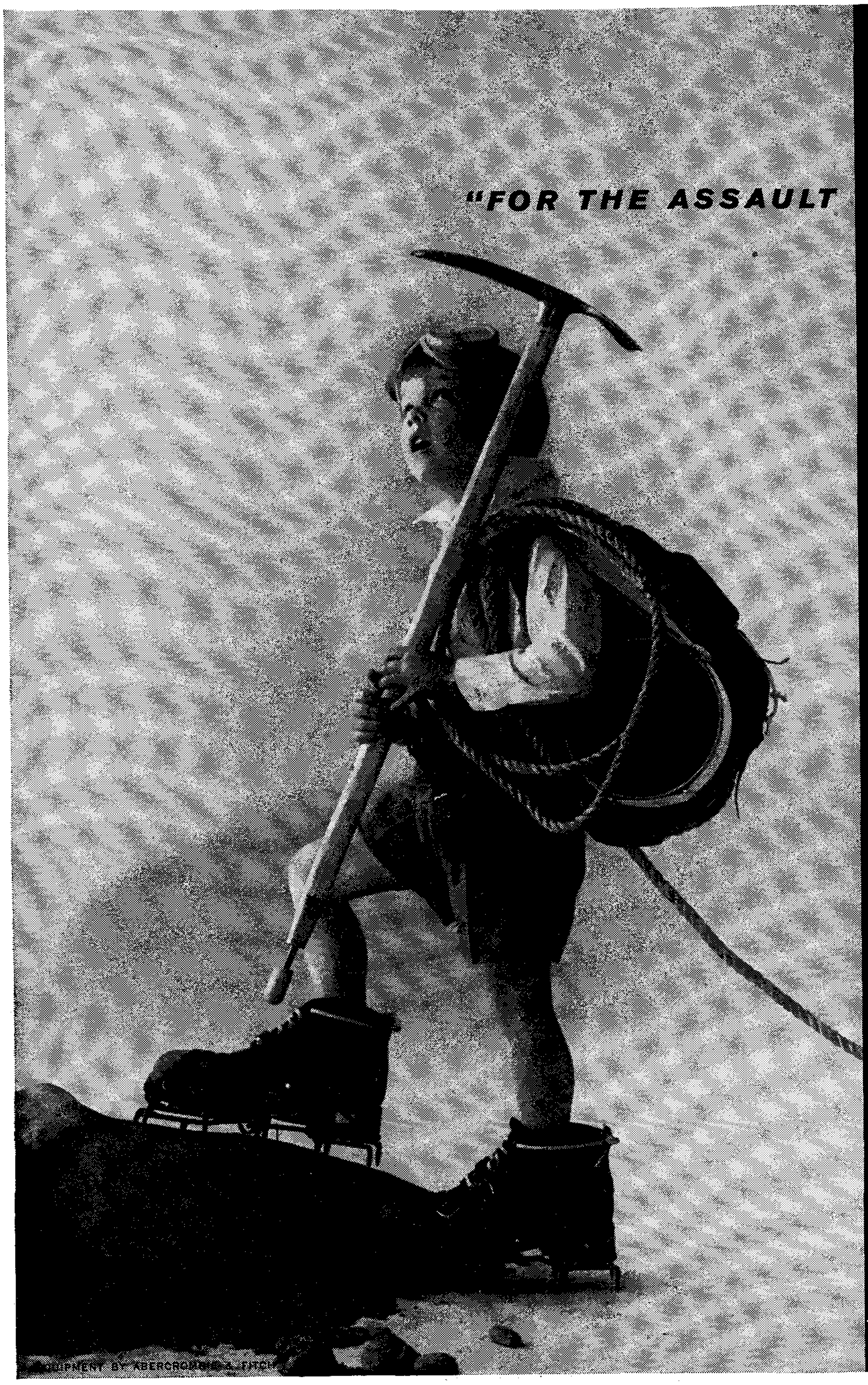
In marketing many of our products, General Electric also works with some 400,000 independent retailers. In addition, we work with many other firms in electrical wholesaling, electrical contracting, electrical service trades, consulting engineering, and architecture. All in all, General Electric works with at least a half million other businesses as we try to serve customers, provide jobs, and earn a return for share owners.

This kind of mutually rewarding relationship between large and small business is one of the great strengths of this country's economy — and an important reason why the American business system can deliver an ever-higher level of living for all citizens and at the same time assure a strong national defense.

Ultra Vision
TV
Remote Control

Opportunities for independent retailers: Mr. Sam Meeks of Albany, Georgia — one of the 400,000 retailers who choose to sell and service our products — is shown with some of General Electric's new and improved appliances. Mr. Meeks went into business for himself as a General Electric dealer in 1945; now has 28 people on his sales and service staff.

If you would like us to reserve a copy of our 1956 Annual Report, write to General Electric, Dept. 2D, 119, Schenectady, N. Y. Your copy will be sent to you in April.



"FOR THE ASSAULT ON EVEREST"

Stout fellow—but . . .
our little hero lacks the
two basics for success—
experience and direction.
Perhaps Mount Everest
doesn't figure in your
immediate plans—but the
same rules apply to
something which is much
closer to your personal
happiness—decorating
your home.
Be wise—team up with an
expert. An interior designer
will show you home
furnishings ideas you never
thought were possible—
short cuts to the latest trends
in smart, contemporary
living. He (or she) will
work with you, plan
for you, and all within your
own personal budget.
Visit a professional
interior decorator today—
for a wealth of living
ideas at a cost so low you'll
be truly delighted.

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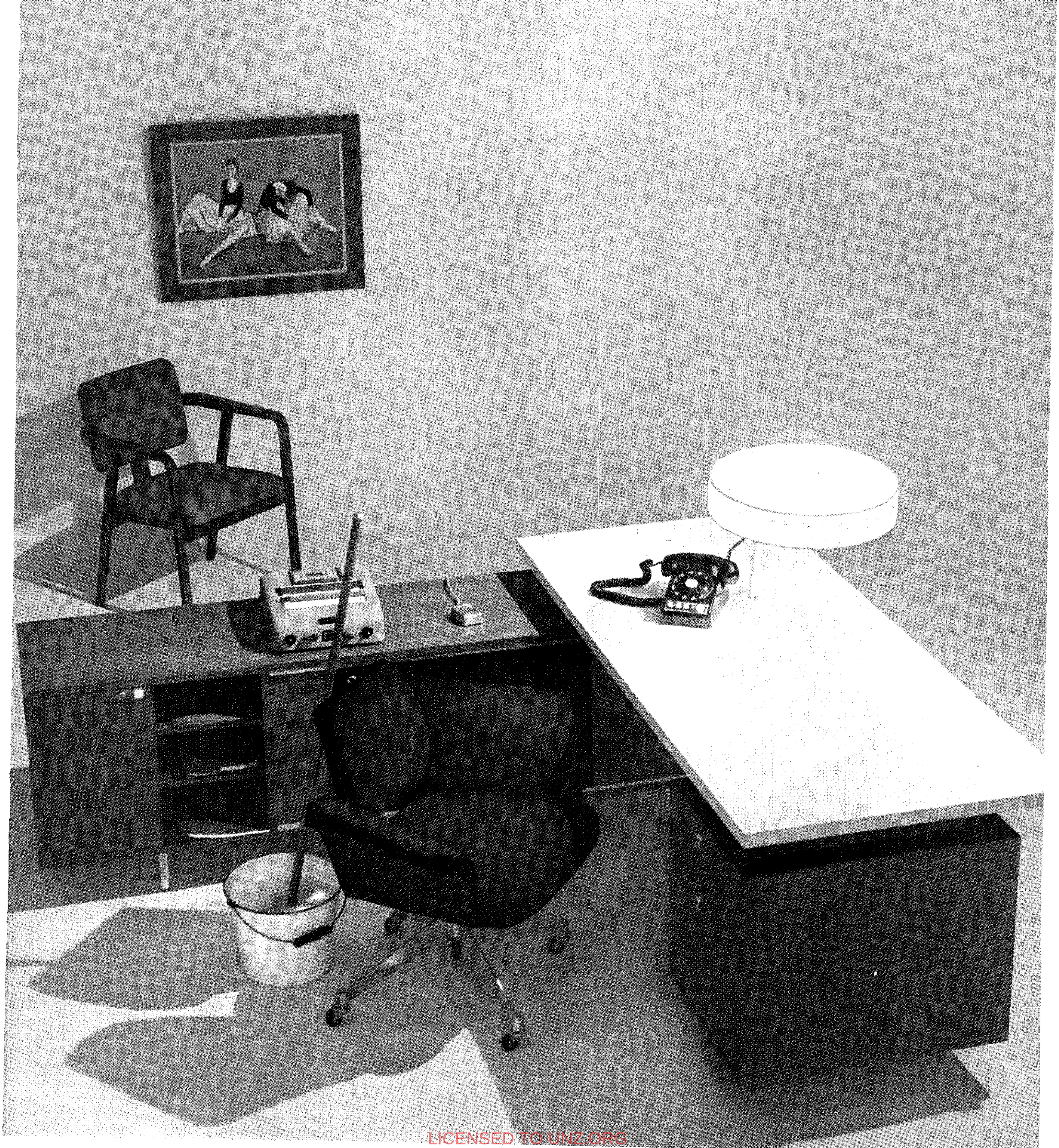
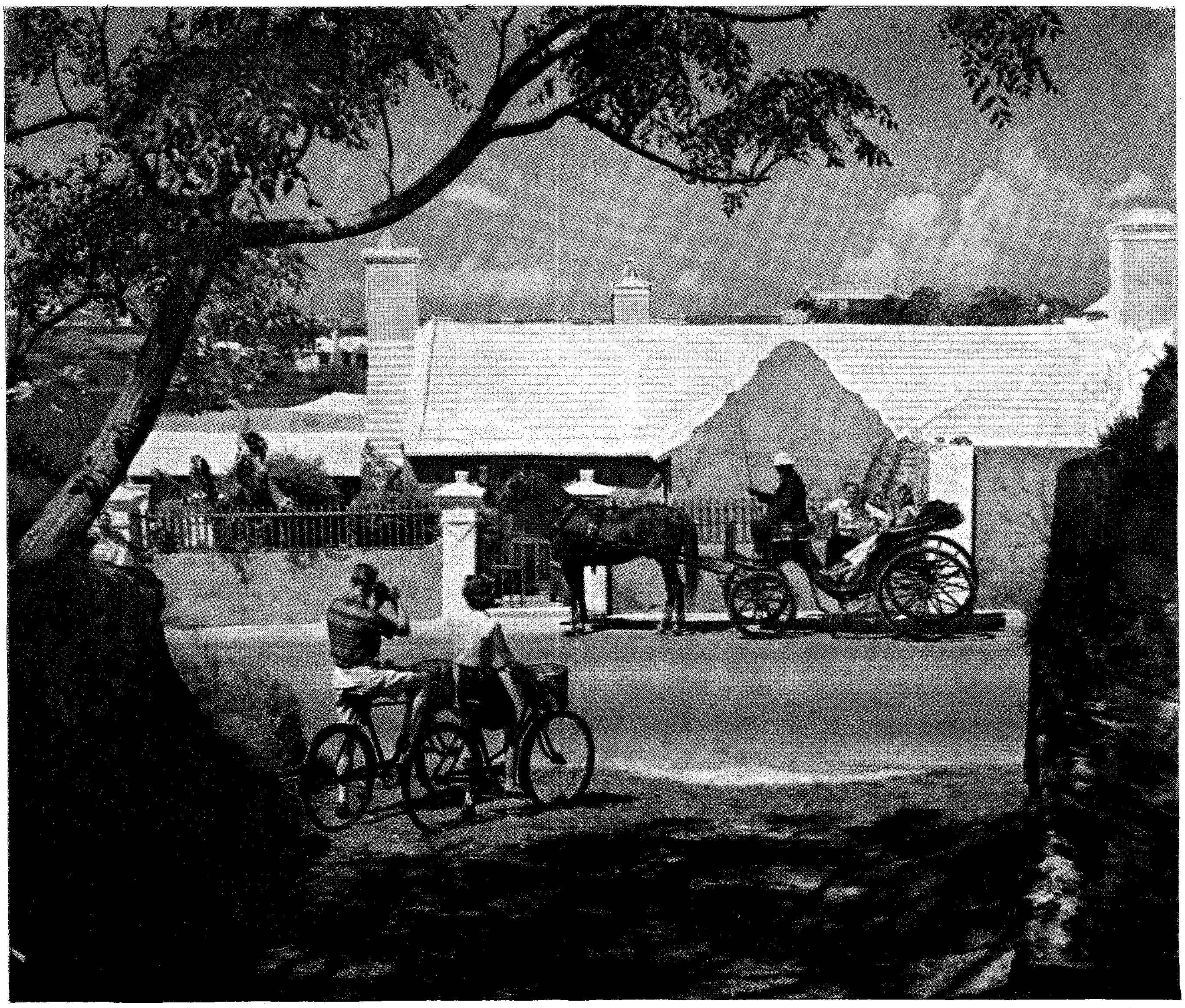
DOES YOUR DESK RATE A PAYCHECK? You're an executive if you know how to make people and things work for you. The Herman Miller desk designed by executive George Nelson simplifies your work, saves you time, all important temper. Moreover, it is impressive, ruggedly useful, made by craftsmen proud of their trade. Your nearest dealer will be happy to show you the complete Executive Office Group series, which includes seating, tables and storage. Write to department F17 for his name and further information. Herman Miller Furniture Company, Zeeland, Michigan.

From the E.O.G. series: #4663 sidechair; #9746 desk; #603 lamp; #5570 swivel chair.

Photograph by De Evia





Her charm and grace are made of many things

BERMUDA

Bermuda is only twenty-four miles long yet within its small area are any number of things which charm visitors into going back year after year.

Bermuda is a group of 365 islands. One for each day in the year, so Bermudians say. Sailing among them is a never-ending pleasure. Golf, tennis, fishing, cycling, picnicking are all-year sports. Bermuda's beaches are wide, pink and soft. The water is blue, inviting and refreshing. Bermuda's houses are unique—an artful blending of white roofs, pastel-coloured walls and massive chimneys. And flowers—Hibiscus, Oleander, Bougainvillea, Easter lilies—splash the Islands with brilliant hues.

Bermuda is only 700 miles from the mainland. It's easy to get to for a holiday whether you go leisurely by ocean liner or speedily by plane. The Islands' hotels are noted for their service, food, accommodations and sports facilities. And guest houses open wide their doors to Bermuda's easy way of living.

There are many details to be considered in planning any holiday. But you'll save yourself a lot of time and trouble by talking things over with your travel agent. Helpful too is the Bermuda Vacation Kit which you can get by writing to: The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

In a quiet cove the sea runs up to meet new friends to play with.

"CANDIDE" A LA BERNSTEIN

Across the centuries, the cold, icy gleam of Voltaire's lively diatribe against senseless optimism has stimulated and infuriated readers without number. The most recent manifestation of this is the triumphant musical adaptation of "Candide," presented on Broadway, December 1st, 1956. The triumphant aspect of this production is in no small way due to the super-charged score provided by 38-year-old, multi-talented Leonard Bernstein. A composer of enormous range and brilliance, Bernstein has managed at once to provide a wealth of melody and kid the pants off serious music. This adds up to just about the best of all possible musicals.

CANDIDE: Max Adrian, Robert Rounseville, Barbara Cook, Irra Petina and the original cast. OL 5180 $5.98

THE LAST GREAT ROMANTIC

Today, in his 80th year, Bruno Walter is a unique combination of the old and the new. Side by side in him exist the great musical tradition of late 19th century Vienna and the vitality of our own age. It is difficult to imagine a man more qualified to conduct the works of Schubert. Only an artist nurtured in the Romantic tradition could breathe such warmth and loving care into this sublimely Romantic music. Under his hand, Schubert's music emerges lyrical and buoyant. He caresses it and it takes flight!

SCHUBERT: Incidental Music for "Rosamunde"; Symphony No. 5 in B-Flat Major—Dr. Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. ML 5156 $3.98

COPLAND COMPLETED

The original score for Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" called for a chamber orchestra of just thirteen instruments. Later, in preparing the Ballet Suite (which won the Pulitzer Prize for music in 1945), the composer orchestrated a condensed version of the work. Two seasons ago, Eugene Ormandy persuaded Copland to furnish full score for the sections previously omitted. One notable addition was the dramatic episode in which the young bride of the story anticipates motherhood. Her reactions . . . joy, fear bordering on hysteria, and wonder . . . are vividly revealed. This complete version of the ballet is performed here by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, along with Copland's earlier masterpiece, "Billy the Kid."

COPLAND: "Appalachian Spring" and "Billy the Kid." ML 5157 $3.98

A DRUM IS A WOMAN

In 1941 Duke Ellington first outlined his plan for an elaborate musical fantasy paralleling the history of jazz. He thought then and still thinks of jazz in terms of a woman and a drum. This idea exploded into the story of Carribee Joe and his drum, which became a woman known as Madam Zajj. Joe, a primitive, wanted to remain with the jungle. Zajj, the sensuous, gaudy, sophisticated siren that is jazz, wanted to travel. She did . . . from the West Indies to New Orleans and 52nd Street. The Duke's musical account of this journey is his most ambitious and accomplished achievement in many years!

A DRUM IS A WOMAN: Margaret Tynes, Joya Sherrill, Ozzie Bailey, Duke Ellington's Orchestra and Chorus. CL 951 $3.98

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Superglow Solid Powder

with **Lumium**

Finely compressed, handsomely cased and portable — this is the same Superglow Face Powder with Lumium that has made cosmetic history on the dressing table . . . that is known (pretty well around the world now) for its extraordinary way of washing out tiny lines and shadows by reflecting, rather than absorbing, light rays. Here now — prepared to pay you the same glowing compliment at a moment's notice — the same famous powder, in the same famous flattering shades.

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Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the annual report of the Irving Trust Company, there's a paragraph, relating to ship loans, that tells how you can increase the capacity of an oil tanker by fitting an old vessel with a brand-new midsection. The bank calls this process "jumboizing." We had become more or less resigned to the use of "musicalizing" by theatre people, and of "finalizing" by (may Heaven forgive them) schoolteachers, but we'd never dreamed that anything like "jumboizing" could sneak into common usage—or, at any rate, into high-level-finance usage. To be sure, the Irving Trust probably didn't invent the word; banks never do invent words. "Jumboizing" has conceivably been kicking around for quite some time, somewhere—perhaps outside the twelve-mile limit, certainly outside our area of operations. But now that a substantial business institution with the rock-solid address of 1 Wall Street has given the monstrosity its blessing, who will dare to say it nay? Well, we will.

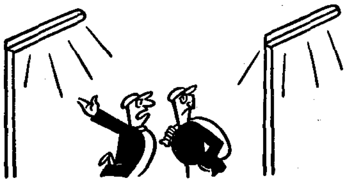
JUMBOIZING

Softer Arms

HAVING described the new street signs and new trees on Third Avenue, we'd like to slip in a few words about the new street lights that have just been installed along that once dismal, now dazzling thoroughfare. To tell the truth, we think the new lights are as ugly as sin, but on investigation we've learned that they have certain strong points in their favor, so we'll do our best to be fair about them. Our objections are wholly aesthetic; to us the lights have a garish, honky-tonk look, derived in part from their great size, in part from the awkward angle at which they're set, and in part from the brutally straight brackets to which they're attached. The city authorities grant that the lights aren't much to look at but add that they are far more efficient and far easier to maintain than any other street lights in the city, are as handsome as the budget would allow, and were approved, as all such radical changes of the city's face must be, by the Art Commission.

The reason for the new lights' great size is that they are fluorescent; each light consists of four six-foot-long fluorescent tubes encased in a plastic-and-metal fixture and installed twenty-six feet above the curb on galvanized-steel standards. Outdoor fluorescent lights are a comparative novelty. Indeed, if you're looking for a superlative to dine out on this winter, it will be safe for you to remark that Third Avenue is at present the longest fluorescent-lighted street in the world, having a total of five hundred and twenty-seven lights placed on alternate sides of the street for a distance of seven and a half miles. Each light is supposed to illuminate the full width of the avenue, which is seventy feet; in order to make this possible, the lights are canted up at an angle of thirty degrees, to the distress not only of amateur city planners like us but of residents of the avenue, who claim they can't sleep at night with so much light streaming through their windows. Hitherto, most of our street lights have been either incandescent or mercury-vapor lamps; while the initial cost of fluorescent lights is higher, they give from two to three times as much light as incandescent bulbs do with the same amount of electricity and are a bit cheaper than mercury-vapor lamps to maintain. Some lighting engineers predict that within a few years the whole city will be bathed in fluorescent light, indoors and out. We don't look forward to it; we're just warning you it may happen.

The two men chiefly responsible for the new lights are Hulan E. Jack, Borough President of Manhattan, and Arthur C. Ford, Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity. Since we'd talked with Mr. Jack about the new trees, we decided to talk with Mr. Ford about the new lights. A charming, tweedy man of sixty-five, Mr. Ford briefly sketched the big picture for us. "Good lighting is expensive," he said. "If Mr. Jack hadn't put special funds at our disposal, we wouldn't have been able to do as much for Third Avenue as we've done. New York is a comparatively well-lighted city, but there are plenty of sections in need of attention. The better you light a city, the less vandalism, burglary, and other criminal activity you get; also, the more business. Here and there throughout the city—on the Avenue of the Americas, for example, and in the Bronx shopping district at Third Avenue and 149th Street—merchants and property owners have dug into their own pockets to provide new lighting. We'd like to move a lot faster than we do, but you can't change lights one at a time; you have to do the job by sections. We've got something like a hundred and seventy-five thousand street lights in the city, and about seventy-three thousand of them are those old-fashioned ones with a cast-iron shell and a steel shaft up the center. Maybe their quaintness appeals to you, but they don't give much light, and they are easily fractured when anything smashes into them and are costly to replace. If it weren't for the initial expense, I'd switch at once to aluminum standards, which never need



paint, weather to a nice, inconspicuous gray, and can take a terrible beating."

We asked Mr. Ford if anything could be done to mitigate the barbarous stiffness of such fluorescent lights as the ones on Third Avenue. Mr. Ford winced at "barbarous," then rallied gamely to say that he thought something could. From a drawer of his desk he took several photographs of a lighting standard that has just come on the market. "Here's my favorite," he said. "A round aluminum pole with an eight-foot tapered arm, as soft and graceful as a girl's. I'm also interested in a new standard that's constructed in a single continuous curve from base to lighting fixture. I keep urging my department to pay more attention to aesthetic values, but it's a question of how much taxpayers can be expected to spend for such values. The present Third Avenue light standard is strictly functional; maybe in time we can develop one that has beauty, too. Most of the business people along the avenue appear satisfied, and we're working on the problem of how to keep the lights from shining into apartment windows. We don't just tell people to pull their shades down; we're out to do things right. I wish we had a hundred years to do it in."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Last week, there was chalked on the door of a building on Eighty-seventh Street, just east of Lexington Avenue, "O'Malley is a mess and an immature child."

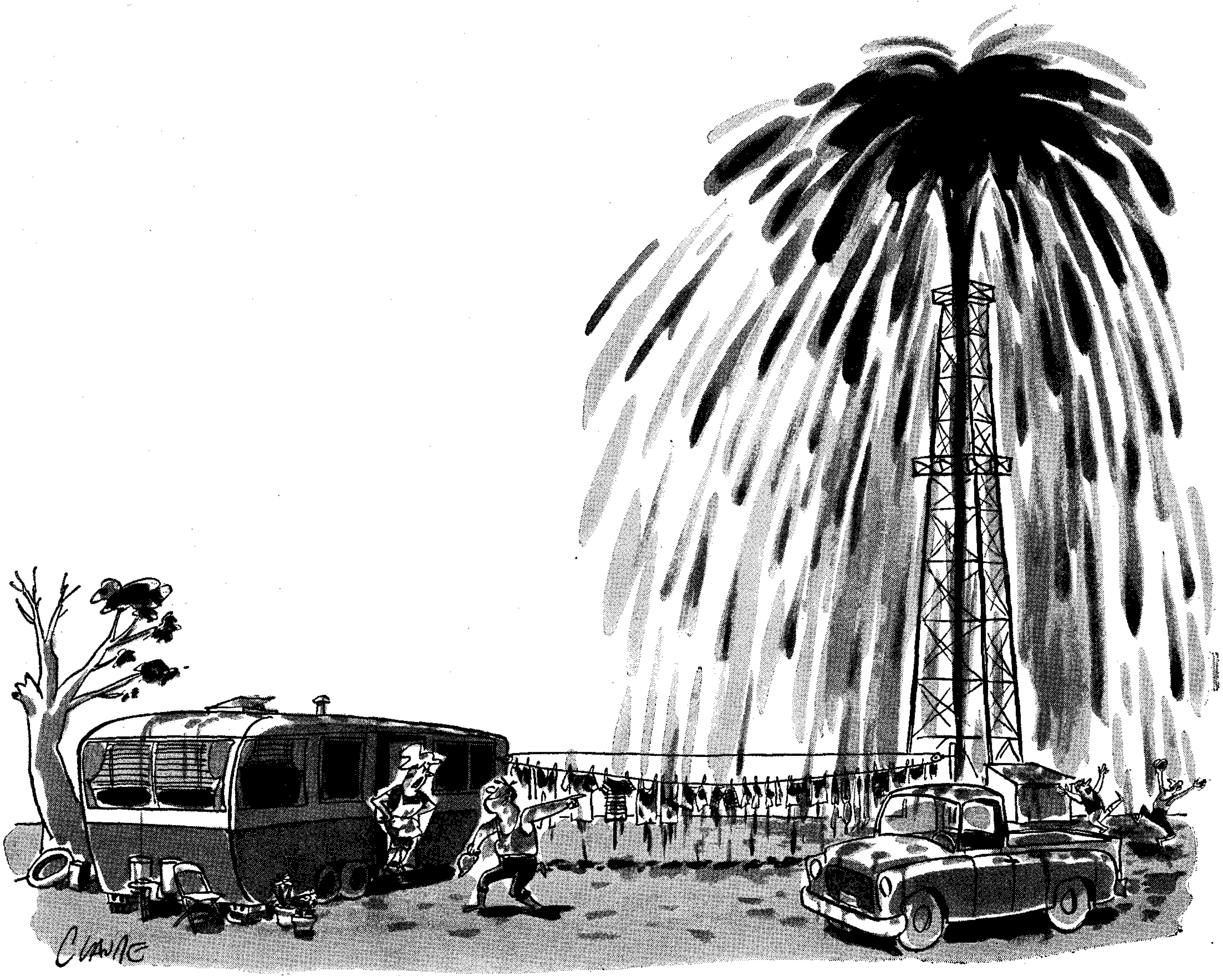
Literary Estate

THE recent flurry of excitement over Thomas Wolfe—the publication of seven hundred of his letters by Scribner's and a long article about him in *Life*—goaded us into a research project we'd had in mind since last summer, when we read in *Publishers' Weekly* that his estate had an income of close to ninety thousand dollars in 1955. Our idea was to find out more about this property—one of the few purely literary estates going, with no stocks, no bonds, just prose—and this we've now done, thanks to several pleasant and instructive hours spent in the company of Mr. Edward C. Aswell, who, as its administrator, has run it since 1947.

"Wolfe died in 1938," Mr. Aswell said when we called on him in his office at Doubleday & Co., where he is an editor. "You wouldn't expect him to have made a will, but he did make one. He had Melville Cane, of the firm of Ernst, Cane & Berner, which specializes in copyrights, draw one up in 1937. As Mr. Cane told it to me, Wolfe, whom he had represented in some legal controversies, ran into him at the Mont D'Or Restaurant one night, said 'I'd like to make a will,' and a few evenings later, over a dinner at Cherio's, outlined the terms. At the time the will was made, Wolfe had broken with Scribner's as his publishers, and consequently with Maxwell E. Perkins as his editor—in fact, he was about to come to Harper's, where I became his editor—but he was still a friend of Max's, and named him sole executor of his estate. His will left his mother ten thousand dollars in trust and divided the residuary estate equally among his two brothers, Frank C. and Fred W., and his two sisters, Effie W. Gambrell and Mabel W. Wheaton. Well, he didn't leave ten thousand dollars—only a little more than eight, the remains of a ten-thousand-dollar advance we'd given him for 'The Web and the Rock,' which, like 'You Can't Go Home Again' and 'The Hills Beyond,' was published posthumously. So the residuary estate consisted entirely of his published and unpublished writings. Max Perkins died in June, 1947. I'd been active during the intervening years in preparing posthumous Wolfe material for publication, and his beneficiaries appealed to the Surrogates' Court to have me appointed 'administrator under the will.' An executor is succeeded by an administrator under the will. The Surrogate appointed me the following month, so I have run my accounting on a July-to-July fiscal-year basis. Here it is."

Mr. Aswell handed us a sheaf of papers and gave us a desk, a pad, and a pencil, and while he busied himself with Doubleday matters, we proceeded to analyze the papers every which way. Our conclusion is that a purely literary estate is a whole lot more exciting than the ordinary stock-and-bond estate, because it fluctuates so wildly. The beneficiaries (in the case of the Wolfe estate, three legatees survive; the income from the fourth share, owing to two deaths, is now divided among six Wolfe nieces and nephews, the husband of a deceased niece, and two grandnephews) don't know where they are from fiscal year to fiscal year. For example, in the nine July-to-Julys during which Mr. Aswell has been at the helm, starting with 1947-48 and running through 1955-56, receipts have come to $36,951.34, $10,195.84, $7,196.73, $5,886.97, $6,992.74, $6,286.83, $8,525.26, $86,805.04, and $14,227.12. The reasons for these fluctuations involve nothing as humdrum as Standard Oil of New Jersey, which, in any case, was never like this. In 1947-48, the thirty-six-thousand-dollar year, the estate got $24,450 from Liberty Films, Inc., for the movie rights to "Look Homeward, Angel;" $3,939.59 in Harper royalties and reprint fees; and $5,246.75 in Scribner royalties. In 1948-49, the Scribner income was down ($3,993.66), and so was the Harper income ($3,644.41), but there was a five-hundred-dollar advance for the German dramatic rights to "Mannerhouse," a play that Wolfe wrote while taking the late George Pierce Baker's Forty-seven Workshop course at Harvard in 1922 and 1923. "Mannerhouse," which Harper's published posthumously and which has been produced in this country only by the Forty-seven Workshop and the Yale Dramatic Association, has been touring West Germany for several years and is still going strong there. It has also been broadcast, in an abridged form, in Denmark and Sweden. It brought the estate $1,239.02 in German royalties in 1954-55 and $5,385.54 in 1955-56, or more than a third of the total take ($14,227.12) in the latter fiscal year. The big item in 1954-55 was $75,000, paid by Gregory-Goldman Enterprises for the movie rights to whichever one of three Wolfe novels—"The Web and the Rock," "Of Time and the River," and "You Can't Go Home Again"—the Enterprises might wish to film. The administrator gets a commission of two per cent on the total receipts—an arrangement that struck us as modest.

Mr. Aswell took us to lunch, and over a Martini at the Laurent Restaurant he informed us that the estate's lawyers are still Ernst, Cane & Berner; that Charles Laughton, the initiator of the Gregory-Goldman proposal, is an admirer of Wolfe's; that—even apart from movie money—the estate's



"Did you have *to bring it in on a Monday?"*

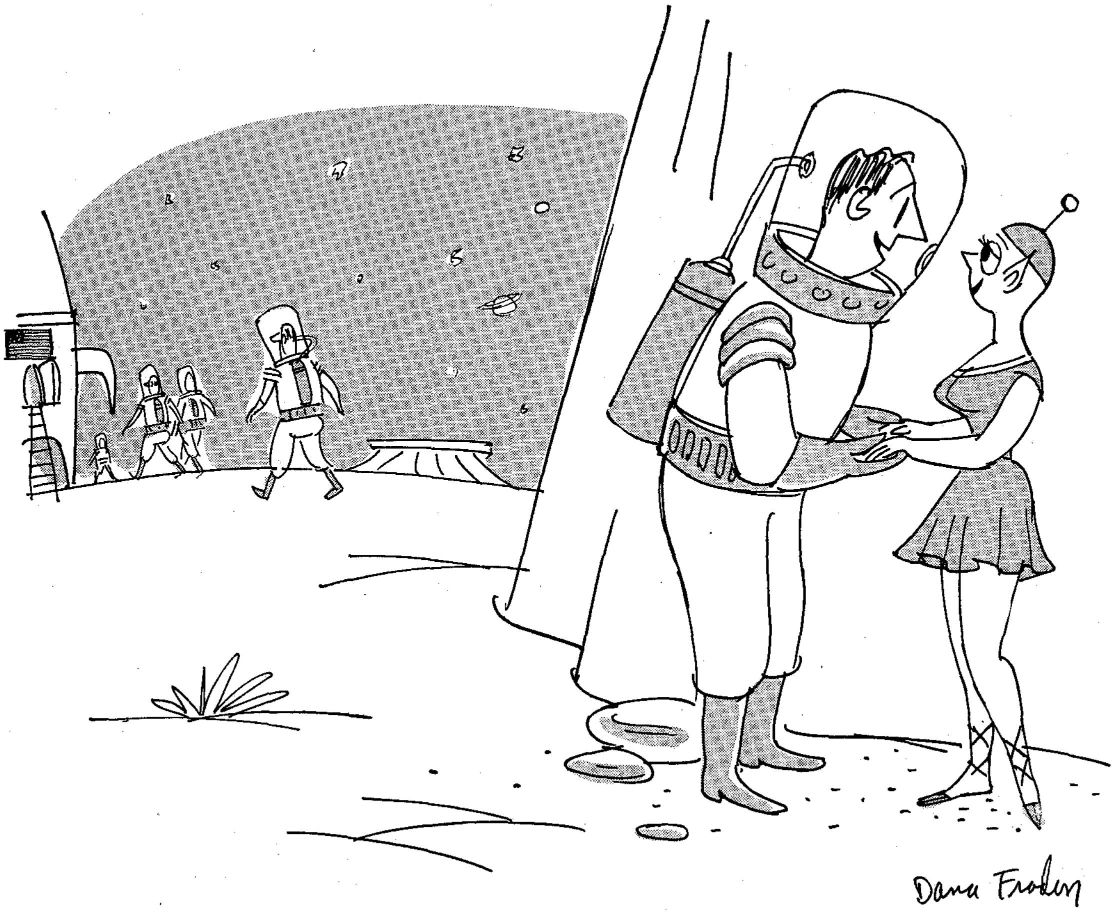
• •

income had in every year of his administration been higher than Wolfe's average annual earnings during his lifetime; and that "Mannerhouse" deals with a rich Southern family that lost its money during the Civil War and saw its property taken over by some lower-class folk.

"I think its theme—the dispossession of formerly powerful people and their replacement by those they regard as inferior—strikes a responsive chord in the Germans of today," he said. "Wolfe wrote another play while at Harvard—'Welcome to Our City,' a study of anti-Negro prejudice—and that is still unpublished."

He paused for a sip.

"Lots of unpublished stuff in literary estates," he continued. "Did you know that one of Mark Twain's funniest books, an unfinished one called 'Letters from the Earth,' has never been printed? In it, a bunch of angels and archangels are sitting around in Heaven, playing the harp and drinking ambrosia. They hear a rumor that the Lord has invented a new place called the Earth, but they don't believe it. 'Everything is perfect as it is,' they say. 'Why should He add something new?' Well, the rumor persists through the aeons, and the Angel Gabriel decides to take a look. He finds the Earth, and his letters from there to his fellow-angels give the book its title. Each letter is a chapter. In one, he writes, 'Fellow-angels, you won't believe this, but a lot of people here spend a lot of time pursuing something called sex, and they spend a lot more time dreaming about it, and then they invent a Heaven where no such thing exists!' Mark Twain's widow wouldn't allow the book to be published, and his daughter, Mrs. Jacques Samossoud, hasn't as yet allowed it to be published. Bernard DeVoto let me read it when he was literary executor of the Mark Twain estate. Incidentally, I've been involved in a much earlier literary estate—that of James Boswell, who died in 1795. His executors saw fit not to publish any of his posthumous papers, and so did his family—for the next hundred and fifty years. It wasn't until Colonel Ralph Isham bought them and sold them to Yale, in 1949, that I was able to acquire the publishing rights to his diaries for McGraw-Hill, of which I was then an editor. It's a great piece of luck that they hadn't been destroyed. Nearly all Wolfe's manuscripts are in the possession of the Houghton Library, at Harvard, or of the University of North Carolina. Practically everything has been published except that second play, 'Welcome to Our City;' some of his letters; some unfinished manuscripts; and his notebooks, which I hope to publish someday. His novels have been printed in ten languages. The Japanese are after them now. I'm per-



"I'll be back, dear, just as soon as I get my divorce."

fectly agreeable to this, but there's a financial problem."

Mr. Aswell said he was confident that this could be licked, and we asked him what he thought of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

If Winter Comes

DURING the snowstorm last Friday, a traffic cop who patronizes a bar in our neighborhood dropped in for a hurried shot of rye and announced, "The creeps! It's murder to catch them in a violation on a nice warm day. Now it's cold and they get flagrant all over the place—taxis cruising on Fifth, private cars parking anywhere, and buses roaming all over the avenue. They know I'm not going to freeze my mitts off giving them summonses. But wait till April, just wait." He downed his rye and went disconsolately back to his post.

No Goats

SURELY no hotel can surpass the Waldorf when it comes to dealing gracefully with the great ones of the earth. Practice makes perfect, and for twenty-five years now a veritable subway crush of kings, queens, princes, presidents, warriors, foreign ministers, and assorted plenipotentiaries extraordinary have been stopping there. No matter how august the personages or how peculiar their requirements, the Waldorf consummately copes. If Antony and Cleopatra were to stroll into the lobby tomorrow, the help would not be fazed; they would make the splendid couple feel as comfortable as if they were back home. King Saud spent a day at the Waldorf last week and, from the point of view of the management, presented no particular difficulty. After the King's departure, we spoke with two of the Waldorf executives who had been in charge, and got the impression that seeing to the King's pleasure had been an affair of doing one's best but not of being unduly strained. For what is even so rich and powerful and exotic a king as Saud among so many royal visitors? Besides, he had put up at the Waldorf before, in 1947. One is always happy to welcome former guests of the establishment; heaven forbid that one should be bowled over by them.

The King's entourage numbered seventy-six and included three sons, an uncle, a cousin, a prince officially described as Royal Intimate, the Director General of Press, Broadcasting, and Publications, the Chief of Protocol, the Royal Interpreter, three private secretaries, five bodyguards, the Royal Purser, the Royal Steward, the Royal Barber, the Royal Laundryman, and two Royal Coffeemakers. Our State Department had wired for accommodations some weeks ahead of time, and the Waldorf was able to settle the King in the nine-room Presidential Suite. (All told, the party occupied about seventy-five rooms in the hotel.) The only changes made for the King's occupancy were the introduction of a large bed—Mr. Fio Dell'Agnese, manager of the Waldorf Towers, assured us with a fastidious shudder that the bed was merely oversize, *not* king-size—and a wing chair covered with yellow brocade, which served King Saud as a throne. The Waldorf had been led to believe that King and party would arrive with four hundred pieces of luggage and was ready to handle all four hundred in jig time; nevertheless, the staff was a tiny bit relieved when King and party showed up with only eighty. (The rest of the royal luggage was shipped straight to Washington.) Contrary to newspaper reports, the King brought along no goats. "He drinks cows' milk," Mr. Dell'Agnese said. "We also prepared a great deal of yoghurt, which the King and his entourage ate with relish. The King appears to drink coffee constantly, from a cup the size of an eyecup. I noticed that when the Royal Coffeemakers were making his coffee, they always ground up some saffron in a mortar and added it to the coffee after it had been brewed. It gave the King's quarters a distinctive fragrance."

George Lang, the assistant banquet manager, is a dynamic young man of the true Waldorf stamp. "We learned two weeks ago that King Saud wished us to provide a reception for eight hundred and fifty in the Starlight Roof and the Palm Room, and a dinner for eighty immediately afterward," he said. "M. Philippe, our vice-president in charge of catering and entertaining, likes to trust his genius to supply a last-minute inspiration, and it did not fail him this time. For the reception, we arranged a classic buffet, extremely elaborate. The dinner began with a supreme of fresh fruits. The soup was a cream of chicken Regina, and the main dish was breast of chicken Empire—stuffed with *pâté de foie gras* and served with truffle sauce. Accompanying the chicken were a pilaff of rice, Arabian style, and a *bouquetière* of fresh vegetables. The dessert consisted of an ice, strawberries, *petits fours*, and great platters of Arizona dates. All the arrangements for the reception and dinner were in our hands. How to preserve the King's dignity at a reception for eight hundred people! How to seat him and eighty other people at a single banquet table and still obey protocol! Where to put Cabot Lodge! Dag Hammarskjold! Krishna Menon! Oh, how the problems mounted! In the end, we managed to solve them all. As soon as I saw that the banquet was going well, I left the hotel and went for a walk along the river, to calm my somewhat excited nerves. I love this work, but I think that to do it well one should combine the head of a scientist with the heart of an artist, the ingenuity of a used-car salesman with the energy of a marathon runner. There is never any respite."

Correspondence

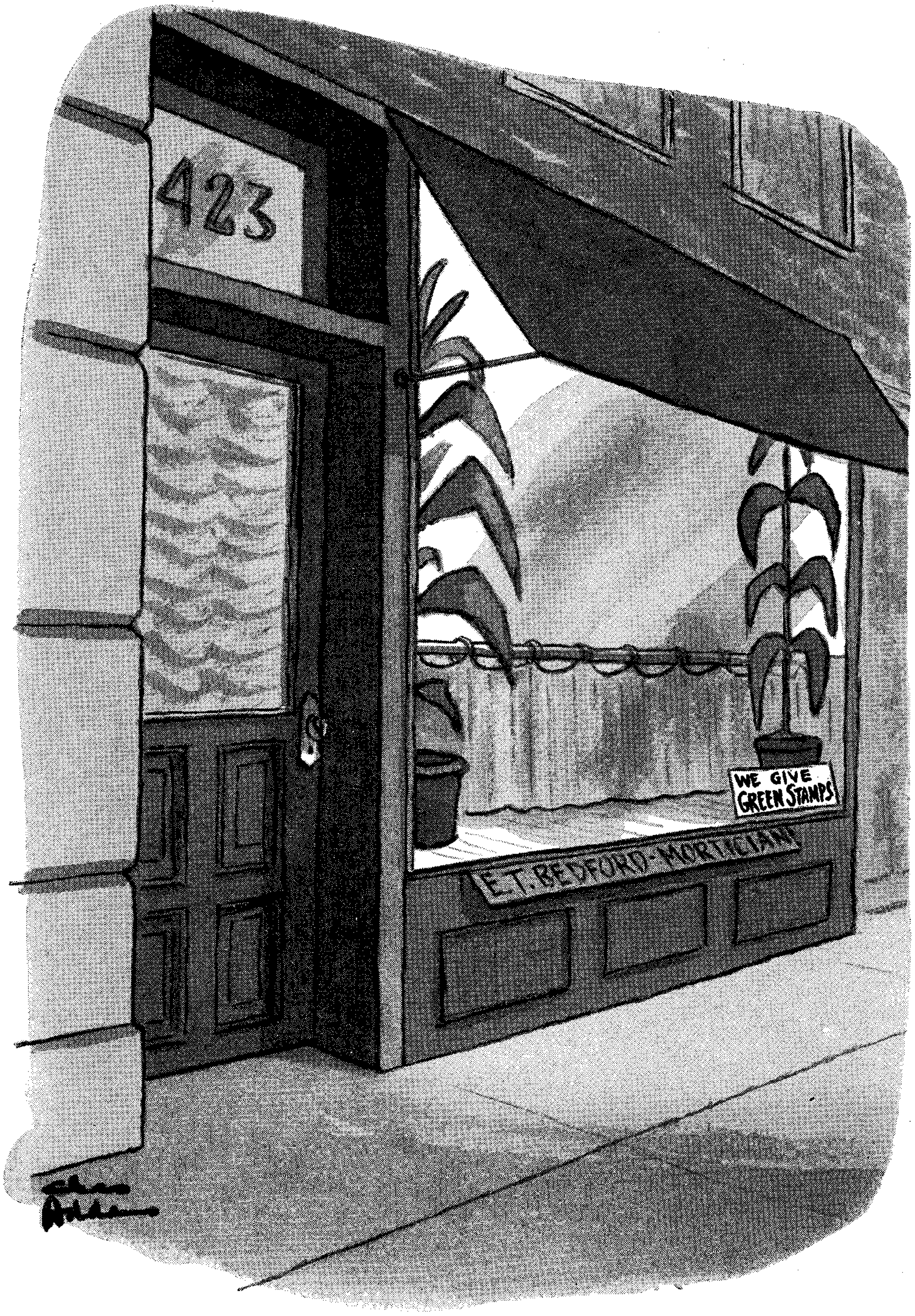
UNTIL only very recently, it seems, a team called Bob & Ray has been talking and singing, over Station WINS, for Eveready batteries, whose makers offer cash prizes for true-life experiences in which Evereadies played a part. We are now in possession of a file of correspondence started by a waggish fellow who, last April, sat down and wrote to Bob & Ray as follows:

> While on a botanical expedition to the upper reaches of the Amazon, I was one night separated from my camp. In a matter of minutes, a raiding party of Kiwicki Indians surrounded me. Although those gnomelike creatures are only four feet tall, their blood lust is a legend throughout the area. When my flash signal gun failed to work, I quickly thought of my Eveready flashlight with the Eveready batteries. I scurried up a nearby mango tree and tapped out an SOS signal against the blue-black jungle sky. The other members of the expedition arrived within seconds and frightened off the natives. I was indeed thankful for my Eveready flashlight with its Eveready batteries.

He sent this to Bob & Ray in care of WINS and received, in reply, a letter from the William Esty Company, advertising agents, of 100 East Forty-second Street, saying, "Unfortunately we cannot make use of your story," and so forth, but "we would like to thank you for your thoughtfulness in writing, and as a token of our appreciation, we are sending you a two-cell 'Eveready' flashlight with our compliments and good wishes."

The waggish fellow added the flashlight to his belongings and, feeling that his joke had gone as far as it could be expected to go, was ready to forget the whole business when, in July, the Esty people wrote again, saying, "We are now interested in using this incident in advertisements of 'Eveready' Flashlights and Batteries and would appreciate your signing and returning the enclosed releases, which grant us permission, on behalf of our client, to use your name and story in such advertisements," and offering him fifty dollars "to compensate you for your loss of time and inconvenience."

By return mail, the Esty people got a letter saying that the undersigned would settle for a hundred and fifty dollars. The Esty people then telephoned their correspondent and explained that fifty really was all the budget allowed, whereupon the correspondent accepted, mailed the releases, and got the fifty and, in addition, another two-cell flashlight. The last time we heard, the correspondence, like Eveready itself, was still going on. The waggish fellow has sent in another tale, this time a Tibetan one, and has received a letter saying, "Unfortunately we cannot make use of your story" but "we are sending you a two-cell 'Eveready' flashlight with our compliments and good wishes."



SCANSION FROM EXALTED HEIGHTS

THE muffled canniness of the Orient, which sends shivers up and down geopoliticians' spines, is nowhere more vivid than in the superiority of its rulers as aesthetes over ours. Mao Tse-tung can't crack the U.N., but he has placed a poem in "The White Pony," an American anthology of Chinese poetry. King Phumiphol Aduldet of Siam can play "Muskrat Ramble" on the soprano saxophone. Nehru has written a lovely autobiography. And the officers of the Iraqi Army daily publish in the Baghdad press odes to Lieutenant-Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser. This last assertion has the firm, generous cadence of a fabrication, but its truth may be verified by referring to page 19, Section 6, of the January 13th edition of the *Times*, a precious publication where I also read, on another day, on another page, of the Emperor Hirohito's tankas. The tanka is a thirty-one-syllable Japanese verse form. The *Times*, as fearful for its inclusiveness as the circus fat lady for her weight, recently printed translations of three, composed by the god in 1938, 1939, and 1940:

Peaceful is morning in the
  shrine garden.
World conditions, it is hoped,
  also will be peaceful.

Seen from exalted heights,
Beautiful is the first vision
Of islands in the morning sun.

At the beginning of the
  New Year, we pray that
East and West will live
  together and prosper.

How pleasant! How simple! Even in Japanese, it appears, the tanka makes modest technical demands; in English, it would be a trifling matter of keeping the number of syllables in the vicinity of twenty-two. Any statesman could do it. Vice-President Nixon, than whom no one is more careful these days, could adapt the 1938 Hirohito effort and use it as one of his "policy" speeches:

Peaceful is morning in the
  truck garden.
World conditions, it is hoped,
  also will be peaceful.

And his immediate superior might cast a typically reassuring statement on the new Dust Bowl into this happy form:

Billions of tons of earth are blown
Upward: a second America
Is growing in the sky.

The fashion set, Washington would be swept by subdued lyricism. Imagine. Charles Wilson, in one of his sulks, instead of haranguing a congregation of newsmen, apostrophizes a handy bird:

Robin, you grieve me, treading
Grass the green of coupons,
O robin, two-tone, with side panels!

George Humphrey finds a consoling symmetry in external nature:

The moons in the Potomac
  and the sky balance
Like debit and credit
  in a sound budget.

John Foster Dulles, between flights, mixes himself up with the landscape:

Brave wind, now east, now west, blow!
Adamant, a steeple prosecutes
A new cloud every moment.

The Senate rings no longer with the dithyrambs of cookbooks but with those of imagism. Excerpts:

MR. EASTLAND

Sir, the marble squares of this
  here chamber floor
Alternate black and white:
  Miscegenation!

MR. KEFAUVER

Fellow-Legislators, you love me not,
But why? Was not Lincoln loved?
Well, I gangle, too.

MR. KNOWLAND

Right is right and red is red.
Never let them meet. Farewell.
I go to battle Goodwin Knight.

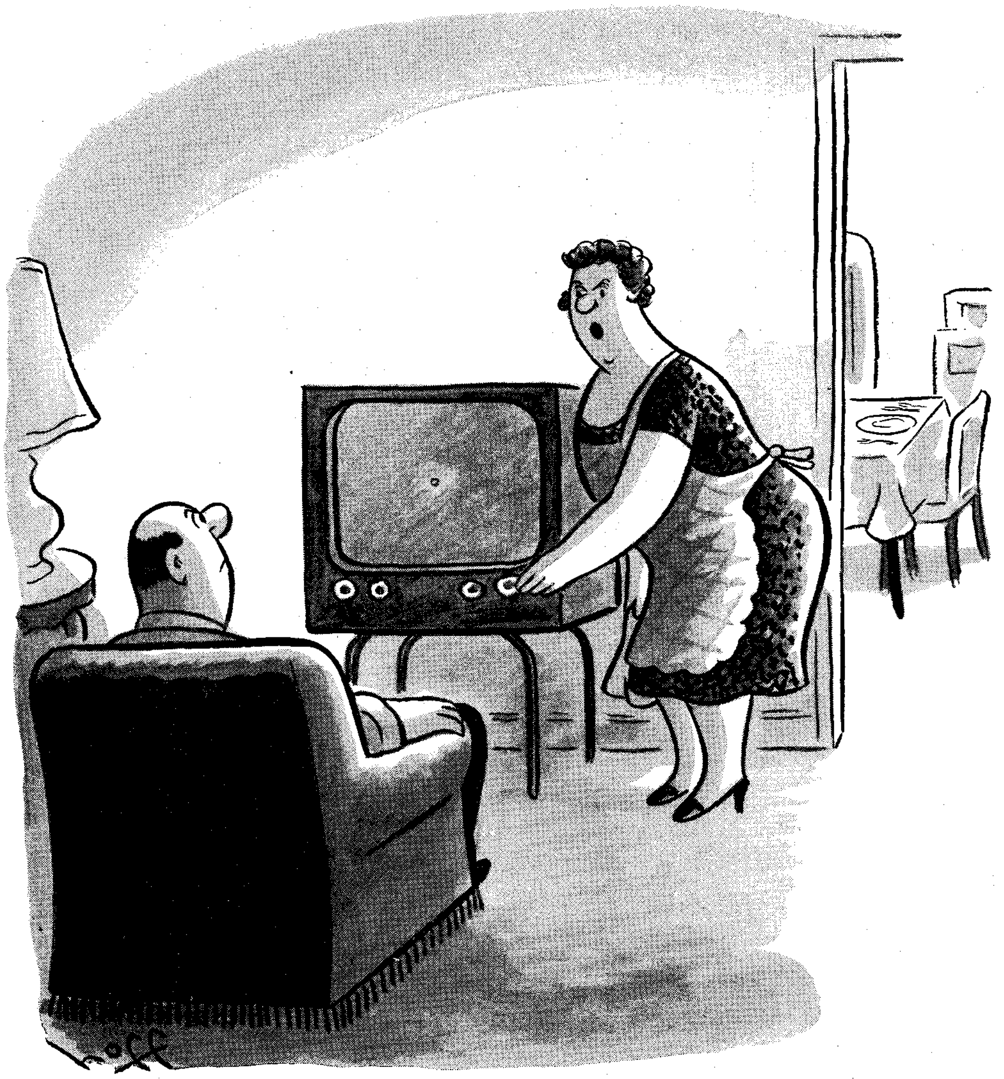
MR. HUMPHREY

Minnesota cows are liberal;
They flood the world with cream.
We should, too, to show contentment.

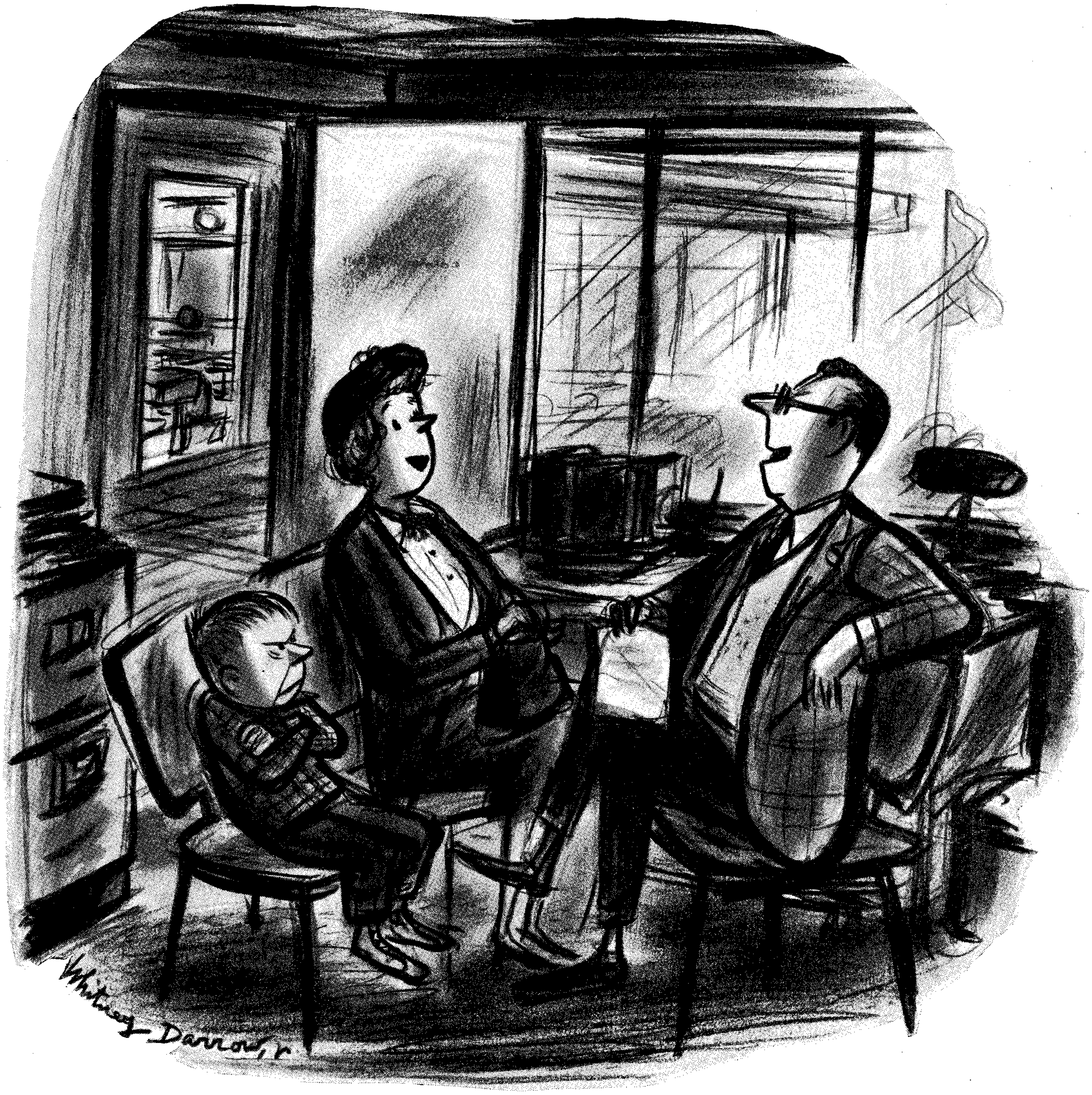
MR. LANGER

Dry, cold, sparse, hard, and isolationist,
North Dakota speaks
For the Universe at large.

THE tanka need not be restricted to domestic use. Easily fitted onto a postal card, it is ideal for inter-



"*You have lost your picture temporarily. Soup is on.*"



"Mrs. Minton, there's no such thing as a bad boy. Hostile, perhaps. Aggressive, recalcitrant, destructive, even sadistic. But not bad."

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national communication. The world would wear a different face if former Prime Minister Eden had thought to drop this note to the White House:

How beautiful is Suez!
One is tempted to pay
This fabled land a timely visit.

The courteous reply

More lovely still are England's shores;
Hug them. Not Britannia rules
The waves: it's moot who does

would surely have given Sir Anthony pause. (And pause is above all what our State Department wants.) Courtesy and grace would be restored to Western diplomacy, gruff and bearish since the honey-tongued Truman left office. Even so gross a snub as Mayor Wagner's refusal to let his fireboats toot for the visiting Arabian monarch would have been softened by a little tanka, pinned to the Battery:

Dear Saud: The key to the city
Is under the mat. Tiptoe.
The reception's in the icebox.
Hastily,
Bob

Then Saud could have whipped out a triolet he had composed, entitled "Nasser's Grandeur," and all would have been sunshine and strophes. But no, they had to use prose. All the political negotiations of the last fifty years have been conducted in prose. And it's taken me to go to the root of the trouble.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Laying an egg is the most natural thing in the world for the hen. The only trouble is that most of us think what a difficult job it is—'cause we cannot do it. Don't forget that this is the job for which the hen was originated.—*The Michigan Farmer.*

Only fair to warn you, we're not good at remembering things.

A GOOD OLD MESSAGE LIKE THE GOLDEN RULE

THE sky cracked with cold, the black swells of the icy sea approached the S. S. Lever's Wife, rose, and fell moderately away in spite of an irascible goose of a wind that hissed by the bridge and bit at Mr. Solly's unprotected ears. He was the junior officer, and the freighter, whose bridge he was commanding at the time, was two hundred miles off Sable Island and two and a half days from Brooklyn, where it was bound. It had left Providence as the leaves were turning, gone south, crossed over the Atlantic, touched seven points on the west coast of Africa, bunkered in Tenerife, gone north, made Rotterdam, Bremen, and Göteborg, and was coming back laden with miscellaneous goods, including crates and crates of tiny Swedish matches. The season was now midwinter, and the time a quarter to eleven at night. One man had just relieved another at the helm, and the lights of a vessel that Mr. Solly had been watching, through binoculars, while it crossed his bow had just vanished in the direction of Halifax. Mr. Solly stepped into the wheelhouse, quickly closing the door behind him. He put the binoculars in their felt-lined box, shed his fur jacket, plucked at his brittle ears. The square, tight little room was as warm as an oven, and Mr. Solly's present helmsman, a very young man named Davy Humble, stood the wheel in his T shirt.

Davy said, "Man, trust—what are you talking about, trust?" He clearly had difficulty keeping his animated voice soft enough not to carry to the captain, who was in his rooms directly below, presumably asleep.

A voice of easy gentleness came from a shadowy corner beyond the short range of the binnacle light. "You know, if you don't trust nobody, nobody's going to trust you," it said.

"Is that you, Blades?" the junior officer asked.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Solly, it's me," the voice said. "I stayed up to talk to Davy, here, if it's all right with you. He's got a little bit too much self-confi-dence for one who's still damp to the touch. I thought I might dry him off a little bit."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Solly. "Only, keep it quiet."

"What I was saying was, if you don't trust nobody, nobody's going to trust you," Blades resumed. "I mean, if you go up to a guy with the idea that he's going to take you for something first chance he gets, chances are he will, but if you go up to him with the idea in mind that he's as good a fella as you, and just as honest as you hold yourself to be, chances are you'll wind up trusted friends, and there's nothing better nor more useful in this world than a trusted friend."

"I want to trust somebody, you know who I trust? Three guys I trust—me, myself, and I," Davy said.

"Time may come in the future, Davy, when you can't trust your own better judgment and you'll have to seek the assistance of a trusted friend."

"Time comes I can't trust me, I'm *dead*."

"Self-confi-dence is ad*mire*-able in a young fella, but—"

"You know it, Jacko," said Davy. "But the good old golden rule is still the best. Do others in the way thou wouldest have them do you. Isn't that right, Mr. Solly—isn't that the best way?"

In the case of the junior officer, "Solly" was a form of "Solomon"—a nickname he had been given early in the trip, first by his own watch and then by others in the fo'c'sle crew, because his calm judgment had prevented one argument after another from coming to blows. His real name was George Arthur Ferguson, but no one except his superior officers called him Mr. Ferguson, and no one called him George. He was twenty-seven—rather young for a judge—quiet yet agile of speech, elaborate of imagination. When a controversy became insoluble, he was often asked to step in and clear things up, which he would do with a feigned reluctance, presently handing down his decision couched in a parable of great length.

"Wouldn't you say that you can't go wrong with the golden rule?" Blades asked.

Mr. Solly peered at the gyro to see what kind of course Davy was keeping. Then he asked him if he had ever been to Port Said, pronouncing the second word "Sighed."

"Who, me?" Davy asked. "You mean Port Sed? I never been there. It stinks."

"Maybe it does and maybe it don't," Mr. Solly said. "Now, to me, I wouldn't call it so much a stink as a smell, and a smell can be either good or bad. I haven't been there since I was in the fo'c'sle, like you, and of course, if you was to go through there now, you wouldn't find it the same at all, what with all the trouble, but as I remember, sometimes you smelt the gutters and sometimes you smelt them jasmine flowers that the kids sold in the streets before supper, and sometimes you jist smelt the harbor, like any green-sea harbor. You've been there, Blades—you've been going to sea for a *little* while, anyways."

"I've been twenty years on ships, but never inside the Rock of Gibraltar, can you beat that?" Blades said.

"That's a record, *I'll* say," Mr. Solly agreed. "But you brought up the subject of trust."

"Say whatever you want to about Port Sed, Mr. Solly," Blades said. "Neither Davy or me has ever been there, so we won't know the diff—right?"

"You know it, Jacko," said Davy.

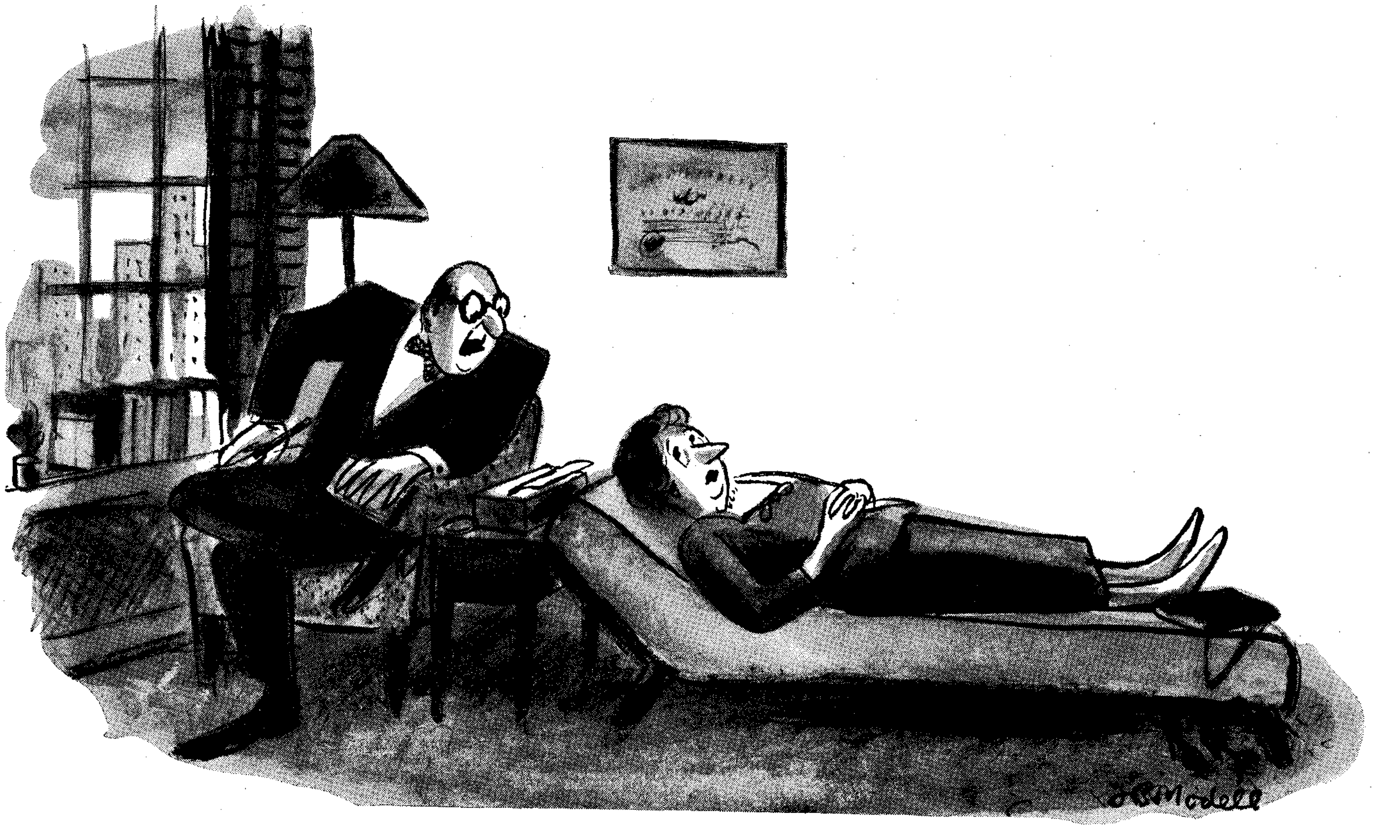
MR. SOLLY slid up on his high stool by the forward porthole, so he could keep watch on the sea as he talked. "Well," he began, "as you'd know if you'd been there, when you come into that harbor with a 'Gyptian pilot you come up on a long breakwater what they call a molay. They all talk French there—they call all the streets rues, and everything. There's a great big statue of the Father of the Canal standing on the molay, or used to, anyways. His name don't come to me at the moment, but he's standing there with his hand out like he's saying 'Come on in,' like my granddaddy used to do when people used to come to our house in Cape Girardeau, he'd put out his hand and say, 'Come on in, take a couple chairs and sit down,' well, we come in there to Port Sighed one time, and I mean to tell you we *set* down."

"Say, Mr. Solly, if you'll excuse my butting in, do you mind if Davy and me have a smoke?" Blades asked. "I know you don't smoke yourself."

"Go ahead," Mr. Solly said. "Only, keep the ashes in your pocket. You know what happens when the skipper sees ashes."

Blades lit a cigarette and dropped the burnt match into his shirt pocket, which he used thereafter as an ashtray, and Davy did the same, keeping the wheel steady with his knee while he struck the match.

"I swore I'd never ship a tanker again and I *never*, neither," Mr. Solly said. "I quit smoking on that trip, and I quit drinking ice water, and I *damn*



"Now, Mrs. Taylor, let's understand each other. You haven't been to medical school, you haven't studied five years in Vienna, you haven't practiced psychiatry for the past twenty years, and I, on the other hand, have not read those articles in 'Life.'"

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near quit eating. A tanker, you know, will get your stomach like that. I got so I wouldn't eat nothing but cold mush all day long. Oh, ever now and then I'd eat a wiener, if we was having sauerkraut and wieners. You take Davy, here. Wouldn't you say, Blades, that Davy's a pretty husky kid?"

"I ain't no kid," Davy said. "I'm nineteen creeping twenty, and I've got a twelve-month ticket, any waters, which is more than I can say for some *old* guys I know around here. You guys are always trying to make out like I'm some kind of a— I don't know—some kind of a *punk*, or something."

"You jist watch your heading, boy," said Mr. Solly. "Blades and me will tell you what you are when we get done." He winked in the direction of Blades, in the dark. "Well, I'm skinny now, but when that trip commenced, Davy here isn't nothing up alongside of what I was, and, let's see, that was in nineteen and fifty-one, I was jist about his age, too—oh, couple years more, but I didn't *know* any more, that's for sure."

"I've been shipping now more than fifteen years, and I never once set foot on a tanker, can you beat that?" Blades said.

"Blades, let me tell you you're lucky," said Mr. Solly. "We signed twelve months' articles and *jist* about didn't make it back before they run out. We run back and forth, back and forth, from Heysham—that's over in England—out to Kuwait, all that hot summer."

"They say that's mighty rough," Blades said. "That Persian Gulf in the summertime."

"Man, rough?" said Mr. Solly. "And the Persian Gulf ain't nothing up alongside of the Red Sea. It was a forty-two-day trip both ways, and we never got more than thirty-six hours in Heysham when we was pumping out, and we was never in Kuwait, filling up, long enough to hardly step off the gangway. They fill you up with gravity there, you know. They turn on the faucet and let it run. Before you know you was there, you're gone. Even if you did get a little extra time, the Sheik wouldn't let you into town. Oh, the skipper and Sparks went in once by special permission and come back with a carpet apiece, but I was in the fo'c'sle then, and all us crew could do was go down to the rec room at the end of the dock and get a haircut or play a game of ping-pong, and drink one free glass of that squoish, the limeys call it. Oh, we would read some old magazines and listen to the news on the British Broadcasting Corporation if we wanted to. That was how we heard about the trouble they was having over their 'Gyptian treaty. You remember that? Back in nineteen and fifty-one?"

"I believe," Blades said. "They still had that king then, too, didn't they?"

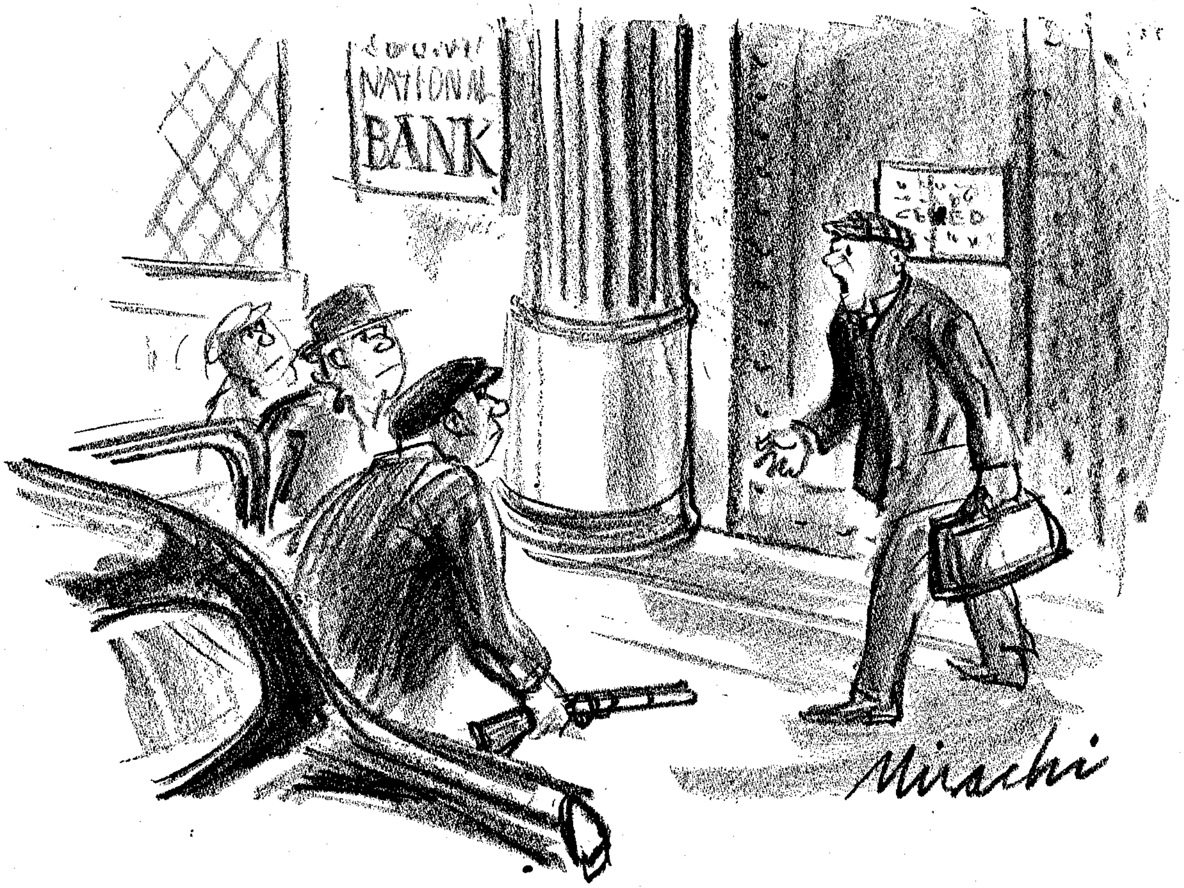
"Oh, sure, this was a long time before Farouk abdicated," Mr. Solly said.

"What I couldn't ever figger," Davy said, "how a fat guy makes out like he does. Did you see the pictures of the babes he gets? How about that? There must be something to it besides looks, I guess. Me, I got plenty of looks, I don't see me going steady with no Rita Hayworth."

"Rita Hayworth," Blades said gently, chiding. "What on earth, boy, are you talking about? You're thinking of the Alleycan. What you lack is worldly experience. Women don't give a damn about good-looking punks, what they enjoy is worldly experience. Now, you take Grace Kelly, she went and married that little Prince of Monte Cristo, can you beat that?"

Mr. Solly said, "I mean, Farouk only had a couple a hundred million rocks, he couldn't help from attracting all the beauties of Paris and Hollywood society. Only, that summer when we come through Port Sighed so many times, he wasn't anyplace around, he was up gambling somewhere."

"I got me some worldly experience. I



"I can tell you one detail we overlooked. It happens today is Lincoln's Birthday."

got more than you guys think," said Davy.

"You jist keep your course, my boy. Blades and me will tell you what you've got when we get done," Mr. Solly said. "We're talking about trust. I had a trusted friend, that trip, name of Tom Beach, and ever time we'd come into Port Sighed and haul up on this old Father of the Canal with his hand out, Tom'd say to me, 'You know what, you know what?' Tom always said everthing twicet. 'You know what, Georgie? I sure wish I could get me some shore time in there, don't you?' Tom was a kind of Comanche, or something, or his granddaddy was, maybe, from way out in west Texas someplace. He was a little bitty fella and dark, and real quick. You know the kind of fella I mean—does everthing real quick, kinda jumps like a rabbit, you know?"

"I believe," said Blades.

"Tom was always getting burnt, you know. He trusted everbody and he got burnt ever time—"

"Me, myself, and I," said Davy. "Nobody else."

"He had got him quite a repatation with the English girls, you know. He was a—a happy type. When we'd come into Heysham, he'd be up there on the fo'c'slehead handling them lines, tying up, with a clean white shirt already on underneath his jumper and already shaved, his hair combed and all, and shined-up shoes. Then the gangway touch the dock, and he was gone up the road to Morecambe stirring up a breeze with his coattail. All of us always went up to Morecambe. It was a kind of a seaside place, you know, with a beach and all. I'd meet him up there later on, and he'd have some girl grinning and laughing, you know, planting kisses in his ears like he was the only guy she ever went with. She'd tell him she loved him and say she'd be true till he come back next trip, and he'd *believe* her. And ever time, he'd come back cleaned, and the girl in the sack already with a new sailor jist come in and loaded. Sure, well that's the way it *is*, see. You'd think a guy would learn that, but not Tommy. He burnt ever time. Oh, he'd grin and all, but deep down in his en-trails he burnt."

"Me, I learnt me a long time ago not to trust no woman," said Davy.

"How long, son? Six months?" Blades asked, smiling.

"Longer'n *that!*"

Mr. Solly said, "It's a long, miserable, broke passage out, you know, around Gib and acrost over to Port Sighed, and all the way Tom'd talk my ear off about how he was going to look and look till he found a woman that was different than the rest, even if it took all of his life, he said. That's about all he'd talk about except, of course, how he wished this trip we'd git some shore time in Port Sighed."

"I've always heard it said that Port Sed is the wickedest city a man can visit, Sodom and Bablan rolled into one," Blades said, "but, you know, I never had the littlest ambition to find out for myself, can you beat that? Maybe the older you get the *good*er you try to be, maybe you lose your ambition or curiosity about places like that, I mean. Curiosity kilt the cat, you know."

"Well, I don't expect I'd care so much for it now," said Mr. Solly. "This was five years ago, and if the truth was known, I didn't care so much for it then, neither, only Tom egged me on. I had a girl of my own in Newport News I was saving myself for, and who since become Mrs. Ferguson. I went around a lot to a lot of pretty temtatious places and I seen me a lot of pretty temtatious things, but I kept telling myself when I come up to the altar with the girl of my choice I was coming up *clean*."

"You're one in a million," said Blades.

"And I never regretted it, neither. The little lady I now know as Mrs. Ferguson is all the woman I could ever ask for, and a damn sight more than I deserve."

"You're one in a million," Blades said again.

"But Tom, he was pretty eager to find out if what everbody said about Port Sighed was true," Mr. Solly continued. "The skipper told us we didn't need to feel sorry for ourself for never getting ashore, because, he said, the natives was all a bunch of Commonists and infantiles. And he said, besides, the beer wasn't any good, and there wasn't any women any more, because some years back when the King got married they closed up all the houses of assination. So when we finally had a chance to go ashore, he wouldn't give out no money."

"How'd it come you got a chance to go ashore?" Blades asked. "Did you break down, or something?"

"Blades, we didn't break down for a couple of hours, or a couple of days—we broke down for two *weeks*," Mr. Solly said. "This old tanker, see, was a T-2, and it used to belong to old Chang, and he run it to pieces. By the time the Greeks we worked for got aholt of it, it was falling apart. We broke down I bet forty times that year, but Port Sighed was the worst. They had to send to the States for parts, and when the parts come the engineers couldn't put them in, so they had to send back for a man to fly over and show them how. Of course, Tom counted himself fortunate, because he'd finally found this girl he was looking for, in Morecambe, the trip before. Her name was Mavis, and he'd come acrost her in a drugstore, which set him up right there. I mean, he usually found them in a pub, see, where they jist *happen* to be sitting all by their lonesome drinking something kinda green, and worried about where their escort could of gone to. 'He's been gone two hours now, and he said he'd be right back,' you know? Well, Tommy hit on this in a drugstore when buying some Aqua Velva. Tom was a great one for smelling good after a shave, and the slop chest had run out because a couple of big Swedes we'd had in the original crew had bought it all up and drunk it."

"*Drunk* it?" said Davy.

"Drunk it. There's a morsel of worldly experience for you," said Mr. Solly.

"What do you mean, original crew?" Blades asked.

"We kept losing guys, see, like them two Swedes," Mr. Solly explained. "Some guys couldn't take the Persian Gulf and would jump off in Heysham, and we'd get limeys to take their places. We lost a couple in Port Sighed, and—oh, all over. So anyways, Tom gets his lotion and asks this girl if she'll go out with him, and she gets kinda red, you know, and says, Oh, she'd have to go home and ask her pa. So her old man says it's all right, and everthing, and Tom takes her out, only she won't drink a thing but this tea, you know, while Tom gets partially stoned. But he was— well, man, he was gone. About her, I mean. She was shorter than he was, which was one thing, and, you know, cute? And real young? So he takes her home, and she says, 'Ta,' which is like me or you saying 'Thanks,' see. So Tom's about to open up the front door and you know what she says to him? He's jist turning the knob, see, and she says, 'Oh, you cawn't stay all night, sir, but you can kiss me on the stoop'!"

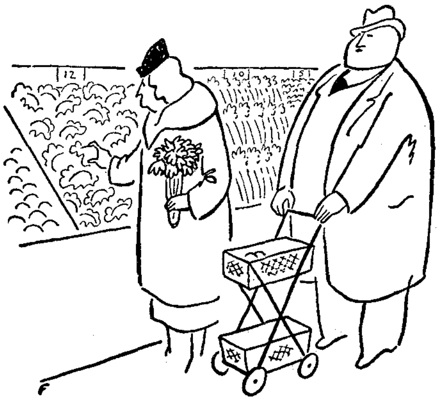
"What? What's she say?" Blades said.

"He brings her up to the front door, see, and gets his hand on the knob, and she says, I mean, I can't imitate her voice, you know, only she says, 'Oh, you cawn't stay all night, sir, but you can kiss me on the stoop'!"

"Can you beat that?" said Blades.

"Stoop? Stoopid, you mean. How dumb can a guy get?" said Davy.

"Sounds like a real nice girl to me," said Blades. "I mean, maybe she's working something and maybe she's not, only it don't hurt to give her the benefit of the doubt. I trust her."



"And Tom, too, all the way, believe me," said Mr. Solly. "Particularly after he meets her at this tearoom place the next day, jist before we leave. She invites him to come up to her house to eat supper with her family when he comes back. Well, there you are, see, the sailor's dream—a hot supper with the folks when he comes in from sea. So we gets to Port Sighed and breaks down, and Tom thinks, Man, this is great!, because he can get him a new suit to go to supper, see?"

"I can't rightly say I do, Mr. Solly," said Blades.

"Well, as you'd know if you'd been down there, they do a big business in suits. Every other 'Gyptian and his brother is a tailor, and if you look, you'll notice they're all swell dressers—all that don't wear them long striped gowns, that is."

TWO bells rang on the fo'c'slehead. Mr. Solly slid the binoculars from their box by his side, raised them to his eyes, and quickly found the light of a small ship just on the port bow. "Looks like we got company," he said. "Looks like a trawler."

"A *feeshy* man," said Blades. "I had

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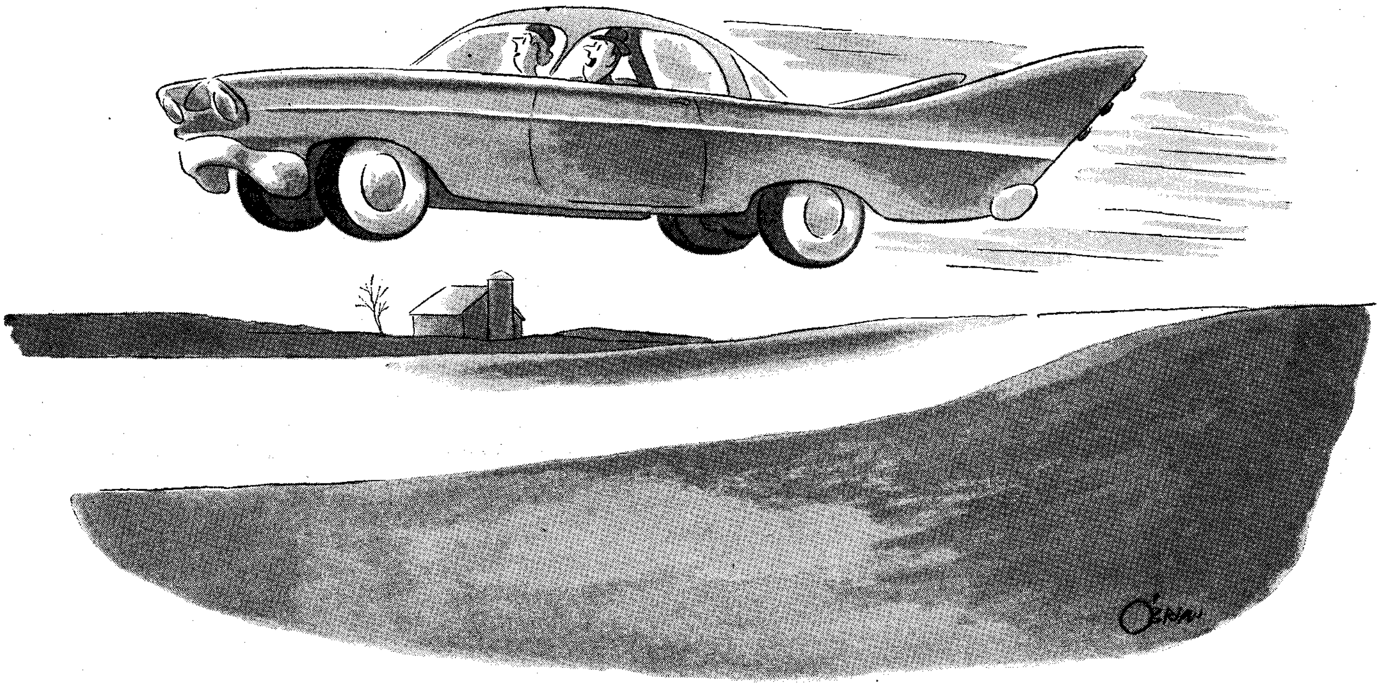
A BRIEF GUIDE TO RHYMING,

OR, HOW BE THE LITTLE BUSY DOTH?

English is a language than which none is sublimer,
But it presents certain difficulties for the rhymer.
There are no rhymes for orange or silver
Unless liberties you pilfer.
I was once slapped by a young lady named Miss Goringe,
And the only reason I was looking at her that way—she represented a rhyme for orange.
I suggest that some painter do a tormented mural
On the perversity of the English plural,
Because perhaps the rhymer's greatest distress
Is caused by the letter "s."
Oh, what a tangled web the early grammarians spun!
The singular verb has an "s" and the singular noun has none.
The rhymer notes this fact and ponders without success on it,
And moves on to find that his plural verb has dropped the "s" and his plural noun has grown an "s" on it.
Many a budding poet has abandoned his career
Unable to overcome this problem: that while the ear hears, the ears hear.
Yet he might have had the most splendiferous of careers
If only the "s"'s came out even and he could tell us what his ears hears.
However, I am happy to say that out from the bottom of this Pandora's box there flew a butterfly, not a moth,
The darling four-letter word d-o-t-h, which is pronounced duth, although here we pronounced it doth.
Pronounce? Let jubilant rhymers pronounce it loud and clear,
Because when they can't sing that their ear hear they can legitimately sing that their ear doth hear.

—OGDEN NASH



"Power to spare! They can say that *again!"*

• •

a skipper once, from—oh, over in the old country someplace, he always used to cuss at the damn *feeshy* mans."

"What's your heading?" Mr. Solly asked Davy.

"Right on," said Davy.

"Good boy. O.K.—nothing to the left."

"Nothing to the left," said Davy.

"He's not going to give us any trouble. And that wind's gone back where it come from." Mr. Solly leaned on the porthole rim, keeping the glasses in his hand. As he spoke, he looked back and forth between Davy and the trawler. "Now, Davy," he said, "I'll tell you *one* thing you are, you're a good helmsman."

"Oh-oh, Mr. Solly, watch out for his head," said Blades.

"And," Mr. Solly went on, "you're a—man—of wide worldly experience, right? So tell me, what's a bumboat?"

Davy snorted. "It's one of them black boys, sells bananas and beads and stuff down in Trinidad. Anything else you don't know, just ask me."

Mr. Solly raised the glasses again and looked at the trawler. "O.K.," he said. "What's your heading?"

"Right on," said Davy.

"O.K. Steady as she goes, and you're all right. He's taking off down the other way."

"Steady as she goes," said Davy.

"You don't know it, Davy, but they got more bumboats in Port Sighed than Trinidad and Karachi and Gib put together. Soon as you pass the old guy in the harbor, they're after you like gulls after a trawler."

"They want the *feesh* from the *feeshy* man," said Blades. "You betcha."

"They're not supposed to come aboard, but I mean you can't keep them off," Mr. Solly said. "You usually tie up to buoys while you take on stores, and as soon as the ship's fast, they're alongside throwing up lines to shinny up. They're mostly young guys who represent big concerns in town. We finally jist let them come up the gangway. They haul their stuff up in one of them carpets, and *some* of the junk they sell is, you know, nice. Like they got them trays, you know, inlaid with elephant ivory and Mother Pearl with that Spinx on it, and a big old moon shining on a camel. I mean, it's something you could take home and your wife would treasure. Like them alligator pocketbooks with the little bitty baby stuffed alligator stuck on the outside. And they got rugs and billfolds and genuine Swiss watches, and them hassocks and travelling bags made out of camel skin, and them red fezzes and funny books and per*fume* and false *mus*taches, and them fat crêpe-soled shoes—only more than likely all that fat is old Cairo newspapers instead of rubber crêpe. And, naturally, they got a lot of dirty merchandise, like them filthy picture books and Spanish fly, which ain't so nice, and like that Canal Juice. One time, one of the oilers drunk a full bottle of that Canal Juice and tried to set the ship on fire, then he tried to jump overside, saying the Canal was froze and he was going to skate to Port Two Figs. It's poison, you know. Some of it'll kill you, but *they* don't care, they'll put anything they can get ahold of in a bottle with a Martell label or a Dewars, and some guys are dumb enough to trust them.

"So anyways, what I'm getting around to, whenever the gangway's down, a whole boatload of barbers and paper boys and shoe fixers and, I don't know, everbody with a trade comes aboard, including tailors. They all set up shop on the fantail and the tailors bring along a big album with all their goods in it. Of course, mostly you're only there for a couple of hours, but they measure you up and down and say they'll have your garments all ready for you when you come back from the Gulf. Then you pay in advance or put down a deposit, and you never see them again."

"Man, you can't trust an A-rab," Davy said.

"Only, *some* of them are all *right*," Mr. Solly said.

"Man, Mr. Solly, they can steal off your socks without untying your shoes, and they'll slit your throat with a dull razor for *nothing*," Davy said.

"Listen, listen, Mr. Solly," said Blades. "The voice of worldly experience."

"So anyways," Mr. Solly went on, "when we broke down that time, they all swarmed around as usual, only when they found out we was going to be there awhile they packed up and went on home and started dusting off their showcases, because they figured the skipper would put out some pay and we'd all be ashore. And loaded, see. Well, they had another think coming, because the Old Man wouldn't put out a centime.

"Tom and me went up to him—he kinda liked Tom, and Tom was ship's delegate and could sometimes win him over, so Tom says, 'Say, Cap'n, say, Cap'n, how come we don't get no money? How come we don't get no passes and don't get no money?' And the Old Man says, 'Nothing I can do, son,' he says. 'The agent says the King don't want no drunk bunch of limeys and Americans causing trouble. And what the King says goes, here. You haven't got no king in the States,' he says, as if we didn't know. 'Who's going to get into trouble?' says Tom. 'Who's going to get into trouble? I want to get me a suit made, I got to have me a new suit when I get back to Heysham.' 'Hunh,' says the Old Man. 'I've seen me some of these Port Sighed suits, you thrust your hand in your pocket and strike your knee, you step off the gangway in a heavy mist and your britches fall off. Don't bother me, son,' says he. 'I'd like to help you if I could,' says *him*."

"Me, I learnt a long time ago you can't trust *no* captain," said Davy.

"You sure can't trust them to sleep like a baby," Mr. Solly whispered. "You can trust them to be awake and missing not a word when you think they're asleep, that's for *sure*."

ALL three men listened for signs of life in the captain's rooms below. During the interval, the clock struck six bells, for eleven o'clock, and Davy yanked the braided rope beside his head to mark the time on the wheelhouse bell. They waited, still in silence, for a few more seconds, until the lookout struck the bell notes again, in the cold, crisp air on the fo'c'slehead, and called "Lights are bright!" to the bridge.

"But it's the law," said Blades. "I mean, the law says if the ship's in port more than twenty-four hours, the skipper's got to put out a draw—"

"Nope, I'm sorry, he was in his rights, I'm sorry, you're wrong," Mr. Solly said. "The law says twenty-four hours *in a port of loading or discharge*, and this wasn't neither one."

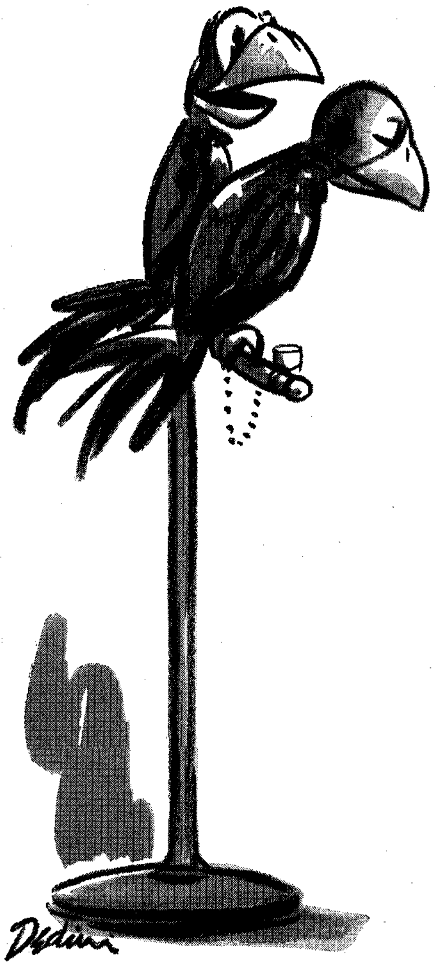
"Well, I never knew that," said Blades.

"That ain't all you never knew, neither," said Davy.

"So anyways, we was towed back into a repair basin there back of Port Fuad, that's a little place on the other side of the harbor, by the saltworks," Mr. Solly said, "and we anchored and pumped out all the ballast and just set there waiting for parts. There wasn't nothing over there but sand and salt, and there wasn't even a little *baby* breeze, and nothing taller than a cat to throw a shadow, and hot? Man, I *mean!* And right acrost was town, see, with them waving palm trees picking up the sea breeze, and there was a place we could see with a big wide paddy-o with one of them fountains, and people sitting around in the shade downing brews—tall, cold brews, see? Well, the Old Man, you know what he done? He's got this big old Stetson, see, fits him like a thunderhead, well, he jams this thing on and takes off for town, leaving us all to fry."

"*Is* that right?" said Blades. "Now that's crueldy." He shook his head gravely.

"Three days he was gone, see, and ever day Tom writes this girl in Morecambe a letter, and sends it to town with the watchman, and pays him in smokes, and he says to this girl how we'll be a little longer than he thought, but to keep his supper hot because he is sure looking forward to dining with her family. And he tells her all about the scenery and, you know, the ships and all. He always reads me the letters so I can tell him if he said everthing right. Coming from out there in Texas, he didn't have much education, but he did *real good*, anyways.



"Did you ever have a beautiful thought and you just couldn't find the words to express it?"

"So, comes day number four, see, and no skipper. So Tom and me snuck up to the wheelhouse in the afternoon, when we was supposed to be sweating it out on deck, and we got the glasses and looked over at that paddy-o, and you know, Blades, there he was?"

"Can you beat that?" said Blades.

"With that *hat* on, and a lousy *drink* in his paw. Now, can you beat that?" said Mr. Solly.

"I call that double crueldy," said Blades. "I mean, a man don't count for much any more, he's just maybe a—cog or something, only he sure don't want it throwed up in his face."

"Well that's what Tom and me thought, we thought he could of at least been decent enough to keep out of sight," Mr. Solly said. "Of course, I suppose we didn't have any business sneaking the glasses. But this got Tom, you know, because in spite of what everbody said about the Old Man, Tom kinda liked him, and it burnt him, I could see.

"But them fat merchants was frying, too. They'd got their merchandise all prepared, and the price tags changed and all, looking forward to some, you know, heavy buying. They were setting outside their stores waiting for the Old Man to give their customers their wages, wearing them fezzes and sunglasses, and fanning their brows and puffing on them gurgle pipes, trying to cool down. Finally, they all got together and sent a delegate to the agent and *he* went up to the Old Man, who'd rented himself a suit of rooms at the Eastern Exchange Hotel, and the first thing *we* know, there's a messenger come out on the launch with shore passes for all hands and word that we could have twenty 'Gyptian pounds apiece if we come to his suit of rooms."

"How much is that in money?" Davy asked.

"Sixty dollars. But you know what he did it for?"

"More than a nickel, I'll bet," said Davy. "I'll bet there's more than a nickel in it for him somewhere."

"I was on gangway watch when the

passes come," Mr. Solly said, "and as soon as I was relieved, at four o'clock, I jumped in the shower and combed my hair and took off. I was the first one to get my twenty pounds, and when I come out of the Eastern Exchange, grinning, you know, and fingering this roll in my pocket, there's this 'Gyptian fella standing by the door, and me and him get to shooting the breeze and he tells me the Old Man did it for ten per cent, which is another thing you are, Davy—you're *right! Ten per cent* of each and every purchase any of his crew made at them waterfront variety stores, he got, and there was some of the bars included, too."

"That's the wickedest thing I ever heard tell of a master doing to his crew, I mean in these days," Blades said.

"Sh-h-h, and you tell me you can trust a *one* of them?" Davy said.

"He was a black sheep," said Blades.

"Sure, Grammaw," said Davy.

"He was a black sheep," said Blades. "You come acrost as many skippers as I have and you'll find out there are those who'll stand on their head and turn over backwards to accommodate those beneath them, and give you the shirt off their back, too."

"Yeah, sure, they give you the dirty old shirt off their back," Davy said, "but you don't catch one reaching his paw into that big fat drawerful of *cleans*, do you? You're damn tooting you don't, Grammaw."

"He was a black sheep," Blades said. "You gotta give a man the benefit of the doubt *some* of the time, Davy. The older you get, the more you'll see how that's true. And when it comes to me, I'll give the bad the benefit of the doubt as well as the good, and there's not many fellas I know who'll do that."

"So what are you, Grammaw?" Davy said. "You some kind of a preacher, or something? You heard Mr. Solly say I was right. Whatsa matter—you so old you can't hear no more? You so old you can't face up that you're *wrong*? Mr. Solly, how come when guys get old you can't never, you can't *never* make him change his mind?"

"Let it go, Davy," Mr. Solly said. "Anyways, Tom got his suit, and it turned out pretty classy, too, and well made, in spite of what the Old Man said. Only, poor old Tom. We finally git back up to England, see, and he gits all slicked up and goes to Morecambe to find his girl and eat his supper, and he gits up to the front door and her old man opens up and Tom says 'Is Mavis home?' and her old man says she's gone off for a while to stay with her *awntie* in the country—and he don't make no bones about telling Tom *why*, neither."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Blades sadly. "I never thought she'd turn out like that."

"So what *was* she going to do, have a kid?" asked Davy. "Was it his?"

"*Course* it wasn't his," Blades said.

"Naw, it wasn't his," said Mr. Solly. "I don't know exactly what she was up to. I guess she figured she could git Tom to marry her and him so dumb he wouldn't never know the diff, only we stayed away so long I guess it commenced to show and the jig was up. I mean that's what *I* figure, but I guess it's jist one of them things nobody'll ever know the honest truth about."

"He should of known," said Davy.

"You, smart boy—I suppose *you* would of known, *I'll* betcha!" Blades exclaimed. "Well, I don't care *what* you say, neither one of you, I *still* give her the benefit of the doubt. Neither *one* of you knows *what* unfortunate circumstances might of led that poor girl to her condition."

1780
REAL ESTATE

Davy laughed. "Hey, Mr. Solly, you hear what I heard? I heard when Blades gets into port this trip, he's figgering to retire from the sea for good and take up preaching for a living."

Blades stepped up to the wheel and answered Davy in a fierce whisper. "A little preaching can't harm *you*, sonny! You're so young you think a good old message like the golden rule is as much behind the times as I am. Well, maybe so, maybe I *am* sixty-two years of age and go to bed early by myself, and maybe after more than twenty-five years at sea I *am* still an Ordinary and you just cracked your shell and got an A.B.'s ticket because maybe the Coast Guard says you're twenty-twenty and I don't hardly see out of my left-hand eye on account of a number of stigmatisms—but all that time I've been ahead of you, sonny, I never made me an enemy in this world, and I could name you three fellas on this ship *alone* who'd like nothing better than to cut you a couple of inches off at the ankles, *and* I believe they could do it without rising up from supper."

"*Who?*"

"Easy, easy," Mr. Solly said. "We'll all get trimmed down if we don't lower our voices. Our skipper's a good guy,

THE MEETING

For years I thought I knew, at the bottom of the dream,
Who spoke but to say farewell,
Whose smile dissolved, after his first words
Gentle and plausible.

Each time I found him, it was always the same:
Recognition and surprise,
And then the silence, after the first words,
And the shifting of the eyes.

Then the moment when he had nothing to say
And only smiled again,
But this time toward a place beyond me, where I could not stay—
No world of men.

Now I am not sure. Who are you? Who have you been?
Why do our paths cross?
At the deepest bottom of the dream you are let in,
A symbol of loss.

Eye to eye we look, and we greet each other
Like friends from the same land.
Bitter compliance! Like a faithless brother
You take and drop my hand.

—Louise Bogan

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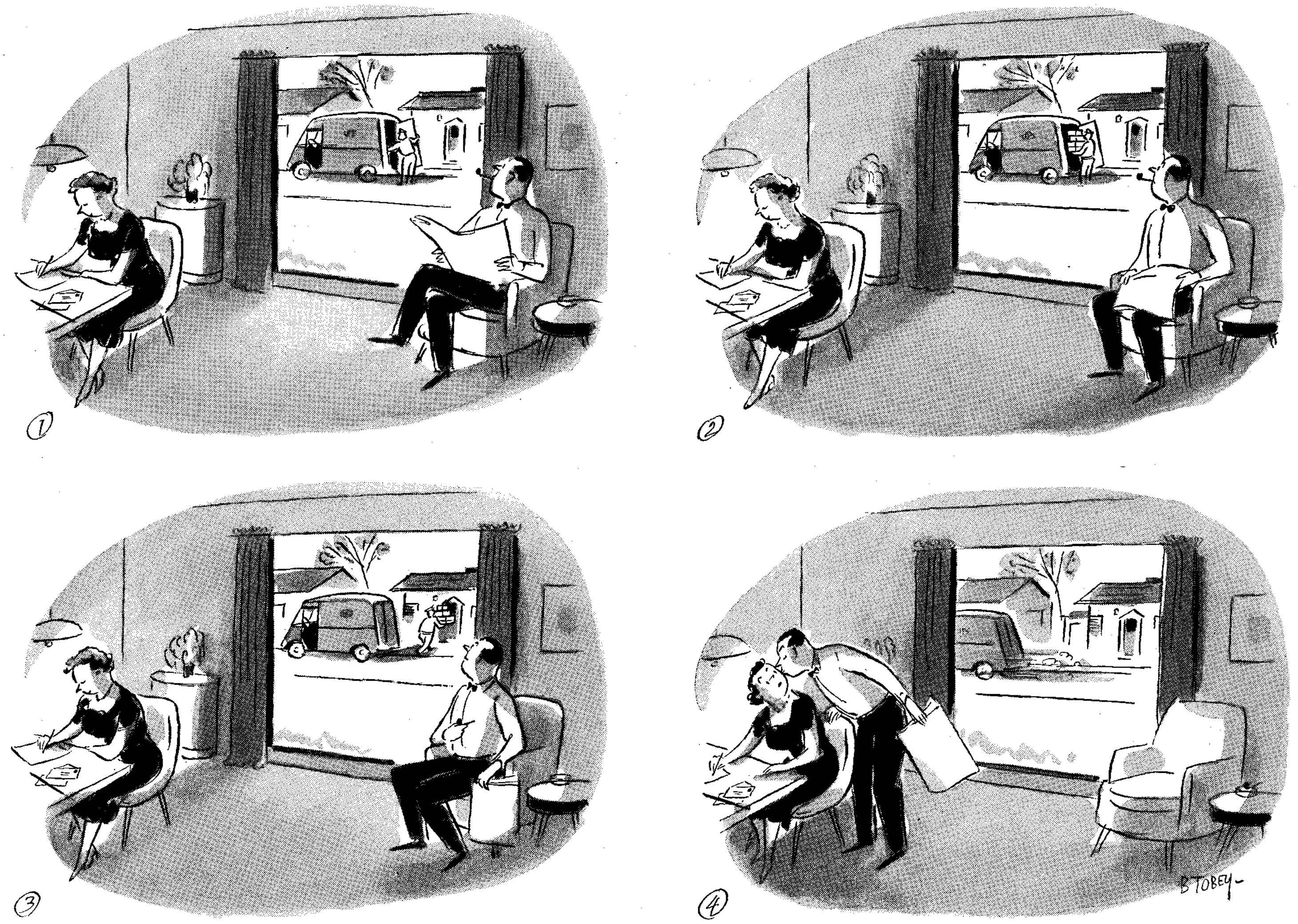

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only we don't want to stir him up."

Blades retreated into his corner, saying, "I'm sorry, Mr. Solly, sorry. I raised my voice and I shouldn't of. I'm entirely at fault, myself. Only, everybody's always riding you about getting *old*, how you're no count as a *man* any more—"

"Aw, now, Blades," said Davy. "Nobody said that!"

"They act like getting old's some kind of a *boner* you pull, or something, like it's some kind of mistake you shouldn't never of made," said Blades.

"Aw, Blades," said Davy.

"I didn't mean you, Mr. Solly. I mean, you're fair," said Blades.

THEY listened to the hissing of the steam radiator, the creaking of the helm, the multiple clicking of the gyro repeater. Davy let the ship swing a little off course.

"What's your heading?" Mr. Solly asked abruptly.

"You caught me," Davy said. "I'm three degrees left, only I'm coming back."

"Good boy," said Mr. Solly.

Seven bells, for eleven-thirty, chimed on the clock, and Blades exclaimed, "*Holy* Moses! I forgot the time." Davy yanked the braided cord to repeat the bong-bong, bong-bong, bong-bong, bong on the wheelhouse bell while Blades got into his sheepskin coat and hurried out the leeward door to go below and call the watch, and to wake the second mate. When the closing door cut off the cold draft of air, Davy asked, "Say, Mr. Solly, who was he talking about, these guys want to trim me down, you know?"

"I wouldn't want to mention any names, Davy, only—look, take it a little bit easy," Mr. Solly said. "*I* know you don't mean no harm, only you're kinda—well, *loud*, and the guys don't like it. I mean, everbody can see you're a big, good-looking young fella, and a good sailor and all, so you don't have to keep telling them about it all the time, I mean. You ought to be a little more, well, *you* know—demure."

"What's that?"

"Quiet, sort of, and— Aah, I don't know. Don't go teasing old guys like Blades when—"

"He started on *me!*" Davy said.

"Yeah, *I* know, only give him the benefit— Well, *Christ!* He's a *lot* older'n you, and he's a *good* old guy, even if he *has* got some funny notions."

"O.K., Mr. Solly, if you say so," Davy said. "I mean, like Blades says, you're one in a million, and you're fair, so come on, tell me how I get to be demure."

—CALVIN KENTFIELD

•

THE
PINE COFFEE SHOP
PROUDLY ANNOUNCES
ITS UNIQUE MENU

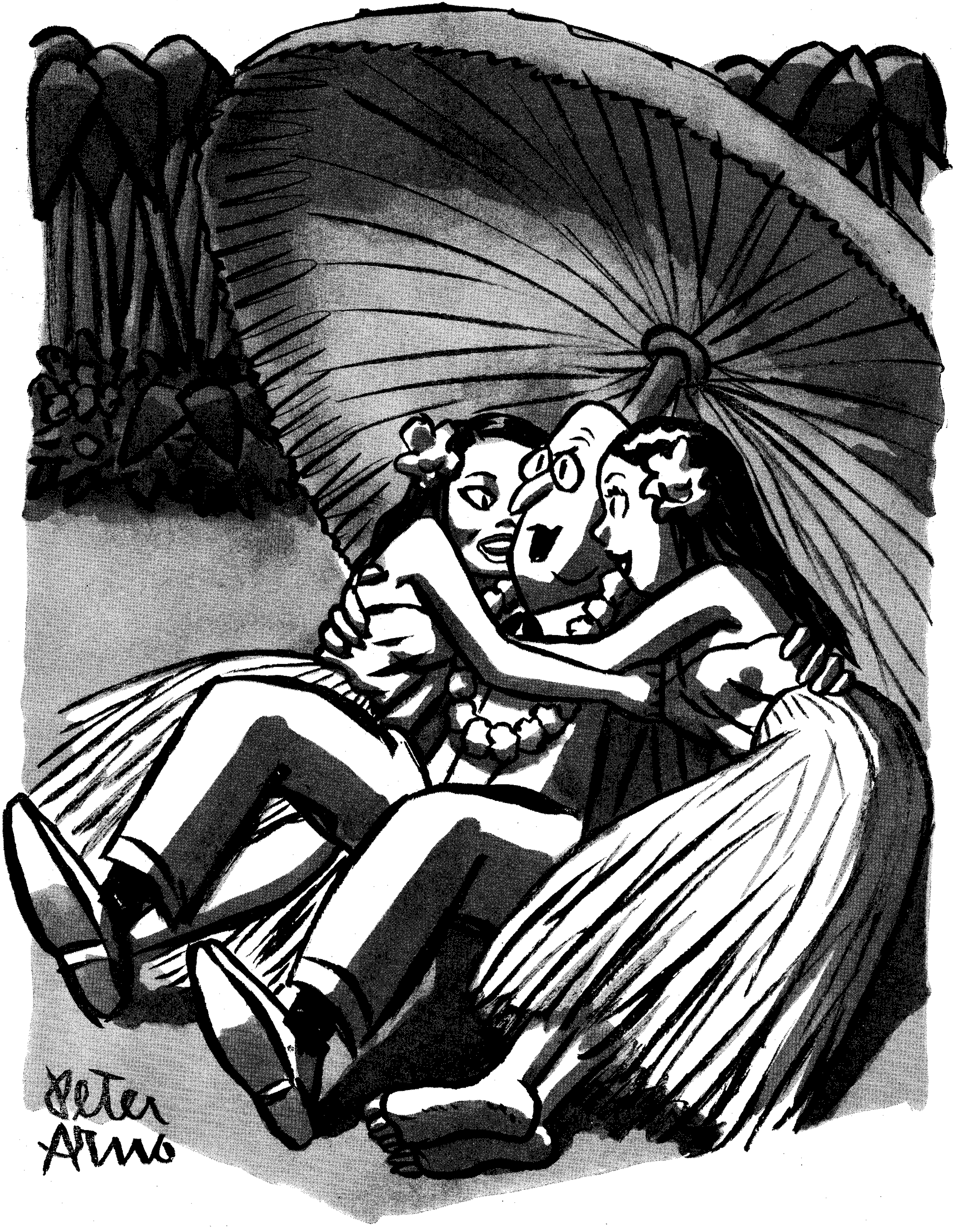
With an assortment of unique sandwiches, named after the various guests who patronize our restaurant. For instance—

THE MAYOR

This is a big Ham ceremoniously chopped fine and duly wed with Miss Celery Heart and well greased on both sides with mayonnaise and covered with crisp lettuce so your next table won't smell it served on a hard roll with coffee.

Visit the Pine Coffee Shop today and every day where you will meet the rest of the individual sandwiches and dishes—named after our patrons.—*Adv. in the Niagara Falls* (*N.Y.*) *Gazette.*

Or ex-patrons.

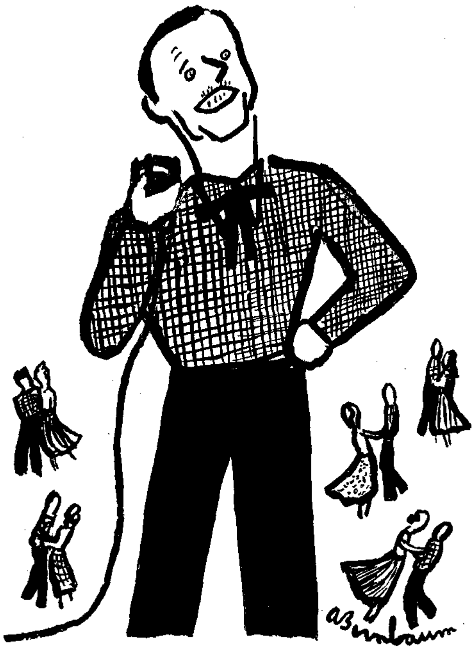


"I shall do all in my power to see that you become a state."

PROFILES

FORWARD SIX, BALANCE SIX, SIDE GENTS DO-SI-DO

ELISHA KEELER, a short, heavily muscled man with diffuse musical gifts and a luminous ancestry of Revolutionary War soldiers, is one of the nation's best-known square-dance callers. Besides calling, Keeler plays the piano, the trombone, the cello, the banjo, and the harmonica, and he feels that in a pinch he could easily subdue such further fountainheads of melody as the trumpet, the piccolo, the tuba, and the musical saw. He has never had to waste more than two or three weeks on learning a musical instrument—evidence of an aptitude that he lays principally to heredity. His father, Thaddeus, who was one of the most beloved, and eccentric, residents of northern Westchester County, where Elisha was born and still lives, was also a square-dance caller and could play the fiddle with either hand. An intermittent sufferer from rheumatism, Thaddeus learned to fiddle while lying on his back in bed. After he had cured himself of rheumatism by having the family bring in bees to sting him, he found that he could fiddle and call simultaneously—an exceptional feat in the square-dance world of today.



Elisha Keeler

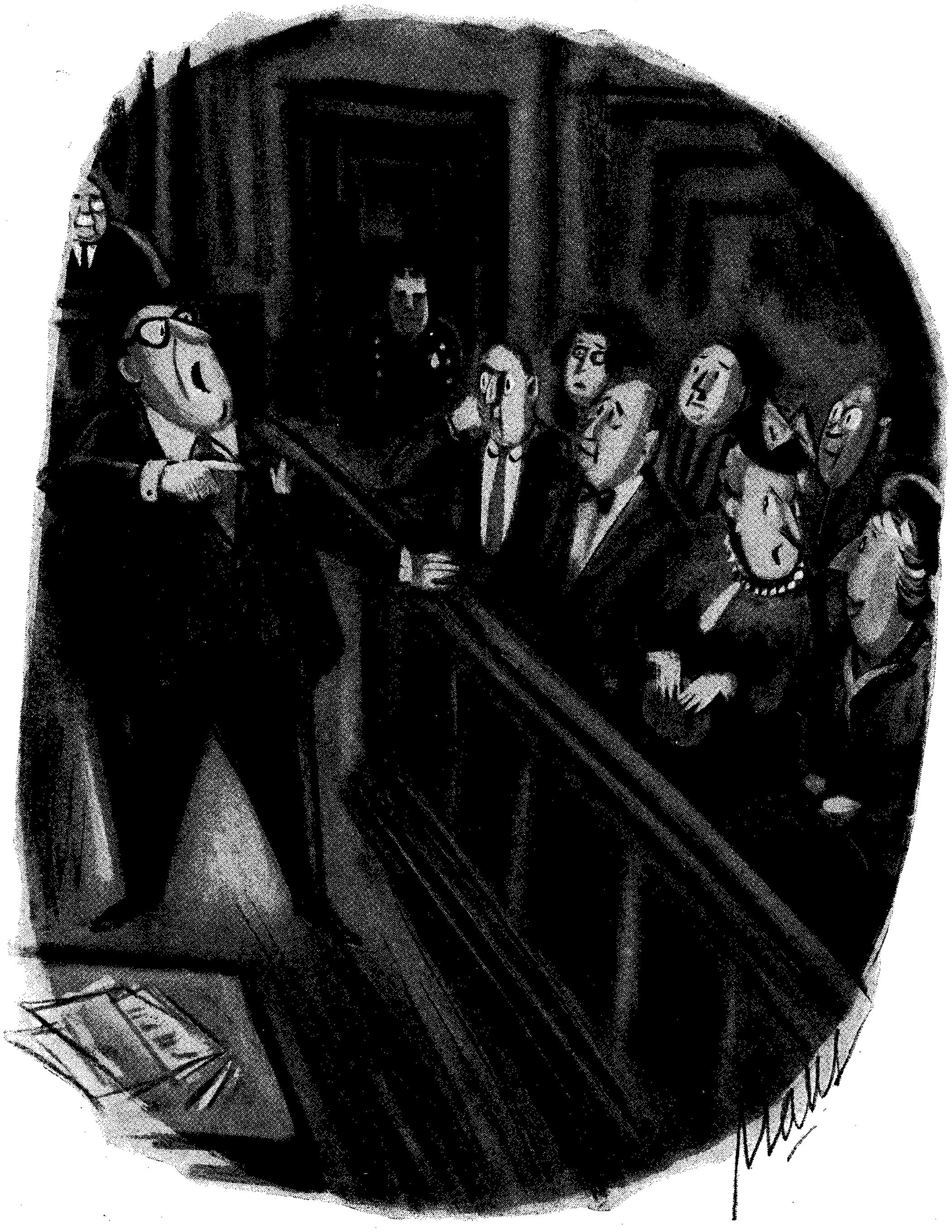
Elisha Keeler—who is nearing fifty but is singularly youthful-looking—is greatly in demand in the New York metropolitan area, where square-dancing, since the war, has developed into something of a cult. From his home in South Salem, he drives out three or four evenings a week to chant his hypnotic incantations at church and school dances, Grange parties, private social functions, and the monster bacchanals, billed as "festivals" or "jamborees," that are the periodic convocations of various square-dancing clubs and associations. For the smaller of these merry shindigs, Keeler usually does his calling to musical recordings or to the music of his family band, which is known as the Happy Humdingers; for the larger ones he uses Joe Hicks' Melody Rangers, an all-male group of musicians from Stamford. The Humdingers consist of his wife, Lois—an attractive red-haired graduate of Wheaton College, in Norton, Massachusetts, who plays the accordion—and their two children: fifteen-year-old Mollie, who plays the fiddle, and nineteen-year-old Kenneth, who can handle practically anything but specializes in the banjo and trombone. Though Mrs. Keeler knew almost nothing about square-dancing before her marriage, and was primarily interested in Elizabethan poets, she is now a crusading devotee of her husband's specialty. Her ascendancy over the accordion was gained by laborious application, and even today there are times when she is not convinced that she has it licked.

While Keeler gets paid for calling, he looks upon the work chiefly as an avocation. By profession, he is a gardener, employed on several estates in his region, which includes the gilded corporation of Ridgefield, just over the Connecticut line, and he also sells flowers from a greenhouse of his own. As a gardener, he is courted no less zealously than he is as a caller, since he enjoys a reputation for doing roughly twice as much work in a given period as anybody else available. Broad, sinewy, capable of enormous leverage, Keeler tackles his outdoor travail with the furious drive of a bulldozer, and will cheerfully half kill himself on any job. One time a few years ago, finding his car stuck fast in the snow, he picked up its rear end and wrenched it free with savage heaves, breaking his right arm in the process. Physically, Keeler is constructed and behaves along much the same lines as the late Benedict Arnold, who also was squat, powerful, and springy, and is said to have had the unsettling habit, before his regrettable lapse, of doing nipups and handsprings during meetings with his top military aides. Keeler is unable to remain wholly still for a moment. Customarily, he sings while he gardens—a pleasant boon to a fussy lady of the house, who, on hearing his thrushlike "Everybody up and rustle your bones, we're gonna do a Paul Jones!" wafting sweetly from a clump of petunias, knows exactly where to find him.

KEELER's technique as a square-dance caller is admired all over the country. Many authorities consider him the best in the business. He has appeared in two R.K.O.-Pathé movie shorts, entitled "Square Dance Tonight" and "Country Rhythm;" has produced a popular album of recordings; has enlivened numerous radio and television shows; and has entered the great singing-commercial derby by calling a sprightly bleat in behalf of Arnold bread. This last, turned out a couple of years ago, proved so catchy that it continues to roll along in excellent health, and seems destined to compete for longevity with the classic yowls of Robert Hall and Chock Full O' Nuts. Sung to the tune of "Little Brown Jug," it goes, "Swing on down to your grocery store/ There's a fine new bread to be asking for/ It's baked on a glowing hearth, that's right/ It's *Arnold . . . Hearthstone White!*" Keeler has a sharp sense of the comic, and he was hugely impressed—even stunned—by the portentous solemnity that went into the refinement of this creation at the advertising agency. He was tied up on the job for the better part of a week, during which the recording chamber was clogged by vice-presidents and others wearing beautiful suits with sloping shoulders. Sitting in on half a dozen high-echelon conferences, Keeler was pelted with repeated queries like "But Mr. Keeler, don't you think you should hold that third syllable just a *split* second longer?" As he said later, "You'd have thought we were recording Beethoven's Fifth Symphony."

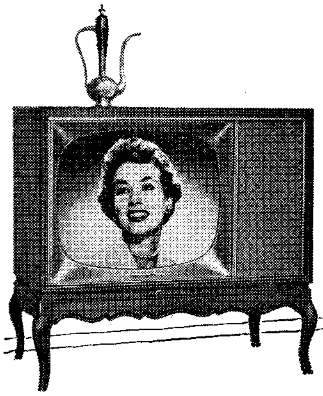
In following the square-dance trail, Keeler finds himself in widely disparate surroundings. He has adjusted nicely to the fact that he may be at the Atlantic Beach Hotel one Wednesday and at the weekly dance of the New York Sanitation Department that Saturday. (For the past eight years, he has conducted Saturday-night dances for the Department during the summer.) His work has been hailed at the Montrose Veterans' Hospital, where square-dancing has proved therapeutic to the mentally infirm, while at spas like the Bedford Golf and Tennis Club, the Waccabuc Country Club, and the Westchester Country Club he has introduced his rustic capers with high success to moderns of flinty sophistication. He is much in demand for big get-togethers held by corporations and similar organizations. At a convention of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, he sent the delegates into such a tailspin that they dropped several of their scheduled metallic discussions, and at a Police Benevolent Association Ball he had the normally sedate vigilantes so fired up that their convivium could have been mistaken for a near riot. Keeler appears as "guest caller" at many of the big festivals and jamborees. Most recently, he has attended the Atlantic Square Dance Convention, in Boston, at which twelve hundred dancers were atwirl simultaneously; the Hudson Valley Jamboree, in Ossining; and the Country Dance Society of America Festival, in Greenwich. For several years, he conducted his own radio programs, on such stations as WSTC, in Stamford, and WLNA, in Peekskill, and he still shows up frequently for musical "interviews," on television as well as radio. In addition to all this paid-for activity, and more, Keeler devotes so much time to charity that even the beneficiaries, though delighted, are occasionally bemused. After he had made several appearances, with the Humdingers, at Hidden Valley, a *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund camp near Ridgefield, he received a letter from its director stating, "We know what a busy life you all lead, and your willingness to come so often is doubly appreciated."

Strictly speaking, Keeler is a "singing" caller. There are two other kinds—the "prompting" caller and the "patter" caller. All three address their commands to one or more square-dance "sets"—that is, groups of four couples, with each couple forming one side of a square. The four-couple set has been the standard square-dance unit for centuries; the maximum number of sets in action at once is dictated only by the size of the hall. (Formerly, the strength of the caller's voice was also a factor, but science has disposed of this limitation; after years of calling through a megaphone, Keeler now has his own public-address system, which he takes along wherever he goes.) Although Keeler is known as being primarily of the singing variety, he is able to function in any of the three calling divisions. His father, together with most other callers of a generation ago, was a prompter, and, as such, bawled out simple, unmelodic instructions to the dancers—"Honor your partner" (bow to your partner), "Swing your corner" (men take the lady on your left by her waist and whirl her round and round), "Circle left" (everybody in a set join hands and move in a clockwise ring), and so on. As a boy, Keeler was, barring a number of trifling slipups, an obedient son, but despite his father's disapproval, he could not resist singing whenever he tried his hand at calling. And he was not alone; other young potential callers in the square-dance milieu were beginning to find themselves powerfully drawn to song. In the end, a whole new vocabulary of musical square-dance calls evolved—continuous, jingly, carelessly rhyming—to become an idiom of frolic for a new generation in a pioneer land. As for the third calling division—patter—Keeler is apprehensive about it. It is apt to become ornate and meaningless, he thinks, serving no purpose beyond exalting the caller. Not surprisingly, the patter form is a Western manifestation, especially in California, where, it has been remarked, nearly everything runs to bizarre extremes sooner or later. The patter caller intersperses the prompting caller's conventional cries with ad-libbed filler



"Well, I'm without guilt, and I'll cast the first stone!"

Magnavox High Fidelity



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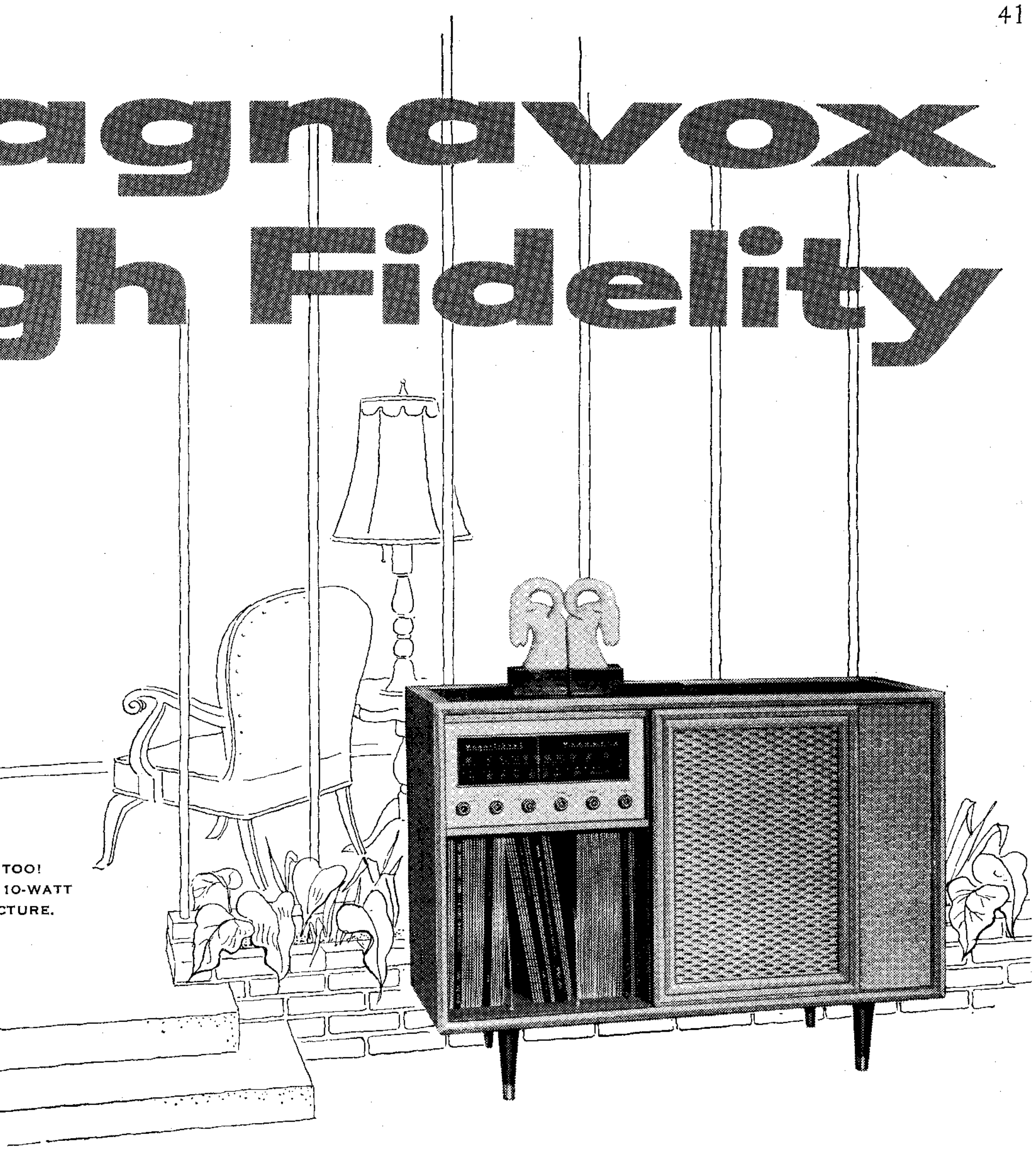

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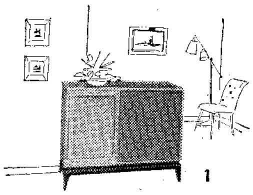

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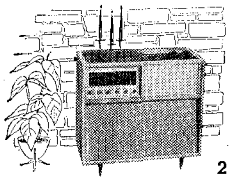

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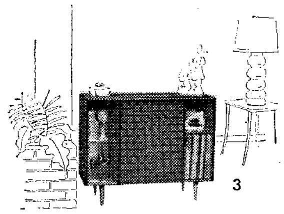

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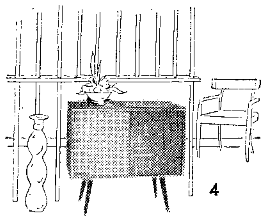

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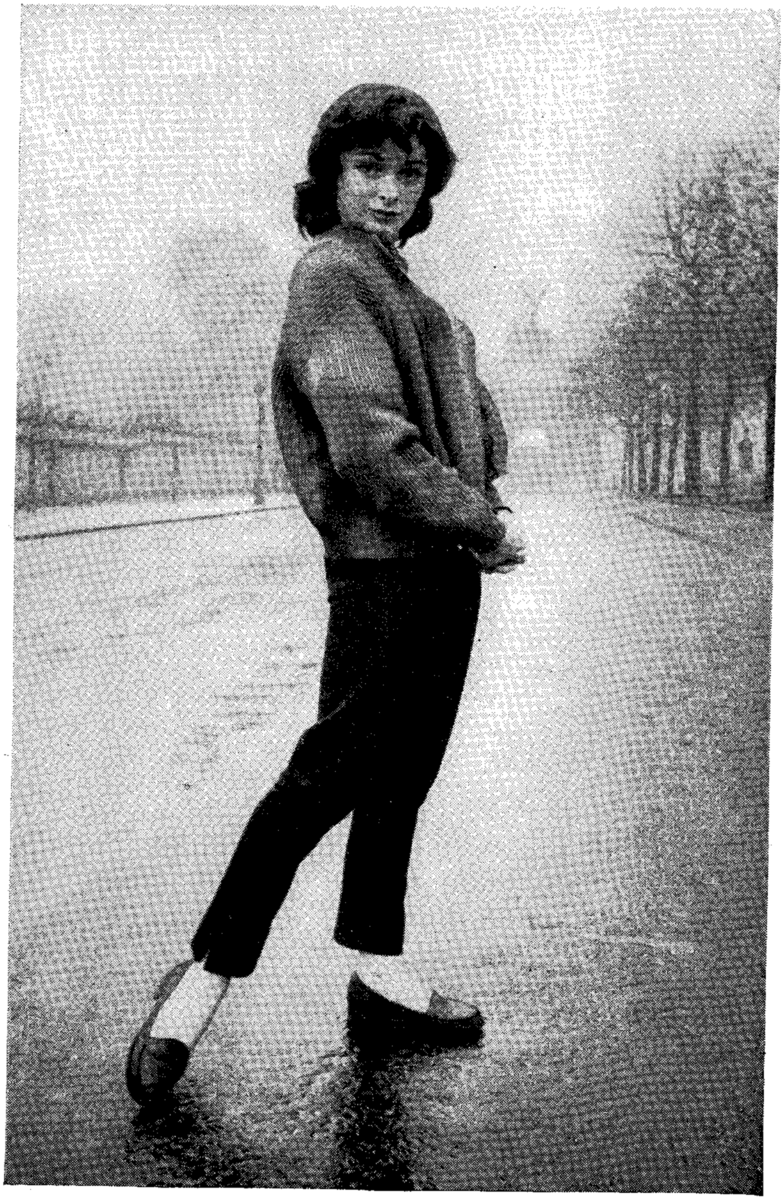
phrases of, sometimes, the most charming and euphonious sort. Essentially, it is embroidery, intended to please the ears rather than the feet. A typical sample, rattled off between commands, is the line "Chicken in the bread pan picking up dough." As Keeler points out, however, this is interesting but leaves something to be desired as a check point for a dancer anxious to get moving; in fact, nobody has ever found a safe way to dance it. To Keeler, the step is the thing; he is happy when, looking down from his dais, he sees a pretty pattern of figures smoothly weaving a stately and geometric dance. He is emphatically unhappy if he sees square-dancers banging their heads together, grinding one another's feet, and prancing off at confused tangents, and he considers these dangers ever present under patter.

On a calling job, Keeler wears clothes that might be described as modified, or New England, cowboy. It is difficult to determine precisely the vinculum that exists between his costumes and the range, but it is undeniably there. His trousers, while not encumbered with chaps, are peg-top, tapering sharply in the shank, as if to fit into a boot; his shirts are checked or plaid gingham; and his ties are of the string variety. Upon the backs of the shirts he wears for large gatherings is emblazoned in colossal script the legend "Keeler Calling." He has brown hair, parted on the left side, and a fine-drawn mustache—little more than a five-o'clock shadow. In former times, he affected a full beard, but he had it sheared when he found that his calls were sifting through it scrambled, like a radio message jammed by the Russians. His expression is one of soothing and amiable glee—the triumphant look of a man happy in his work. Altogether, his presence is inspiriting, and this is one of the principal facets of his gift. By some magic means of communication, he is able to imbue people with a driving compulsion to square-dance. At many a church party, he has beguiled from their seats antiques of established dormancy and put to rhythm children who by nature would have been shooting paper wads and breaking up furniture. Keeler's abilities in this respect border on genius. Experts in the medium feel that his catalytic powers derive both from his own inner terpsichorean glow and from the clarity of his instructions. "It's easy to understand Lisha," his wife says. "Everybody really wants to dance—it's an instinctive expression that's been going on since the Stone Age. But people are shy about making fools of themselves. With Lisha, it seems both sensible and fun—a sort of pleasant drill. And, of course, that, in part, is what the square dance was in the beginning—a quadrille, or drill for fours."

THOUGH factionalism often rears its head among square-dance scholars, causing splinter groups to fly off in all directions, they are in pretty cohesive agreement that the art in its present-day form originated in English folk, or country, dancing, and received subsequent infusions from the French quadrille. English folk dancing, of course, goes back practically to the Druids; the quadrille evolved from the formal and frosty dancing at the French courts in the early eighteenth century. Around the middle of that century, some itinerant caperer brought the English country dance across the Channel to France, where it was Gallicized into "*contredanse*" and where parts of it were incorporated into the quadrille. The English country dance made its way over the Atlantic with the Pilgrims; the beefed-up quadrille followed in the early eighteen-hundreds, and soon another mélange had occurred. The heterodox leaping and bounding that took place thereafter retained many of the old French words and phrases for the steps and formations. (When a modern American caller, guiding his flock in a New England schoolhouse or an Arkansas barn, cries out, "Do-si-do your partner!," meaning to circle her back to back, he owes the wording of his command to the French "*dos-à-dos*" of the quadrille.) Although most textbooks give a contrary impression, dancing was embraced almost as fervently as religion by the church in early Colonial days; the preachers themselves danced like messengers possessed, and in many cases an Ordination Ball celebrated their assumption of office. Several generations passed before the American clergy determined that dancing was sinful. By then, however, it had secured a beachhead, and though it went underground for a space, it was too strong to be snuffed out, and square-dancing, at least, has now been reëstablished on a thoroughly respectable basis among even the most pious. In his booklet "One Hundred and One Singing Calls," Dr. Frank L. Lyman, an Iowa doctor who is a caller himself, observes, "Many churches, still opposing various forms of 'social' dancing, have encouraged [square-dancing] as being wholesome." Those who continue to make this distinction apparently feel that social dancing—the slow, languorous kind, with the partners in clinging propin-



SAM SHAW, LOOK, AUGUST 21, 1956

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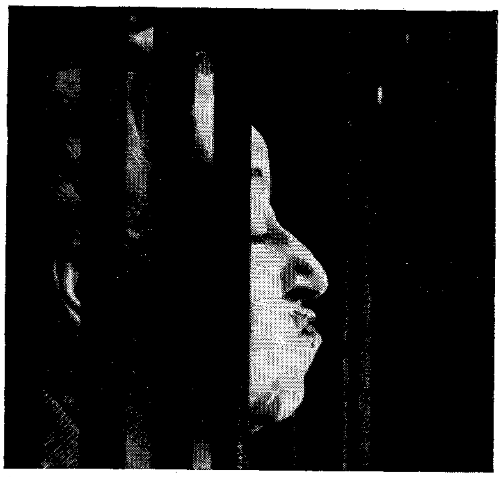
EARL THEISEN, LOOK, AUGUST 21, 1956

Compassion . . .



BOB VOSE, LOOK, DECEMBER 13, 1955

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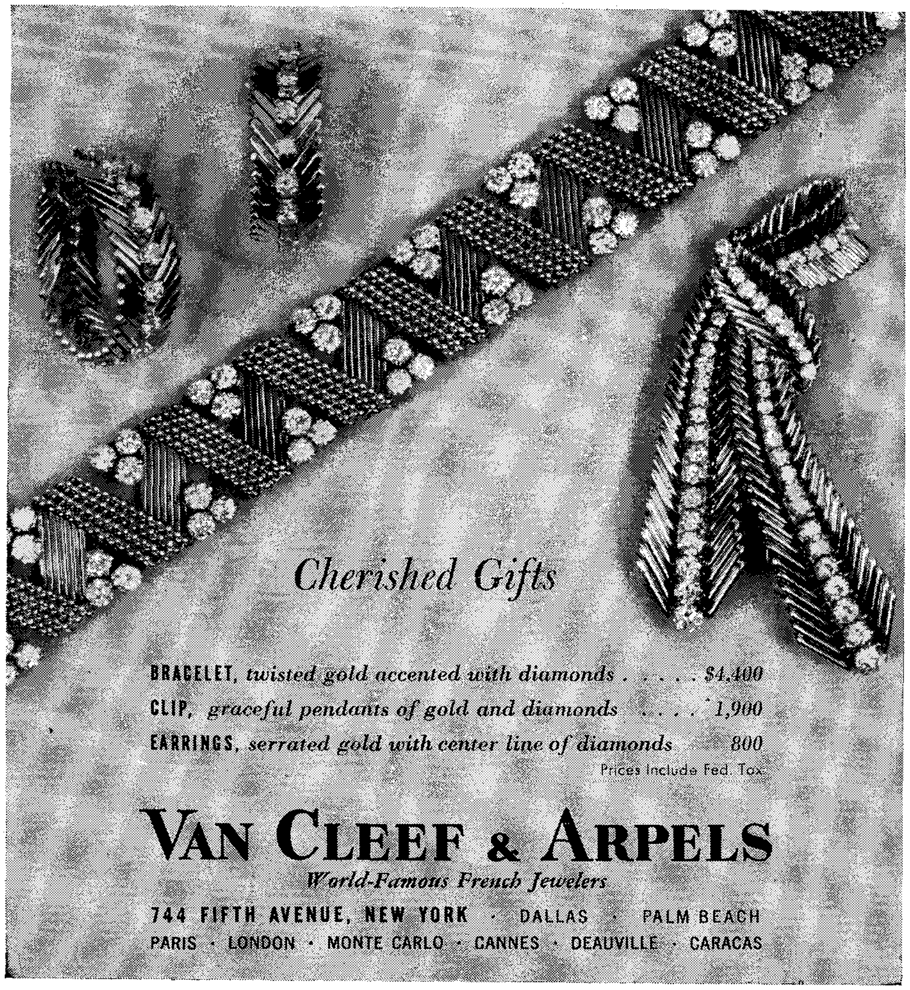
quity—may easily cause the idle mind to degenerate into a devil's workshop, while in square-dancing people are so busy listening to and executing orders that they haven't time for any funny stuff.

Keeler and his wife are able to discuss with scholarly insight the fledgling years of square-dancing in this country. His ancestors were English—the first of them to cross the Atlantic arrived here in 1639—but he admits with a sporting lack of chauvinism that the most important square-dance teachers in Colonial America were Frenchmen, and a fairly colorful delegation, at that. Mostly they were nobles of ruined fortune and fallen grandeur—titled paupers who had little left but court skills and the desire to turn an honest shilling. This hungry band, which roamed the Eastern Seaboard, was greatly increased after the Revolutionary War, when many French officers elected to stay on and help fight for the quadrille. Customers were plentiful, and as the good word spread, Frenchmen of every degree made haste to join in the easy pickings—notably Rochambeau's imported chef M. Violet, who pirouetted over New England for years and became the first man ever to teach a square dance to a group of Iroquois Indians. He later described the job as something of an ordeal, owing to the braves' tradition of consuming a boiled dog before undertaking any rhythmic gyrations, and their desire to wind things up by spearing a few farmers.

The actual business of the caller probably got its start in the early years of the nineteenth century. Up to then, the dancers had to memorize the steps and formations of the various dances. But around the time of the War of 1812, according to S. Damon Foster, in his book "The History of Square-Dancing," "some smart American invented 'calling,' which made it unnecessary to memorize the dance beforehand." Mr. Foster adds, "Like all great inventions, it was simple; the fiddler or the leader of the orchestra merely kept telling the dancers what to do next. Nobody who knew the six or eight fundamental calls could go very far wrong. The fiddler thus ceased to be an accompanist; he became the creator of the dance. He could vary the figures at any moment, just to keep the dancers on their toes; he could even call at random anything that happened to pop into his head. These 'fancy figures,' when nobody knew what was coming next, became popular as the last dance in a 'sett.' The prompter could, and eventually did, sing the calls, weaving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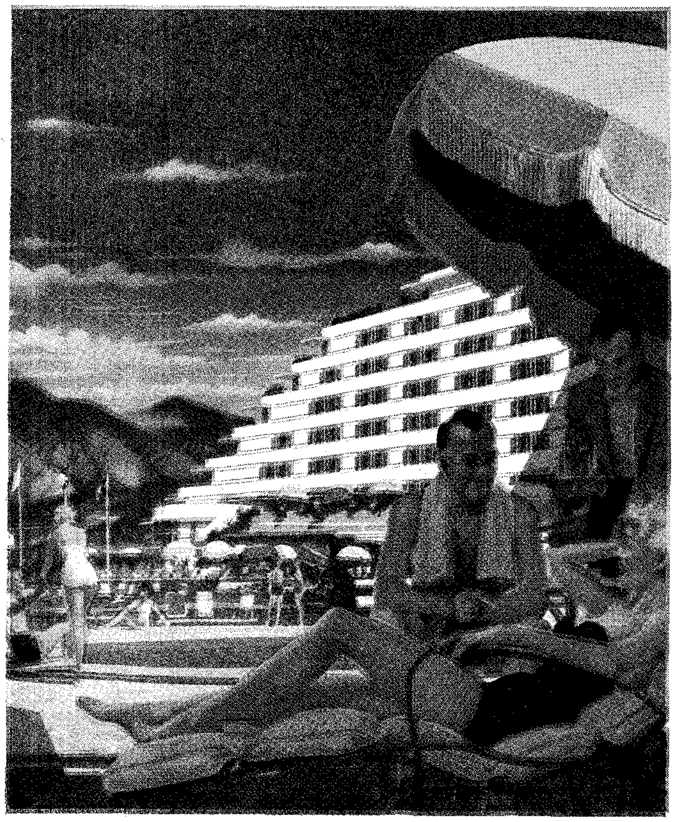

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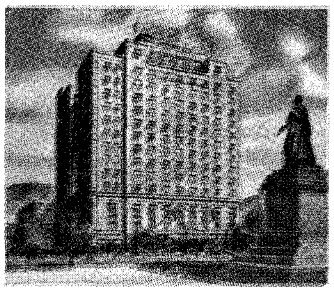

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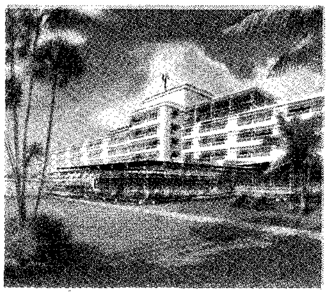

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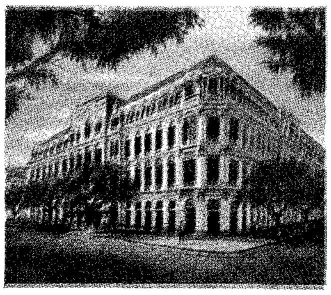

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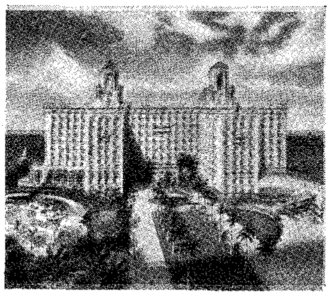

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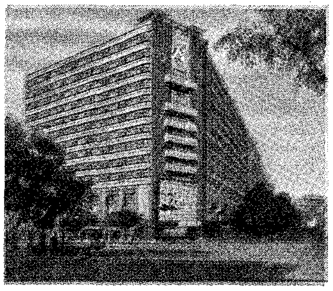

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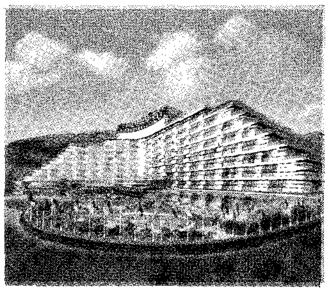

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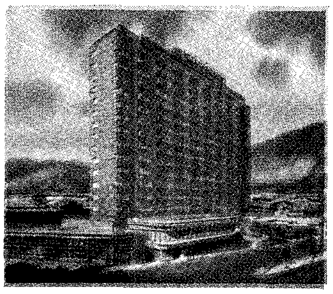

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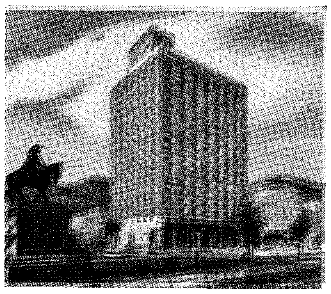

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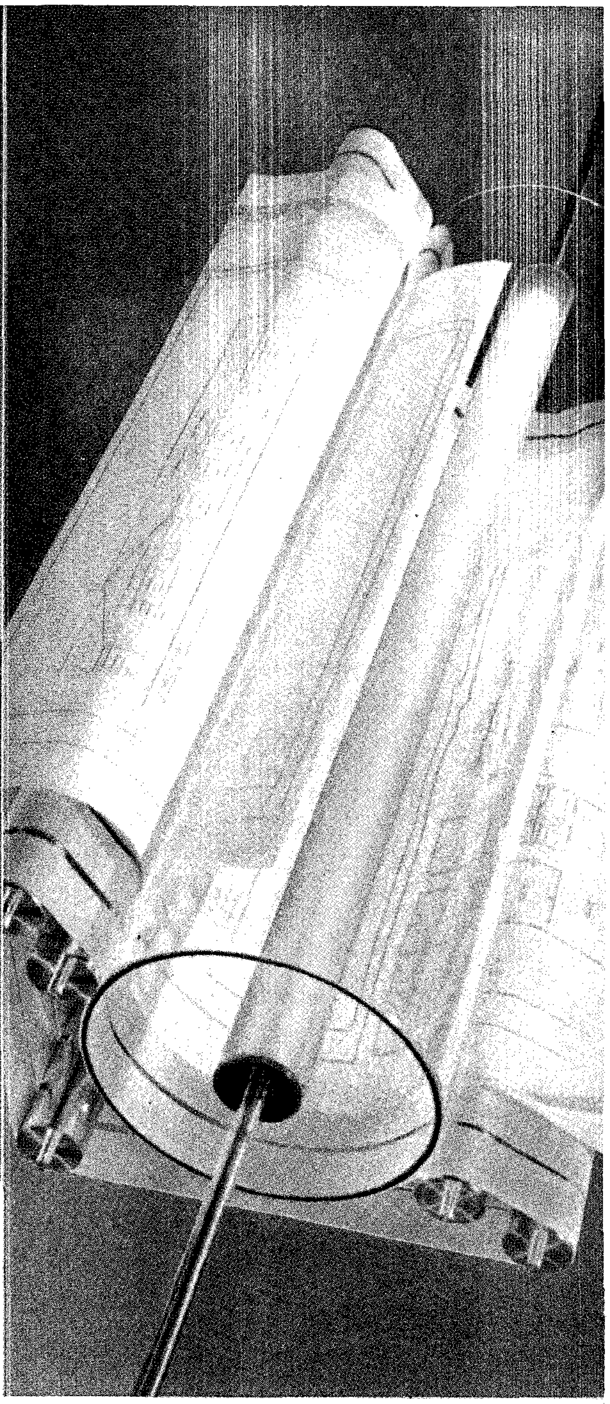

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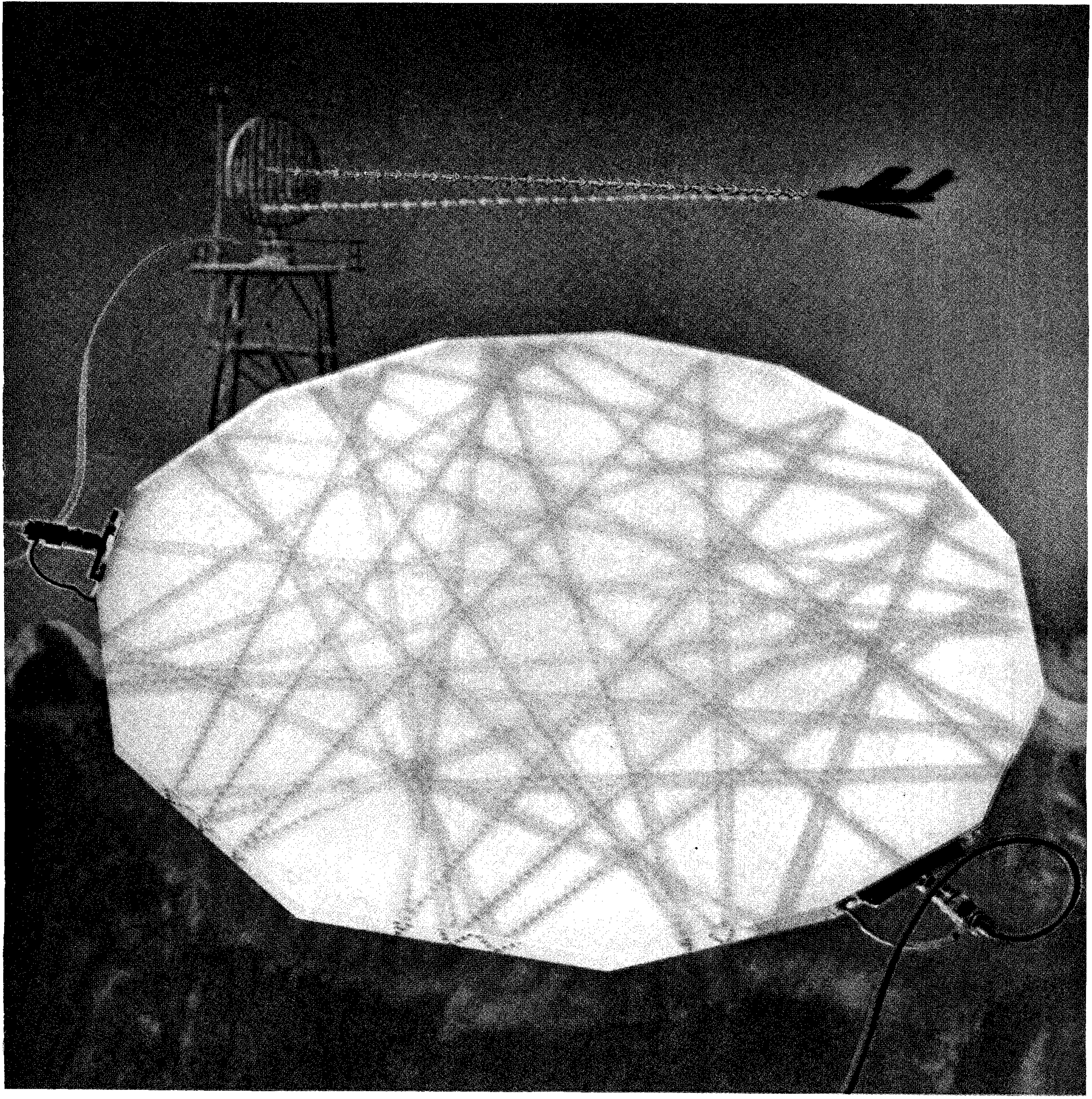

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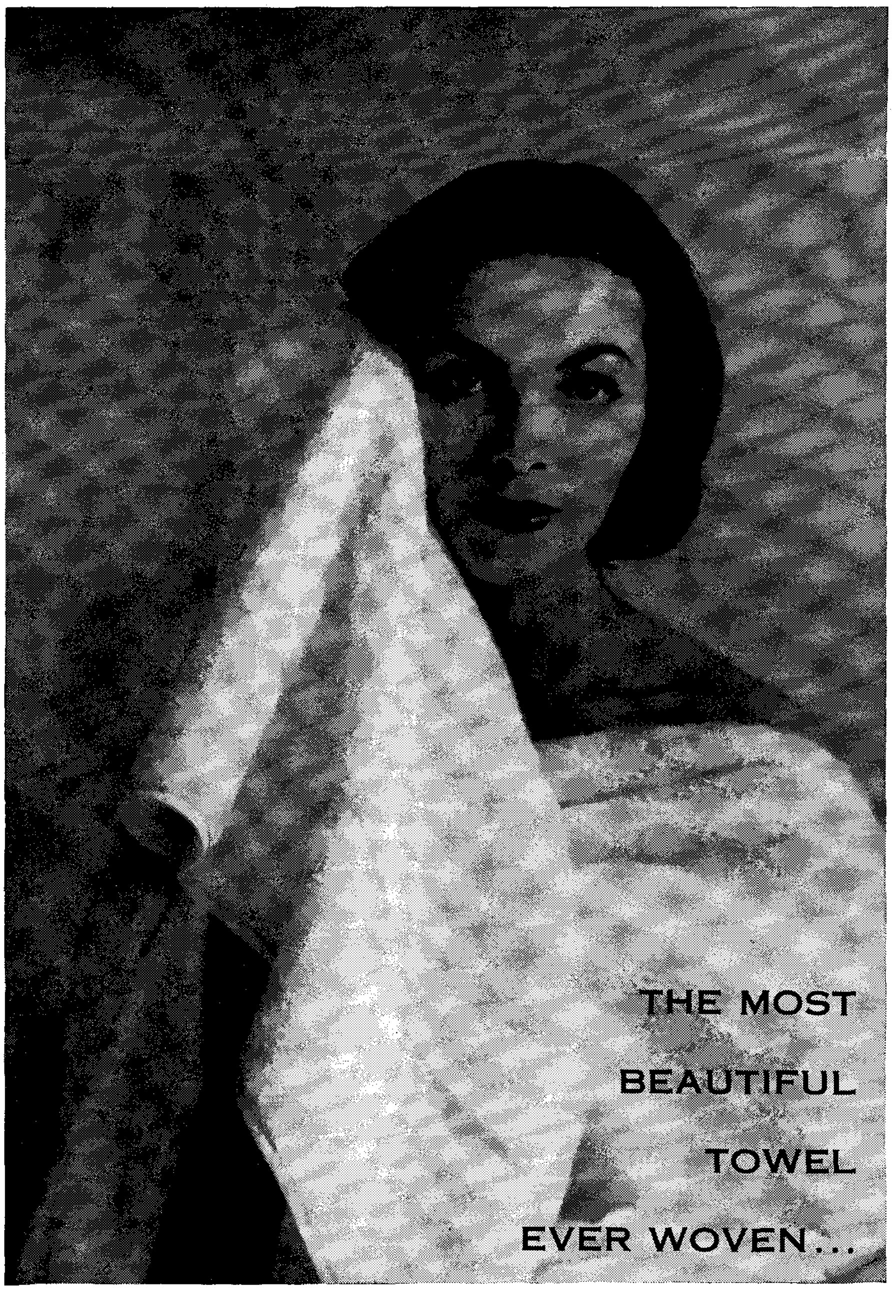
rude rhymes and filling out the calls with comments on the individuals present. Thus the ancient trio of melody, verse, and dance was identified once more; and the caller was the modern equivalent of the antique *choragus*. But most important of all: he kept square-dancing alive, fluid, growing, at the very time it was becoming formalized in Europe." A number of students of square-dancing contend that some of the first prompting callers were bilinguists who were needed to stand alongside the French dancing teachers and translate their instructions into English. Certainly early New England history records that a number of professors in small college towns augmented their slender incomes by running dancing academies on the side, and since bilingualism usually implied a high degree of education, it is possible that among them were men who had qualified themselves for their secondary profession while acting as translators. In any case, the learned example set by these light-footed pedants soon led several communities to create the post of town dancing master, who, with his long birch rod and austere manner, became the regional symbol of recreation.

In rural New England, organized dancing developed a whole set of mores and practices of its own. Favorite occasions for square or country or barn dances (in time the terms became synonymous) were huskings, house-raisings, sugaring-offs, sheep-shearings, and weddings. (Nantucket Island had a communal sheep-shearers' ball that lasted a solid week, and during this period, as well as for a few days immediately after it, the fish of the area had about the only peace they enjoyed all year.) These antic crises—at which, as often as not, the fiddle took up its resinous song at noonday and continued until dawn—required unusual energy, so a staple fodder of whole turkeys, venison haunches, and firkins of oysters was loaded on roughhewn tables set up around the dance floor, and cider sharpened with cinnamon was provided to wash down the food. Plenty of hard liquor was on hand, too, but it was drunk in cautious moderation, because a number of very able bouncers, known as "floor managers," were in attendance, eager to eject the rowdy with bone-crushing zeal. Many Colonial taverns maintained a square-dance chamber; one of the most studious examinations of the subject, "The Country Dance Book," by Beth Tolman and Ralph Page, cites a rule for square-dance guests that was posted in Mr. Whidden's Tavern, in Portsmouth,



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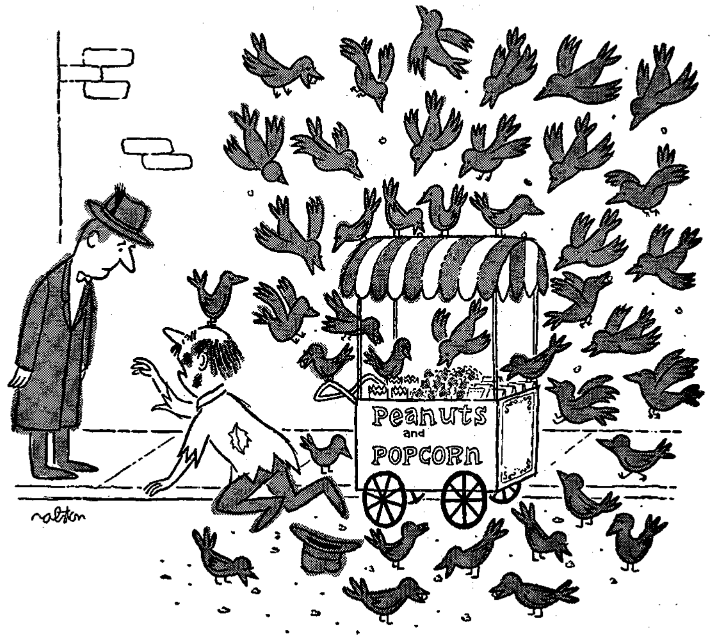

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New Hampshire: "No gentleman admissible in boots, colored stockings, or undress." Barns not prohibitively inhabited by cattle were also used for parties, and some of the bigger New England houses, a few of which are still intact, had a large dance room built onto them, but it was in the kitchen, often the most spacious room in the ordinary house of that time and locality, that the majority of the dances were held.

Mr. Whidden was not the only one who laid down rules governing the pastime. In a nineteenth-century pamphlet for prompters entitled "Quadrille Call Book" appear these warnings: "Do not romp in dancing," "The ladies' dressing room is a sacred precinct, into which no gentleman should presume to look. To enter it would be an outrage not to be forgiven," and "The ball-room was not designed for the purpose of making love." Another authority, Lucien O. Carpenter, had this to say in his "Prompter's Call Book and Violinist's Guide," published in 1882: "It is very indecorous and out of place to give way to immoderate laughing, sneering, or commenting at those who are present. It certainly shows a want of refinement." According to several sources, the point was well taken, because there had been a fair amount of immoderate sneering before Carpenter's advice, and for years after he spoke up it was virtually nonexistent.

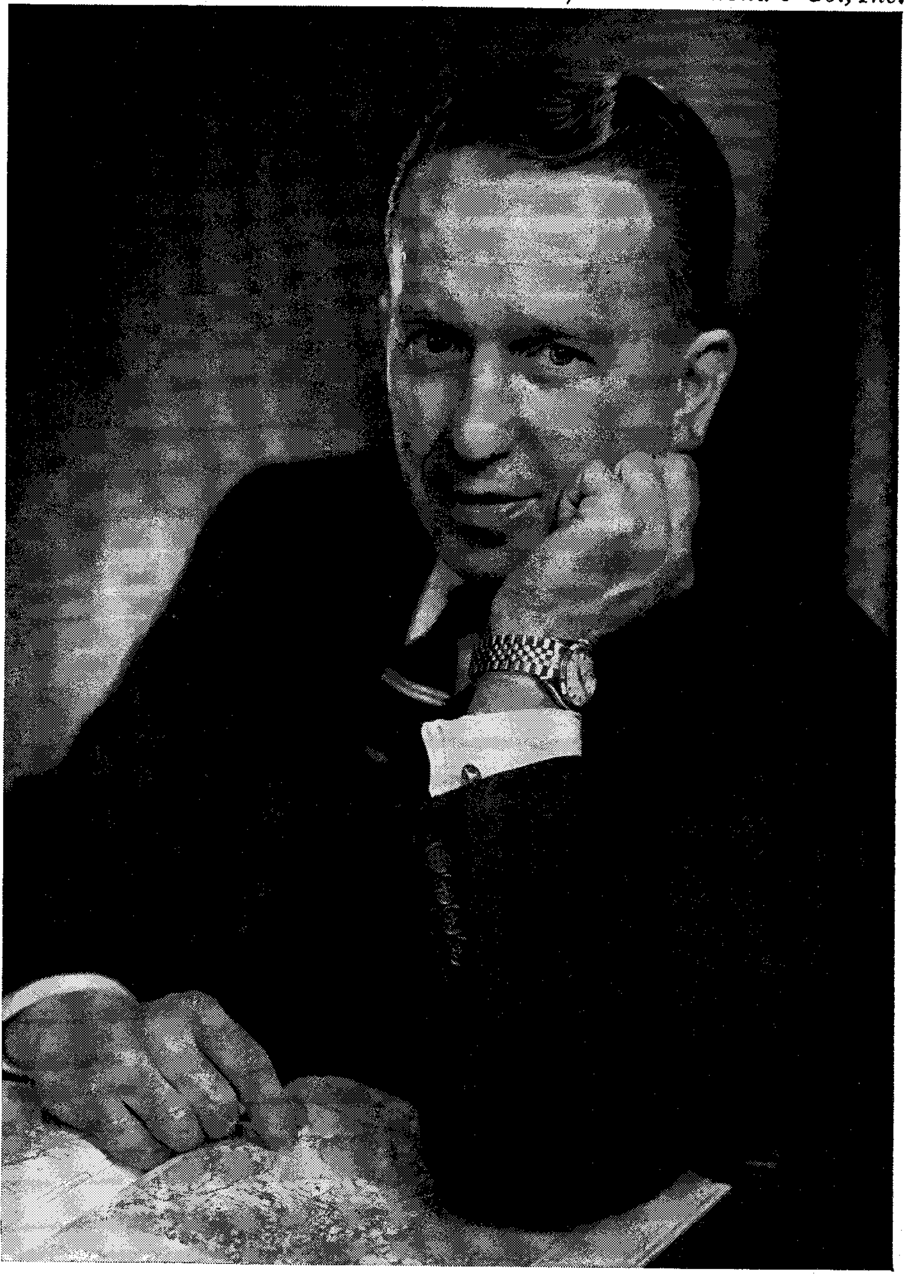
THE customs of Colonial square-dancing endured in large part through the years and, with a few embellishments, were much in vogue in the countryside around South Salem when Keeler was born there, on May 12, 1907. He recalls from childhood the announcements of village square-dance parties—a form of public heraldry that saw some conspicuously brass-lunged rustic leap up on the steps of the general store to bray, in calliope tones, "Square dance tonight!" Keeler's father operated a sawmill that had a loft suitable for square-dancing, and for this reason, plus the fact that the elder Keeler was a fiddling caller, the mill became the focal point of the neighborhood's social life. It is not sure how far back in the Keeler family this musical strain goes, but there are those who believe that it extends at least to Keeler's great-great-grandfather Jeremiah Keeler, of Ridgefield, who became an almost legendary figure in the Revolutionary War. A sergeant, muscled and tough like his descendants, he proved so bellicose and yet so diplomatic that he was named an aide to Lafayette. Among those who think that

Jeremiah was melodic, it has been conjectured that he may have fiddled for the Marquis during lulls between bursts of gunfire, even as David plucked a tranquillizing string for Saul in the campaigns to unhorse the Philistines. At the end of the war, Lafayette presented Jeremiah with a splendidly embossed gold sword in recognition of a job—whether of fiddling or of fighting, or of both—well done. Jeremiah thanked him and, upon mustering out in Virginia and receiving his discharge button, strolled home to Ridgefield, using the fancy sword for a walking stick. To the present Keelers' indignation, some later forebear had the effrontery to install the trophy in a museum, thus removing it from the line of descent.

Besides Jeremiah, a number of other Keelers performed energetically in the Revolution, though not on a two-nation basis. Various ancestors of Keeler's mother, Gertrude Bishop—whose family has been represented in this country almost as long as her husband's, and has become almost as numerous in the vicinity of South Salem—were also among the local heroes of the struggle. Keeler has great respect for his militant progenitors, but he feels that his own boyhood was nearly as laborious as their war service and, what's more, involved about the same risk of getting shot. Keelers—fathers, sons, uncles, nephews, cousins—were scattered over the region like ragweed, and all were impassioned hunters. On any nice day during the game season, the hills rang with the nervous popping of firearms—continuing pockets of aggression—as embattled Keelers made life dismal for bird and beast. One of Keeler's brothers, Joe, is now a noted longbow deerstalker of South Salem and fashions beautiful arrows, which he sells through sporting-goods houses.

Keeler's mother and father had thirteen children, nine of whom—five sons and four daughters—survived infancy. Theirs was a frantically busy establishment, and even mildly congested. The family occupied a house (now the Episcopal Parish House) that had only three bedrooms, which made it necessary for two of the children to sleep crosswise at the foot of their parents' bed. The fury that went into the four-sided tussle for covers on chilly winter nights would have filled Jeremiah with pride. (Later, the family moved to a more commodious home, which is now the Town House of nearby Lewisboro.) At the age of six, Keeler went to work behind a plow, and also chopped wood. Moreover, he watered and fed horses, cattle, chickens,

Mr. Caleb D. Hammond, President of C. S. Hammond & Co., Inc.



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rabbits, and nineteen cats; milked cows; hoed vegetables; and, if a hiatus developed, pitched in at the sawmill. In a household of eleven persons with robust appetites, chores can take on added depth. If, say, it was decided to have sweet corn for dinner, Keeler repaired to the fields and gathered fifty-five ears. Still, he considers that all this, though onerous, was trivial compared to the achievement of a forebear, Ammi Keeler, who, in a mood of invigoration, once reaped eleven acres of wheat by hand in a single day. Around South Salem, this is believed to represent a world's record.

In addition to performing his labors at home, Keeler attended the South Salem grammar school for eight years, remaining in the same room the whole time, since the building had no other. Promoted each spring, he simply moved over a few rows the next fall and took another whack at things, on a level of scholarship one notch higher. For six of the eight years, he had the same teacher—Mrs. Mary Lawrence, who is still teaching in South Salem. There can be no doubt that Keeler acquired an excellent primary-school education, for, having a hunter's sharp senses and unusual curiosity, he kept listening to what the seven other grades were doing, and thus learned a good deal, even if most of it had little to do with the studies of his own class. He also acquired an odd mental quirk—one of those eccentricities that occasionally burgeon in cerebrums of rocklike stability. All through grammar school, he sat facing south, and he gradually became confused, in a permanent way, by the fact that the upper, or northern, half of his geography-book maps lay in an emphatically southerly direction. He is today incapable of negotiating alone any auto trip requiring the use of a road map; if he tries to find his way to Boston, he runs the chance of winding up in Spartanburg, South Carolina. Moreover, he gets addled about uptown and downtown in Manhattan. Nowadays, on the occasions when he visits the city—usually to make recordings or to broadcast—his wife comes along to break trail. Once, before she took on this responsibility, he drove down to New York with two of his brothers who were new to Manhattan, to perform at a private party, and became hopelessly lost in the murky reaches of Park Avenue, where all three were collared by the police while gazing hungrily at a windowful of gems. Thinking it over later, Keeler ascribed this impudent nab to the Western flavor of the professional square-dancing garb he and his brothers were wearing, which, he said, might

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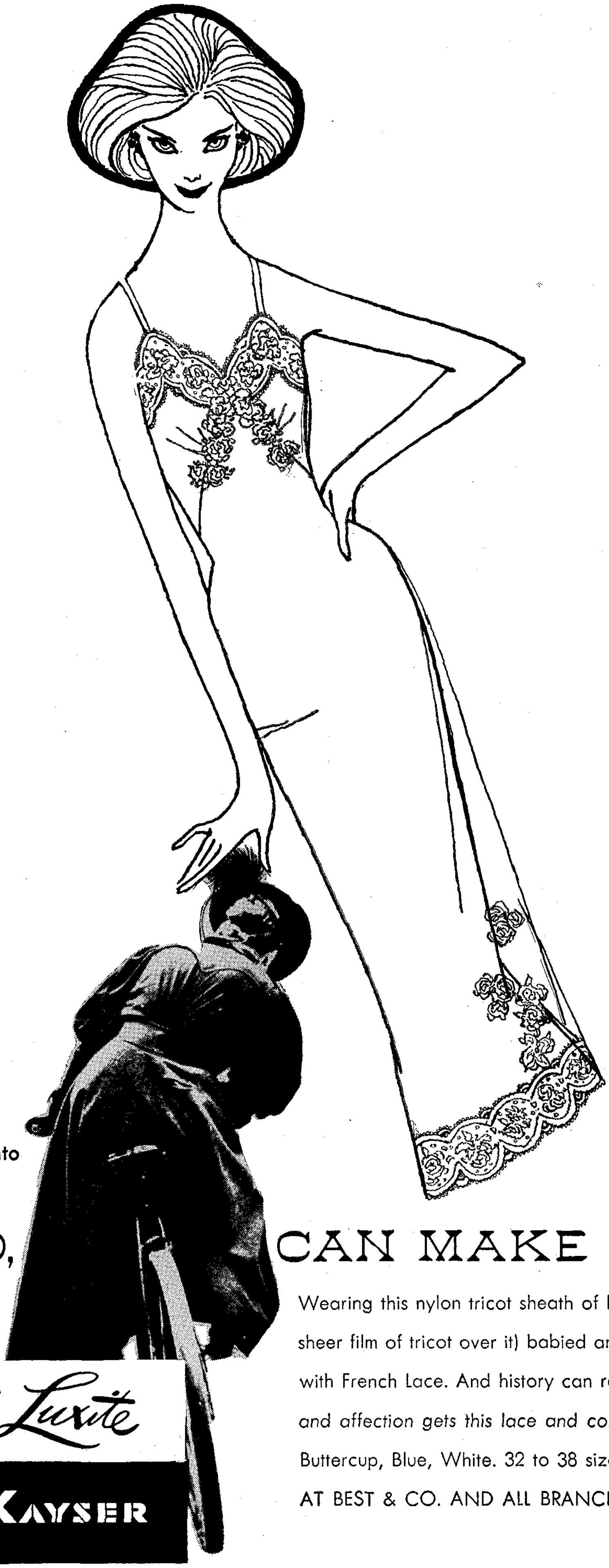

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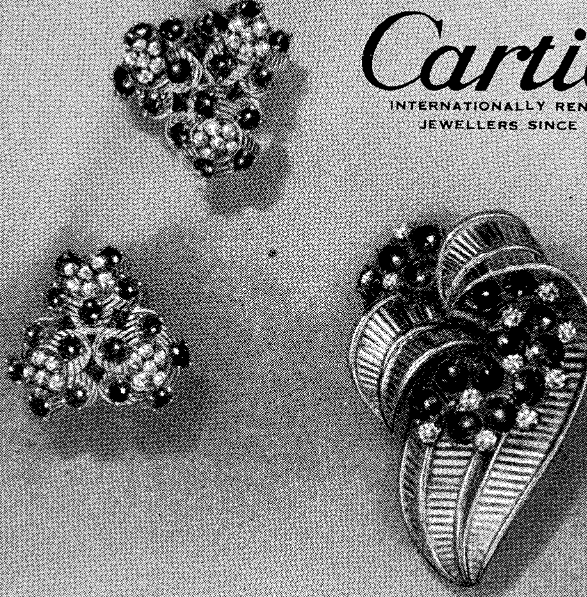

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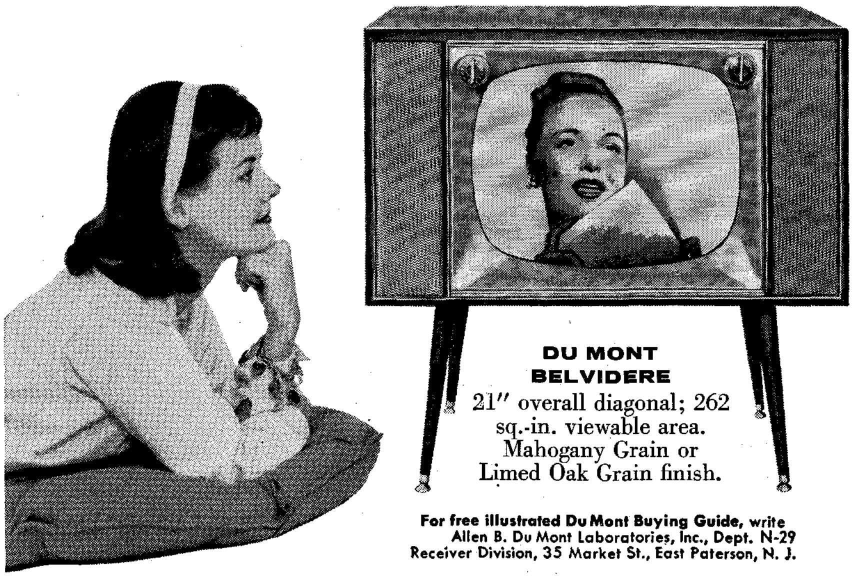

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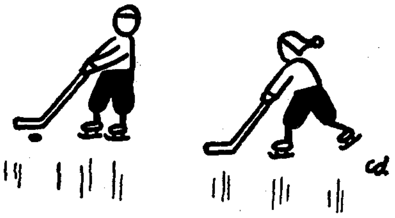
have put the police in mind of the Daltons or the James boys.

After grammar school, Keeler went to the Ridgefield High School, since South Salem at that time had no facilities of its own for secondary instruction; school buses not being provided at that time, he walked back and forth—a daily total of ten miles. At Ridgefield, he played on the school baseball team and began thinking seriously about music. Inspired by the nearly incessant fiddling of his father, and by additional harmonic outbursts on the part of other relatives, he had acquired a mouth organ while still in his grammar-school phase, and now he bought a trombone. On mastering the latter, in ten days, he joined the Ridgefield Boys' Band. Not long afterward, he found what appeared to be a prehistoric cello in the family attic and, with it, took a seat in the Ridgefield Town Orchestra.

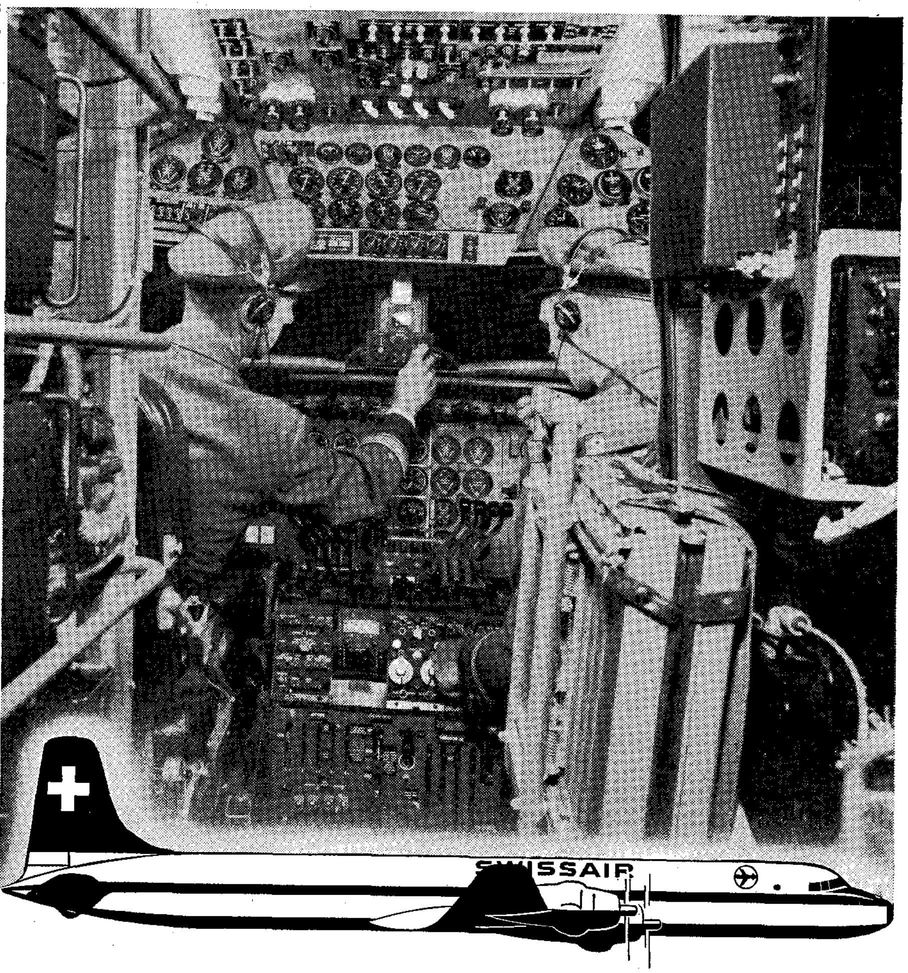
While Keeler's mind was perhaps shaped in the classroom, his cultural tastes were developed in his father's sawmill. From the creaky, dust-laden loft of this building, riotous sounds issued far into the night several times a month. Keeler recalls the long-ago parties in the mill as being richly flavorful. At one point during his teens, it became evident to all that the building was being quite literally shaken apart and kicked off its foundations. Thaddeus, accompanied by a couple of carpenters and a stonemason, inspected it with care; their joint statement was "She'll collapse, dancers and all, before the year's out." At considerable expense, he shored up the structure with rugged six-by-six beams, and the fiddle played on. Bran was usually scattered over the dance floor to make its surface smoother, and it is from this practice, Keeler thinks, that the term "barn dance" is derived. "I remember when I was a boy some people still called them 'bran dances,' " he said not long ago. "But gradually things worked around until everybody was calling them 'barn dances.' " Customarily, Thaddeus wore his hat for fiddling and, at opportune moments, passed it around for donations. An occupational ailment of square-dance callers is a progressive huskiness of voice, and if Thaddeus felt the rasp coming on, he would gesture weakly to some one of his multiple brood to take over. Whenever it was Elisha's



turn, he sang. There didn't seem to be much he could do about it; he tried hard merely to prompt, but his natural inclination was to sing. A number of standard jokes generally enhanced the proceedings. Comedians were nearly as funny at the dances of those days as they are on television now. A favorite piece of drollery was to sprinkle the floor with red pepper, which, as soon as dozens of stamping feet began kicking it up, produced a very satisfactory exhibition of people choking, crying, sneezing, and fighting for the exits. Another merry jest, equally ill received, consisted of tossing some compound of outrageous stink into the stove. A third, considered extreme, and even in rather poor taste, being indulged in chiefly by losing factions on Election Nights, involved the heaving of a deceased skunk in through an open window.

By the time of Thaddeus Keeler's sawmill fiestas, the evolution of American square-dancing had added several new forms to the English country dance and the French quadrille, nearly all of which, together with their variants, continue to be popular today. The South Salem square dances were likely to include examples of two other categories of dancing—"round" dances, such as waltzes and one-steps, and the Virginia Reel, in which the participants face each other in two long lines. Other folk dances that found lasting favor among square-dancers included Irish jigs and Scottish reels, and these enriched the sport's vocabulary with song titles of a lusty and provocative hue, such as "Patrick's Pot," "The Growling Old Woman," "Barney, Leave the Girls Alone," and "Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow." Thaddeus Keeler's favorite tune, his son believes, was "When Father Laid the Carpet on the Stairs"—a ditty that appears nowhere in print but has been handed down in his family, like Jeremiah's discharge button, from one generation to the next.

AFTER graduating from high school, in 1927, Keeler clerked for a South Salem grocer and worked on the town roads. It was noted by those around him that as he went about his labors he frequently broke into song and described little curlicues of footwork while carrying a sack of flour. It seems clear that during this period he was hearkening to the call. As it came over him that he meant to follow in Thaddeus's sound track, with the one sharp departure of singing instead of prompting, he addressed himself to the subject with dedication. Within a year or two, his talent had ripened to the



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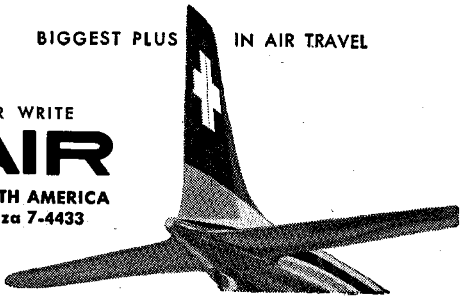

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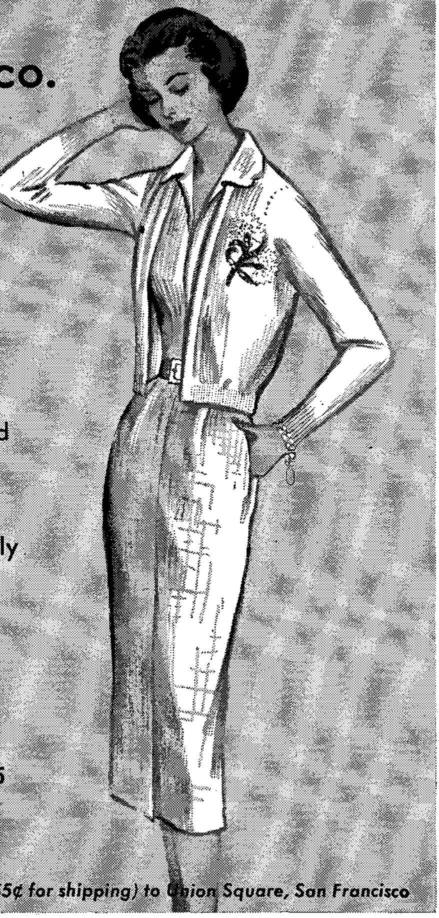

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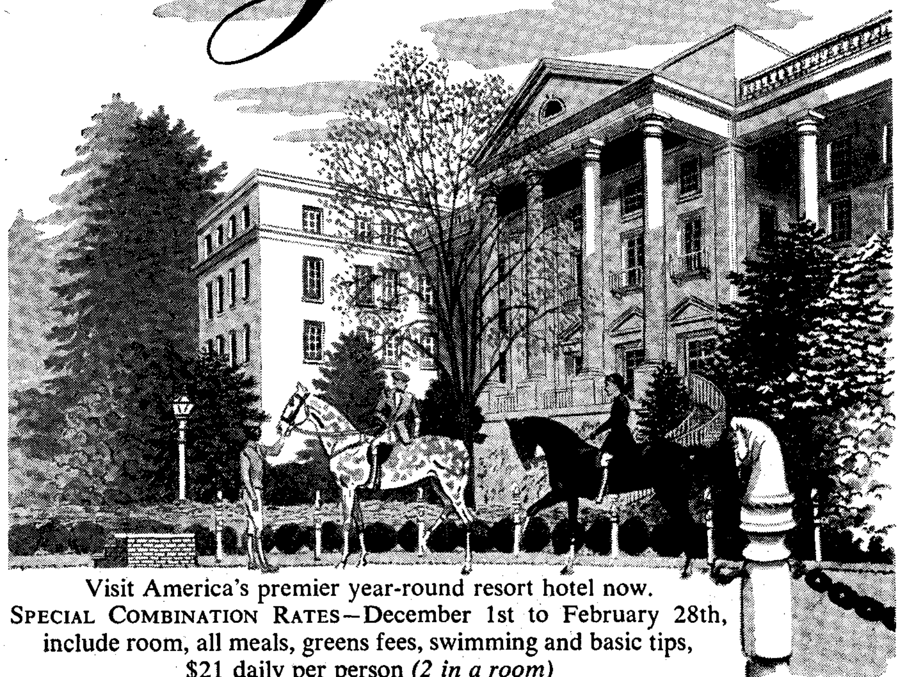

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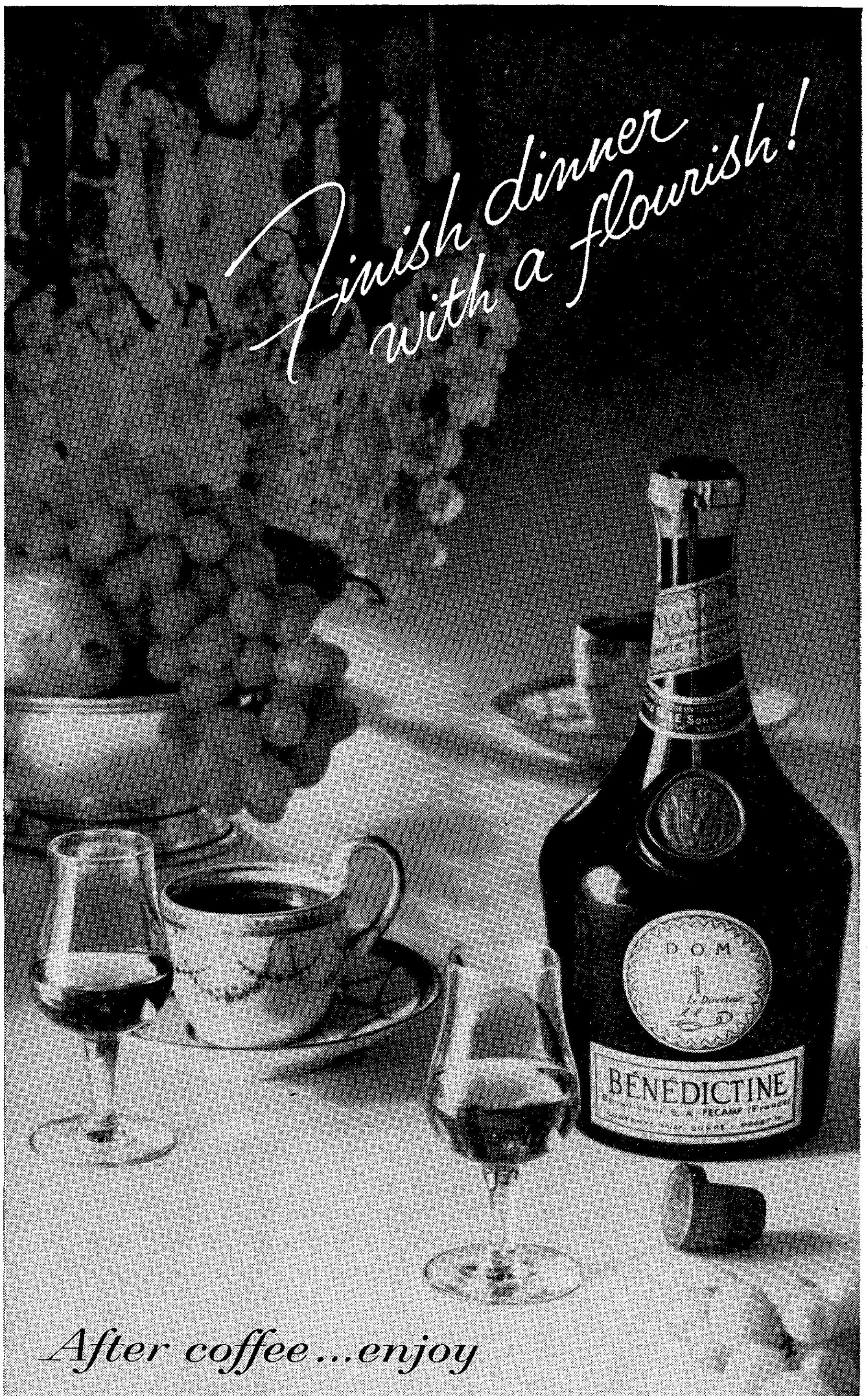
point where he was filling in at private parties, though still on an amateur level. In a general musical way, he was exceptionally blessed, for his four brothers and four sisters were taking up one instrument or another, giving the home atmosphere a greatly augmented lilt. His brother Dauchy, who became a carpenter, played the steel guitar; Tim, now a banker in Ridgefield, played both the clarinet and the piano, and also called; Jeremiah, another carpenter, played the harmonica; and Joe, still another carpenter, played the fiddle. All his sisters learned the piano, and took on various man-sized jobs, too. Huldah, for instance, became a very able professional gravedigger (since retired), and is locally admired for having interred a sizable proportion of the incumbents of the South Salem cemetery. She backed into the niche by way of wedlock, having married a young gravedigger of great promise who threw up his career to become a poet; needing money and with a ready-made vacancy staring her in the face, she simply seized her husband's spade and carried on, in the capable Keeler style.

While waiting for an opportunity to make a start as a professional caller, Keeler tried his luck at several trades, among them digging graves, building stone walls, and doing assorted kinds of entertaining. He had discovered that he owned two workable voices—the baritone he used in calling and a high, reedy falsetto so true and nimble that it resembled coloratura soprano—and this fact inspired him to devise a costume of somewhat schizophrenic cast, with the left side masculine and the right feminine. Then, in alternating profile, he gave delighted audiences at club meetings and Grange parties both barrels of his remarkable gift. The baritone would boom out, he would describe a quick hundred-and-eighty-degree turn, and the hall would vibrate to the cascading grace notes of a synthetic Lily Pons. Some of his friends say that the illusion would have been complete except for his swelling biceps, which looked uncommonly odd in the evening-gown half of his attire. Keeler is sad that, strive as he might, he could never quite bring off a unilateral duet. For a while, having undergone tutelage in Bridgeport, he appeared in a tap-dancing act, with his sister Laura and his brother Tim, in theatres of the Poli circuit in New England. This breakout from home failed for emotional reasons; the Keeler roots were too deep in South Salem.

Keeler got his first calling job for pay in 1928, at a Grange party in the Ridgefield Congregational Church House. His remuneration was four dollars and all the coffee he could drink. There can be no doubt that this engagement crystallized a desire on his part to settle down and become the premier caller of his locality. It also spurred him to undertake a rapid expansion of his repertory, which now consists of well over a hundred singing calls. In his search for variety, he found large stockpiles to draw on. Country-dance tunes ebb and flow in the public esteem much as jazz numbers do, except that some of them make comebacks even after a hundred years or more of almost total oblivion. A few of the old-timers long buried and still awaiting resurrection are "Lady Bartlett's Whim," "Pettycoatee," "Leather Strap," "The President," and "High Betty Martin." Some that have had their ups and downs during generations of "heel-burning," as square-dancing in Colonial days was sometimes called, are "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Go Away, Annie," "Weavily Wheat," "Old Joe Clark," and "Turkey in the Straw," and some that have been down and are now up are "Hull's Victory," "Money Musk," and "Lady Walpole's Reel." Of the purely singing-caller tunes—that is, with the instructions embedded in the lyrics—the ones perhaps most frequently used by Keeler are "Darling Nellie Gray," "Spanish Cavaliero," and "Red River Valley." The last is Keeler's out-and-away favorite; he seldom makes an appearance without doing this hardy old evergreen. Nearly everybody knows the tune, and many know the original words, which, of course, differ widely from the words used in the singing call—a specialized composition that is intended chiefly to steer the dancers from one position to the next. There are several versions of this call, but what may be the best-known version is set down, together with a detailed explanation of each command, in a book titled "Honor Your Partner," by Ed Durlacher, a prominent caller of Freeport, Long Island. Following is a sample:

Oh, the head couples right and you circle.
(Couples one and three go to the couples on their right, join hands in a ring and circle to the left once around.)
And you swing with the other fellow's girl.
(Each gent swings with the opposite lady.)
Now you step right back and you honor.
(All stop swinging and honor the ladies they have just swung.)
Then you swing your own Red River Girl.
(All swing own partners.)

Some square-dance calls get moderately complicated, and if the couples



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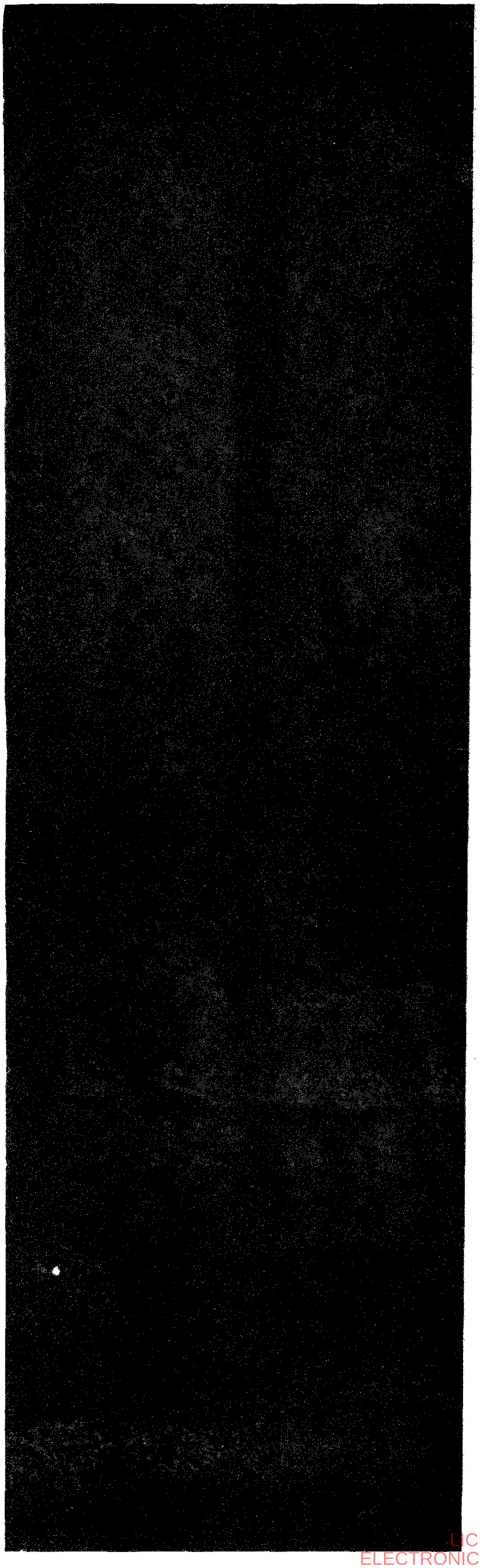

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aren't familiar with them, or fail to exercise caution, the resulting melee can take on the look of a professional-football game. The call Keeler belts out to the tune of "Nellie Bly" is suggestive of the pitfalls that await the uninformed or reckless:

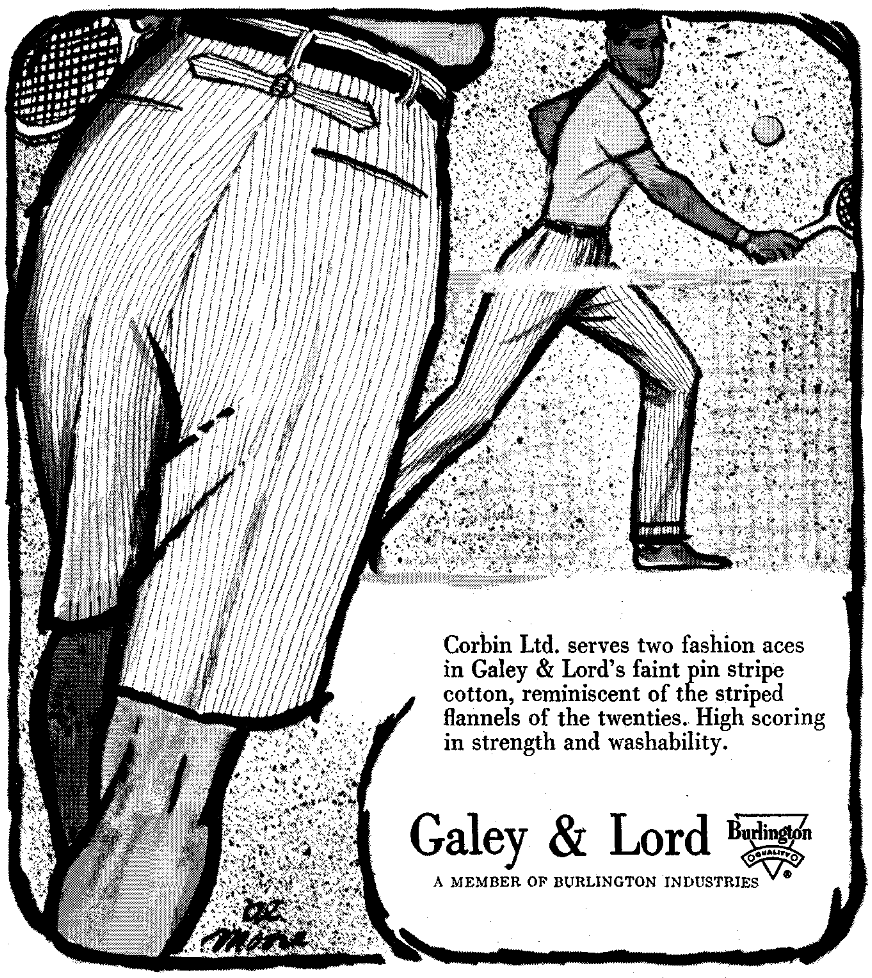
Bow to your partner; bow to your corner;
Eight hands around, around you go;
The other way back in the same old track.
Do-si-do your partner, do-si-do your corner;
Allemande left to your corners all,
Right hand to your partner, grand right and left around the hall.
Swing your partner and promenade.

First couple lead to the right, circle four hands around,
Leave the lady, on to the next, circle three hands around;
Take that lady, put her on your right,
Circle four with the last,
Leave the lady, go back home—everybody ready—
Now forward six and you balance six,
The head gents do-si-do;
Pass the ladies under, around that circle go.
Forward six and balance six,
The side gents do-si-do;
Pass the ladies under, around that circle go.
Now forward six and balance six,
The head gents do-si-do;
Pass the ladies under, around that circle go.
Forward six and balance six,
The side gents do-si-do;
Pass the ladies right back home, and everybody swing your own.

(*Repeat entire figure with second couple leading to the right, then third, then fourth.*)

All join hands, go forward and back;
Forward again, leave the ladies in the center;
Gents join hands outside, circle left; the other way back.
Form a basket.
Circle left, right foot down, left foot up;
The other way back; left foot down, right foot up;
The other way again, both feet up!
All swing your partners, promenade—
Promenade eight till you go straight,
You know where and I don't care,
Take her out and give her the air!

CALLING, even at the summit, is only mildly lucrative; Keeler gets an average of thirty dollars an engagement in the Westchester area and up to a hundred or so, with expenses, for a trip to a city like Baltimore or Boston. But even if his square-dance work brought him a princely living, he would unquestionably continue to toil with his hands; in his opinion, one of the big advantages of calling as an occupation is that it leaves the caller free to do something else in the daytime. Keeler is certainly among the most restless men alive, and he demands a physical outlet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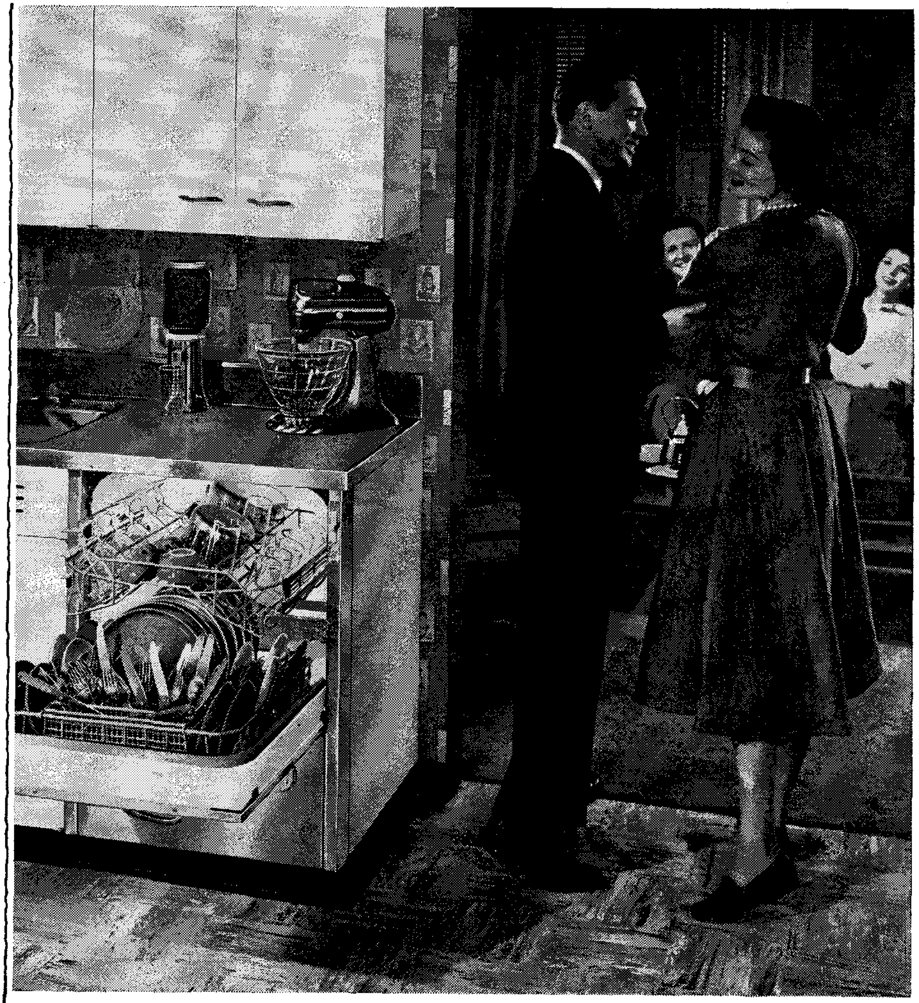
for the extraordinary force generated in his muscular frame. In 1935, he went into the contracting business on his own, doing general landscaping and specializing in the erection of stone walls. The venture, which involved maintaining a number of employees on a substantial payroll, proved disappointing. For one thing, after outlining a day's schedule for his men Keeler was unable to resist carrying out a large part of it himself. In 1939, on going over everything, he found that he was netting slightly less than he paid his lowliest employee, while at the same time doing most of the work. Moreover, he disliked the strain of responsibility; it detracted from his enjoyment of his after-hours calling. With all this in mind, he dissolved the business and began hiring out as a gardener on his present day-to-day basis; he has been considerably happier ever since.

Keeler's decision to be a contractor was largely prompted by the circumstance that he had recently married. His bride, the former Lois Mansfield, who is the daughter of a Waltham, Massachusetts, lawyer, had never collided, even tangentially, with square-dancing up to the time she became acquainted with Keeler. Toward the close of her college career, being already well grounded in the Elizabethan poets, she turned to the subject of costume designing, and after graduating, in 1931, she studied for a year at the Designers Art School, in Boston, and then made costumes to illustrate a series of lectures given at schools around St. Petersburg, Florida—a program that struck her as curiously unfulfilling. The truth is that by 1934 Miss Mansfield—pretty, vivacious, quick-witted, and a talented pianist—was spiritually ready for an evasion. In March of that year, she and Keeler met, on a blind date arranged by friends, in St. Petersburg, where Keeler was vacationing. Not surprisingly, he took her square-dancing. In a very real sense, he swept her off her feet. They danced almost steadily for ten days, at the end of which Keeler protested his esteem and said that, besides, he was looking for a good piano player who might go on to the accordion. In her response, Miss Mansfield stated that she reciprocated his affection and was perfectly willing to learn the accordion, or even the bull fiddle or the fife, if necessary. It has been an excellent match. Mrs. Keeler, in addition to playing the accordion, does all the family accounts, acts as her husband's secretary and publicity agent, and steers him to and from his more remote calling dates, to keep him from getting



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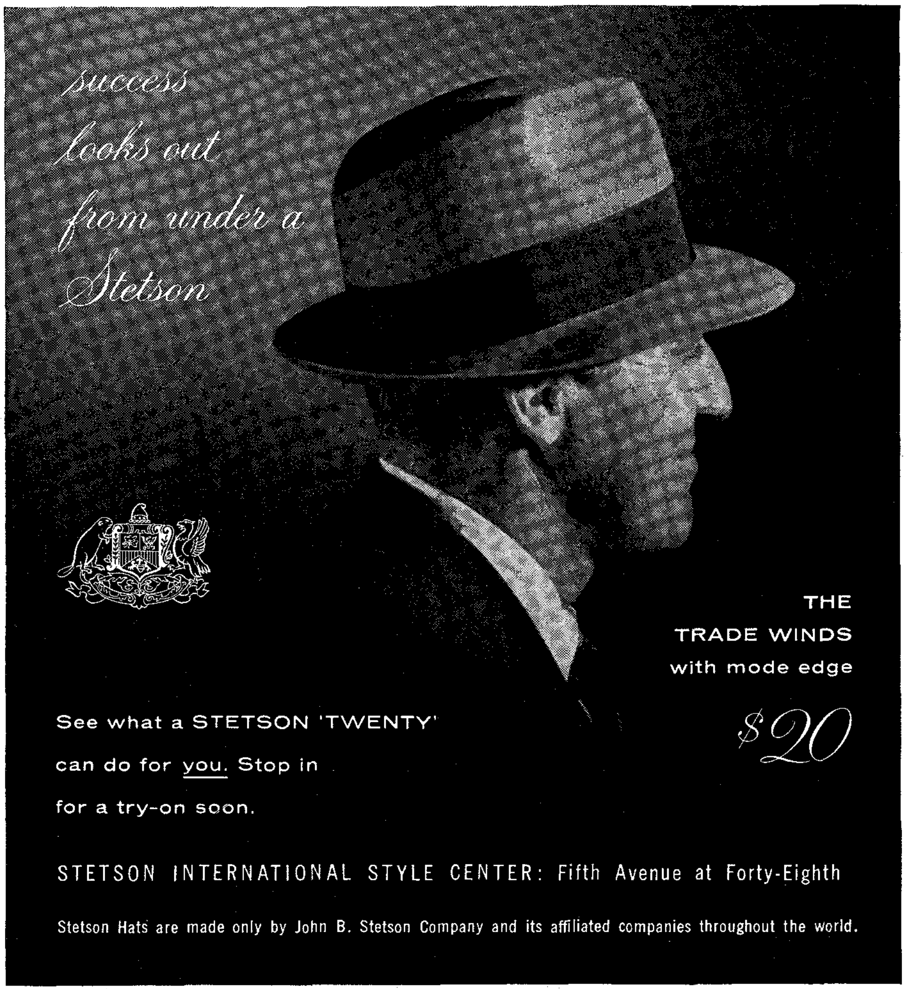

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lost. During the war, both Keelers took jobs in war plants—Keeler helping to build tugboats in a Stamford shipyard, and his wife operating a drill press for an outfit in South Salem that made miniature ships, for training purposes, for the Navy. By then, both of their children had arrived, and Mrs. Keeler installed the infant Mollie in a nursery school (Kenneth was in regular school), at a weekly cost exceeding her salary by five dollars.

In 1954, Keeler brought to fruition a dream of long standing by establishing his own greenhouse and going into the flower business. His wife estimates that, what with this and his gardening and his calling, he currently works about twenty hours a day. For a spectacularly masculine man, Keeler has a strangely delicate touch with flowers. Since his childhood, his approach to fragile growing things has bordered on the mystic—the natural communion of a Burbank or a Thoreau. He is not unlike the Duke in "As You Like It," who found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." Plants of the most intractable shyness unfold freely under Keeler's care. In consequence, his greenhouse sales are growing, and he has hopes that they will eventually eliminate the need for him to work in other people's gardens. Funerals provide an outlet for many of his flowers. Realizing this, he is chagrined that his sister Huldah has laid aside her spade. He points out that they could have worked as a team—Keeler supplying the decorations and Huldah the graves.

NONE of Keeler's daytime activities woo him from his basic absorption in the square dance. Like the night-blooming cereus, he is at his best after dark; with his horticultural work done and a dance in prospect, he is ready for the welcome extra stint. Keeler has expended prodigies of effort on his specialty. In 1950, he became the first person in his general area to give lessons in calling, holding classes in an office building in White Plains, and seven years ago he was instrumental in the formation of the Westchester Square Dance Association, becoming its first president. The Association has now grown to a point where he scarcely recognizes it. In this, it is typical of the times; the unhappy fact, as Keeler sees it, is that the present national square-dance picture, though bustling, is a little confused. Things are getting out of hand; snobbery has reared its ugly head. The sport, after its start in Colonial America, spread across the land; then, around 1950, a distortion of it spread back, with the dances greatly altered, until the twain met, causing chaos. Among other things, the Westerners devised calls requiring all eight dancers in a square-dance set to move simultaneously, instead of just one or two couples at a time, as in the traditional form. Furthermore, within the last decade all manner of elaborations have been introduced by the East as well as the West. Thousands of clubs and associations have sprung up throughout the country, each having a tendency to claim that its calls and dances are the only ones sanctioned in square-dance heaven. Two trade organs of national circulation—*American Squares* and *Sets in Order*—are currently available, and each presents about six new calls a month. A nomenclatural stigma has lately fallen on those who prefer square dances of the traditional type and attend them merely for pleasure and diversion; they are simply not referred to—not even as "beginners," for in the square-dance world the term "beginner" implies a dedicated search after the higher truth, which is wholly revealed only to "high-level" dancers. The old warning about immoderate sneering, left behind by Mr. Carpenter, of Philadelphia, seems poignantly appropriate at the moment.

Keeler considers that a square dance should be held for the sole purpose of having fun, and he refuses to subscribe to the grim, complex routines that have developed. In pleas to his colleagues in the East, he voices his philosophy that the dancing life, to be gay, must stay relaxed. Some of those he makes his pleas to are in positions of wide influence. For instance, Richard Kraus, an active caller, is an associate professor in the Department of Health Education,

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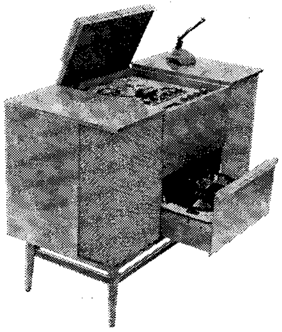

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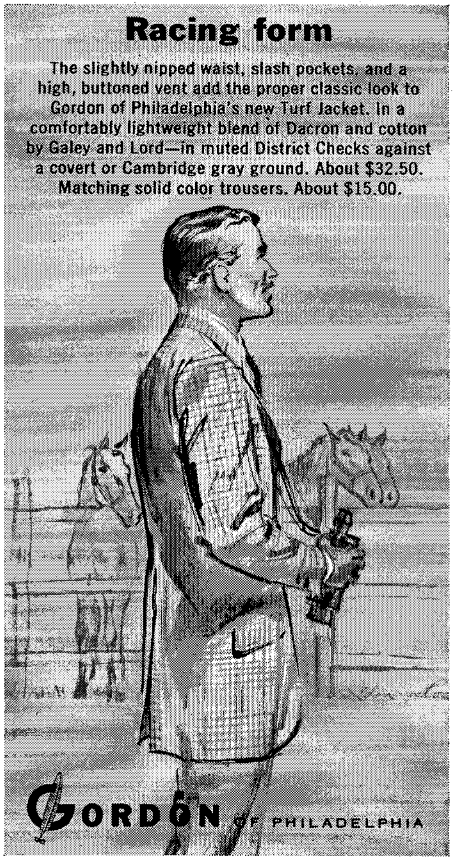
Physical Education, and Recreation at Columbia University's Teachers College, which was among the first institutions of higher learning to put square-dancing on an academic basis; he is the chairman of the New York Square Dance Callers Association, and has also made his mark in the not especially allied field of comic-book writing. Ed Durlacher, of Freeport, was in charge of square-dancing at the New York World's Fair and more recently has supervised summer programs of square-dancing in New York City parks. Keeler feels that the dean of American callers is Lloyd Shaw, known as Pappy, of Colorado Springs, who holds a gigantic summer course in folk-dancing there, making the town a mountain mecca to which pilgrims with twitching feet, from all corners of the republic, annually beat a path. Several people have thought it odd that Keeler's personal favorite as a caller should be Joe Lewis, of Texas, who unorthodoxly calls to Dixieland jazz, but this is not really surprising. All the Keelers like jazz. In their South Salem home—a pleasantly dishevelled hundred-year-old white house, aswarm with cats and surrounded by rabbit and chicken pens, with a spacious vegetable garden nearby, and Keeler's much-prized greenhouse all but adjoining—they frequently break into jazz on quiet evenings. The son, Kenneth, away just now at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, plays the trombone in the college R.O.T.C. band and sings for the glee club; Mollie, a handsome, poised teen-ager, who performs rhythmically as a cheerleader for her high school, manages a moderately hot fiddle; Mrs. Keeler, who has come a long way since the lectures on historical costumes, has established a working agreement with the accordion that includes jazz; and Keeler himself, when in a syncopated humor, is even apt to do a few jazz calls at square dances.

For generations, the Keelers have been mainstays of the local Presbyterian Church. Elisha, an elder of the church, was once the superintendent of its Sunday school, and on occasions of extreme pinch, possibly with the pastor benched by a cough, he has been known to preach a powerful lay sermon. This represents a paradox in Keeler's temperament. Except in the position of a cynosure, on his own before a collection of staring people, he is almost painfully shy. "Lisha could never sit down and discuss religion in a small group," his wife says. "But if you put him up there to address a whole congregation, he's as happy as if he were out in his green-



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house." It is, perhaps, an eccentric mark of the born showman. In casual conversation, Keeler is nervous, his feet constantly shuffling, his fingers drumming, his head bobbing—the picture of a man itching to get away. But on dance nights, dressed in the garb of his craft, he ascends the caller's platform and changes like Cinderella touched by the fairy's wand, becoming smooth, graceful, persuasive, deeply composed. People watch with a kind of enchantment, somehow finding themselves able to do things under his guidance that they've never done before as he takes up his mesmeric chant:

> "Now the first couple to the right and circle,
> Then you swing with the other fellow's gal . . ."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

Another FLASH! A new magazine published by George Orick and Don Myrus at 308 West 58th Street, New York City 19, is called *Smart Money*.

This will be an illustrated news-stand magazine devoted to the national preoccupation with dollar gathering. It is based on what Ben Hecht once said, "Money making is, if anything is, our national soul." It was my impression that Ben Hecht said this in criticism of our national soul. The editors of *Smart Money*, however, say they are definitely not critical of America's soul.

Smart Money recognizes that for most successes "supposedly built on a clever idea and hard work, there is an untold story of fast thinking, smooth connections, bold fixes, and clever rackets." These are the stories it wants. No deal will be too small, none too big. "It must be reemphasized that there will be no derogation of money making or its practitioners. Americans are not basically reformers; they like their economic system the way it is. If its imperfections allow for shrewd, sometimes unlawful money deals, they are ready to accept them in good humor."

A few examples? . . . "Company Pools," describing how blue-collar and white-collar workers, a little sharper than their friends, clean up by running gambling operations on the job.

"For Employers Only," spelling out the latest wrinkles in the employee's ceaseless raid on his employer's pockets. Both worker and boss can learn much about the ways of sharing profits before taxes, expense-account padding, retail-clerk clipping, petty embezzlement.

"Smart Young Money," about the awakening of money anxiety in American youth. Ingenious deals by which the rock-and-roll crowd earns pocket (and bigger) money will be described.

Lengths, 1,000 words to 4,000 words, for which payment will be $75 to $250. But look at all the fun you'll have writing about big-money operations, and educating not-so-smart readers to become "smart."—*Writer's Digest.*

And lifting America's soul.

*The LMSO or OS Tasting Committee**

Fire the Cannon! Release the Doves!

Martini drinkers declare peace

Rest assured the first dry martini ever mixed was welcomed as an earth-shaking discovery. The original formula was 3 parts gin, 1 part Dry Vermouth. It was a good drink. The inventor, full of warmth and accomplishment, settled back to a life of joyous obscurity.

Then someone started fiddling with the formula. Martinis were mixed 4 to 1, 6 to 1, and even 8 to 1, a pagan potion full of flame and fury. The excuse was—vermouth seemed obtrusive, aggressive in flavor—or that its dark, moody hue was a poor thing indeed to have staring out of one's martini glass.

Plainly, someone had to do something. Fortunately, someone did. It was San Francisco's Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society. They met, mixed and mixed again, impartially, until all agreed on the One Perfect Martini—desert-dry, pale and clear as a winter moon.

Below is the Society's official Martini recipe for this year, reprinted with the Society's kind permission:

3 parts dry gin
1 part Cresta Blanca Triple Dry White Vermouth
Stir with ice. (do not shake.) Serve in chilled glasses.

See? We're back to 3 to 1! Don't panic at these modest proportions. Thanks to Cresta Blanca White Vermouth's special paleness and triple-dryness, here is a martini full of the old intellect, serenity and flashing humor. Peace reigns among all martini-drinking factions. So fire the cannon! Release the doves! *Alors* to the bottled goods dealer with you.

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**Believe it or not, these gentlemen are the members of the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society Tasting Committee: (L to R) Paul Nyeland, Barney Vogel, Willard Cox, Tom Collard*

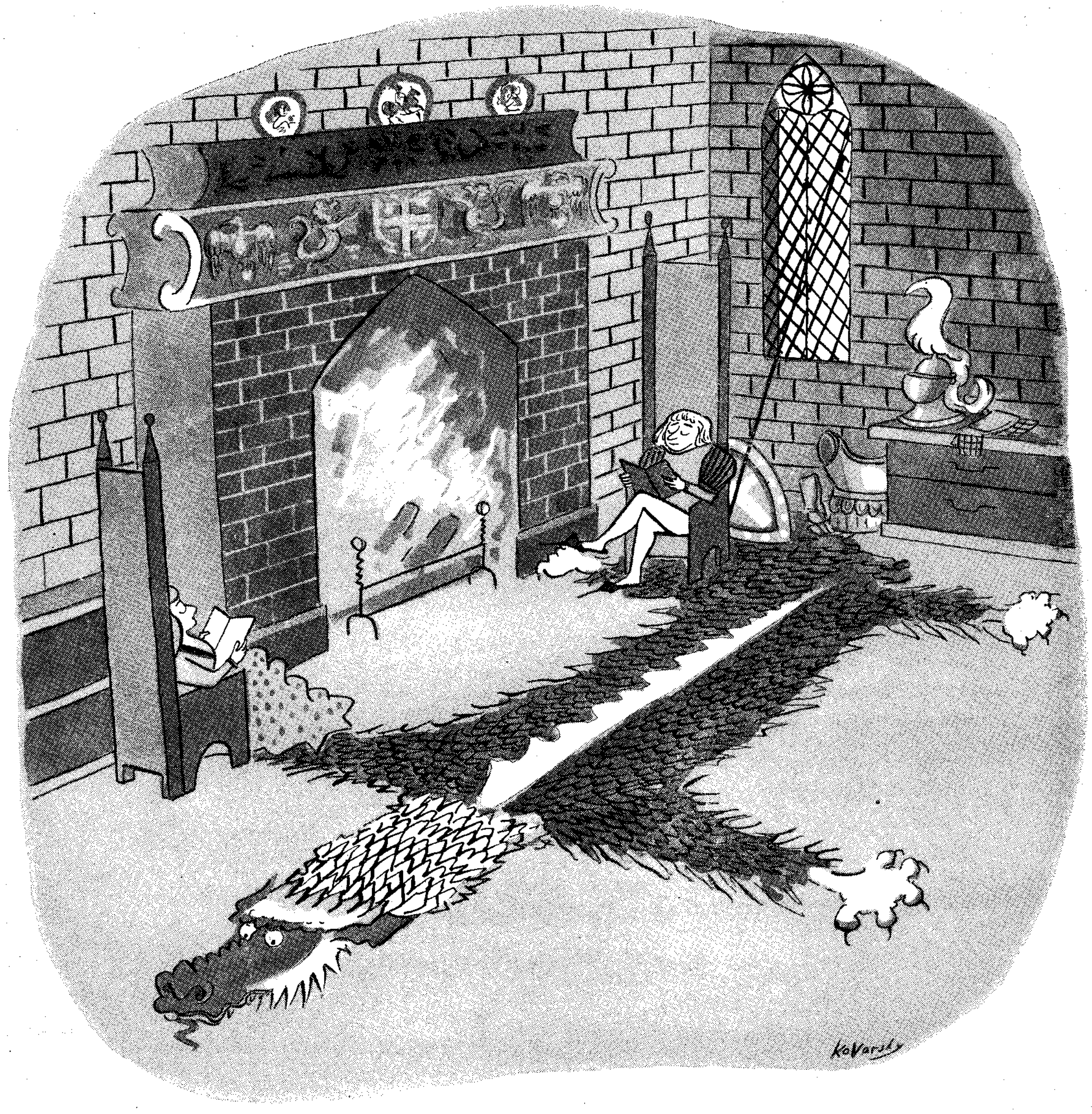
THE THEATRE

A STRONG GREENE, A WEAK JAMES

I THINK the quickest and soundest way to the point—meaning my point—about Graham Greene's new play, "The Potting Shed," is simply to recommend it to you as entertaining, in a very good, wide sense of the word. The play, which made its first appearance last week, at the Bijou, can also be described in double-barrelled terms, such as entertaining and important, entertaining and significant, or entertaining and profound. In fact, I'm pretty sure that all these combinations, or others to the same effect, have been applied to it by now. But it seems to me that opinions as to its importance, even opinions as to its profundity, must vary to a great extent with the theories or the bias of the individual viewer—something that is likely to be true whenever an author, whether his message is special or not, delivers it from a special standpoint. In Mr. Greene's case, the standpoint is that of an eloquent Roman Catholic, who strongly favors faith over rationalism. You'll make your own judgment of the weight and depth of "The Potting Shed" when you see it. Whatever this turns out to be, I think you'll find you've enjoyed the play. It's a tense and exciting piece of work, by one of the world's most expert storytellers.

In fact, so smooth and absorbing is Mr. Greene's storytelling technique that skeptics may have a hard time accepting his spiritual message as urgent—as anything but an idiosyncrasy of taste that the author has chosen to harness to the technique. This, presumably, is one of the penalties of an easy power to create suspense. "The Potting Shed" has the quality of a detective story, but, as readers of "The Heart of the Matter" and "The End of the Affair" know, there is nothing convenient or specious about Mr. Greene's interest in faith. If there were, he probably would not, as a technician, have allowed faith to lick rationalism as overwhelmingly as it does in the play's third act, which ends not just happily but downright sentimentally, and is the only weak one of the three.

"The Potting Shed" deals with a contemporary variation on the miracle of Lazarus, who was raised from the dead. Its leading character, played with a beautiful and intelligent restraint by Robert Flemyng, is a newspaperman who was brought up in an atmosphere of aggressive and chilling materialism by his father, an author of rationalist books. He can remember nothing of his life before he was fourteen years old—at which time, he has deduced, he underwent an experience so horrible that it has left him incapable not only of remembering what it was but of feeling love, hope, affection, or any of the more desirable emotions. What happened to him at fourteen was, as Mr. Greene lets you know early in the play, that he hanged himself—so thoroughly that his family find it hard to believe that he did not die, and repugnantly unreasonable to suppose that he is not still alive, since his health seems to be excellent, and they can see and hear him every day. Accordingly, as time goes on, they arrange to see him as seldom as possible. They have never told him what they know, or what they loathe the thought of suspecting. When he learns that his father is dying, this husk of a man comes home to make a final effort to learn the truth. His mother blocks



Fly not yet—'tis just the hour,
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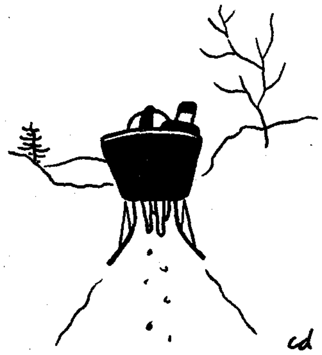
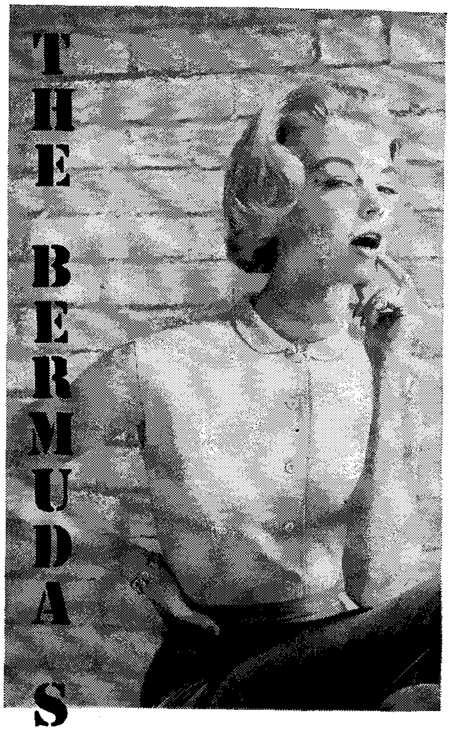
his purpose, more out of protective love for her husband than out of respect for the old man's views. His bewildered (and divorced) wife cannot help him. More miserable than ever, he spends the whole of Mr. Greene's second act searching out the facts of the past.

His niece (a young girl a little too theatrical in her speech and habits for my taste) assists him in his detective work. So does a psychiatrist. In the end, it is his uncle, a drunken, faithless, despairing priest, who makes the greatest contribution. The single scene between Mr. Flemyng and the priest, played by Frank Conroy, is a marvellously taut and moving business. Mr. Conroy's performance is the equal in brilliance of Mr. Flemyng's. There are, for that matter, no bad performances in "The Potting Shed," and Dame Sybil Thorndike, as the searcher's mother, and Leueen MacGrath, as his wife, are as good as I have ever seen either of them be.

You may quarrel, as I did, with the abruptly rosier and more wholesome tone of the last act. There, it seemed to me, the conflicts are resolved too quickly and easily. Skeptics in the cast are converted to belief in droves, on what I considered not very strong provocation. A sunny, almost a Rotarian, smile bathes the hitherto wan and wretched face of Mr. Flemyng. (This, of course, is Mr. Greene's fault, not his.) It causes his mother, till then a model of austerity, to say to her son, with a soft, sweet look, as so many Hollywood mothers have done, "I've got your room prepared. I hope there are enough blankets." But forget all that. You'll like the play.

IT'S not strange—it's merely too bad—that Tallulah Bankhead and Henry James should have been brought to converge in a play based on James's novel "The Europeans." At first thought, the role of Eugenia, Baroness Münster, a witty, somewhat wolfish lady who glides exotically through the pages of the novel, could seem to be





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Abel, following the story by Budapest radio, just as promptly telephoned it to New York. Within hours he was in Vienna. For the next few weeks he covered one of the biggest stories of the year—it pushed the U. S. presidential election into secondary interest—without ever seeing it.

Abel's swift action was part of a plan. Weeks earlier, covering the Tito-Khrushchev meeting at Brioni, he had sensed Soviet trouble with its satellites. So had Sydney Gruson, Times correspondent in Warsaw. They alerted their editor in New York. He disposed his forces. It paid off. The Times beat everyone else with complete blood-tingling details of the Polish and Hungarian uprisings.

Elie Abel has been a resourceful member of The New York Times team for half his 15 years as a newspaper man. A native of Montreal, he was educated at McGill and at Columbia. Before joining The Times in 1949, he had been a reporter, rewrite man, editor and correspondent—for the Windsor (Ont.) Daily Star, the Los Angeles Times, the Montreal Gazette, and in Central Europe for the North American Newspaper Alliance.

On The Times, he spent two years on the foreign desk; two years in Detroit covering labor and industry; three years in Washington covering the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission, the State Department. He went to Belgrade in 1956.

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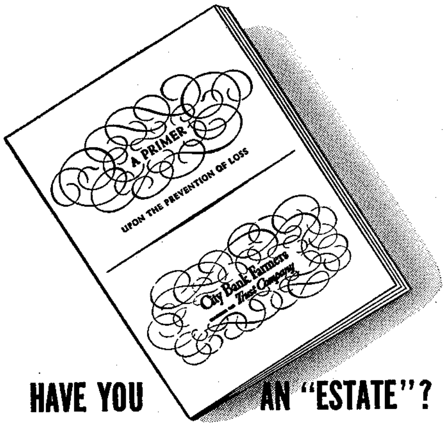
made to order for Miss Bankhead. The play "Eugenia," which opened last Wednesday at the Ambassador, is a painful demonstration of the value of second thoughts. One more turn of the screw, mentally, might have warned the author, Randolph Carter, that the essence of James is ticklish stuff, not easily transferable to the stage. It might have told the producers that Mr. Carter had muffed the job squarely. It might have reminded Miss Bankhead that there is such a thing as a strike zone in the theatre, just as there is in baseball—a game that she is said to admire. Some scripts, like some pitches, are unhittable. The boldest of swingers does well to let them go by.

As I've said, there is a prima-facie case for James's Baroness as a Bankhead part. She is a first-generation European, of American ancestry, who comes to nineteenth-century Boston to visit relatives and to acquire a millionaire husband and security; the Boston merchant-and-banker society she collides with, an inhibited but respectful group, brings out her grandest manner and her sharpest Continental repartee. So much for the surface temptations that, presumably, seduced Mr. Carter and Miss Bankhead. But James's Baroness, like most of his women, is nothing without her complexities—the doubts, the confusions, and the conditioned reflexes that he put in beneath her shiny surface. The Eugenia that James drew is a subtle, imaginative woman, made faintly haggard by a stroke of bad luck on her home grounds, where the bylaws of morganatic marriage went against her. She is also a woman who has learned to rely on, and to live by, her knowledge of people, her psychological insights. In America, her fortune-hunting campaign fails because, being drenched in European ways of thought, she misreads the psychology of Americans once or twice too often. It was this skirmish of the contrasting motives and reactions of two worlds that delighted James in the story, and on which he hung the turns of his plot. There is practically no trace of it in Mr. Carter's "Eugenia." The play drifts along in a state of somewhat spongy anarchy; the scattered lines from James are left unexplained by the action, and the characters are left unexplained by what they say. James made his most important points outside his dialogue. His dialogue—a little tired and pale by now—is all that has reached the stage of the Ambassador.

As everyone knows, Miss Bankhead has two great parallel talents in the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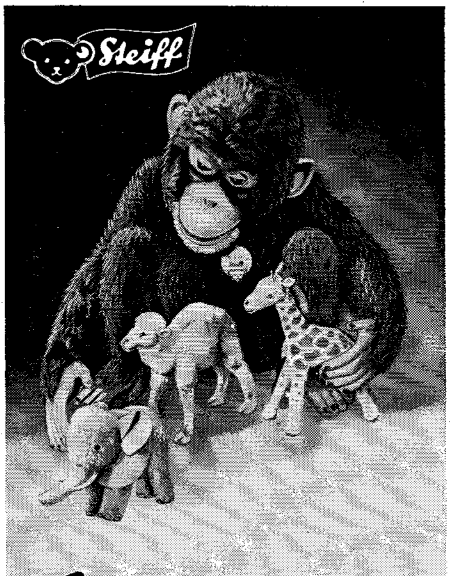

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theatre—one for straightforward acting, the other for taking an unworthy play into her own hands, changing its shape to suit herself, chewing it like a bone, juggling it on her chin, and otherwise making a prop of it. I'm reasonably sure she could have managed James on the level if good James had been provided. But in the present case her critical faculty must have told her that clean work was useless and she had better exercise the old vaudeville option. Her efforts along these lines are characteristically sturdy—and yet, it struck me, a little apologetic and distracted, as though it had occurred to her that she was trying to burlesque the unburlesquable. In general, she snarls, gurgles, bays, and purrs in much the usual way; she manipulates parasols like pool cues and fans like discuses; she launders the stage from wing to wing with the skirts of her spectacular gowns; she seems to be in command of the situation. But now and then, I thought, she gurgled a line that might better have been snarled, and snarled a line that might better have been gurgled. It's not hard to see how "Eugenia" could have undermined her judgment. It has the misfortune to be neither a good play nor a good vehicle, and for Miss Bankhead's purposes there is nothing in between that makes sense.

The star's uncertainty is exceeded by that of the rest of the cast. In particular, Scott Merrill, as the Baroness's brother, who was intended by James—and, I guess, by Mr. Carter—to be a highly sophisticated and articulate young man, speaking perfect English, shows signs of having lost his bearings entirely. He acts and sounds like a football player doing what used to be called "Dutch" comedy in a college musical show.

THE French company of Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault began four weeks of repertory at the Winter Garden last Wednesday. On the night I saw their production of Paul

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Claudel's "Christophe Colomb," a vast, bright, stirring synthesis of poetry, pageantry, music, dancing, and symbolism, the audience was large and happy. And with reason. If everything the Barrault troupe does on its visit is as skillfully and enthusiastically done as "Christophe Colomb" (which had its last performance Saturday night), we are in very good luck. —JOHN LARDNER

•

HOW TO TELL CHILDREN
THAT FATHER WEARS TOUPEE

By FRANCES L. ILG, M.D., and
LOUISE BATES, PH. D.

"Dear Doctors:

"My little boy is just 5 months old and I am beginning to wonder how and when to tell him that his father wears a toupee. I am afraid that finding out by chance might frighten him, or learning from someone else might shame him.

"My husband is in his early forties and, although the hair piece may be apparent to a really discerning eye, it does much to make him look his age and not ten years older.

"I realize how much children resent being different or having their parents different from average, and wonder if you can make him understand that this is to his father what makeup is to his mother. Can you enlighten me as to the right age to start getting him used to the idea and the best way to go about it?"

In our opinion, if both you and your husband are just as matter of fact and calm about the matter of his toupee as you would be about false teeth, or eye-glasses or anything else of the kind, even though your child may be temporarily surprised when he finds out about it, no serious or lasting harm will be done. In fact, you may find that there will turn out to be no problem at all.

Right now, though, as he grows into the grabbing stage, we think he should be protected from the accident of grabbing it off. You know that around this age children grab at people's eyes, noses, glasses, hair. Thus, when your husband holds the baby, he will have to manage to do it in some way (as he sits down with him for instance) so the baby is held at arm's length, or so his own hands are free to clasp the baby's grasping hands.

Though it would do no real harm if he finds out, casually, about this toupee during his preschool years, it would perhaps be better if he didn't know. Little children talk too much and, though this is nothing to be embarrassed about, you probably don't want him talking to his little friends about it.

If he doesn't find out of his own accord in the preschool years, sometime after he has started school we believe that the knowledge will come about casually. Some little incident will bring it up (or someone will tell him, though this is unlikely), and then you will just explain it with complete unconcern. Don't explain too much, any more than you would about false teeth. —*Portland (Maine) Express.*

By the way, how *are* your teeth?

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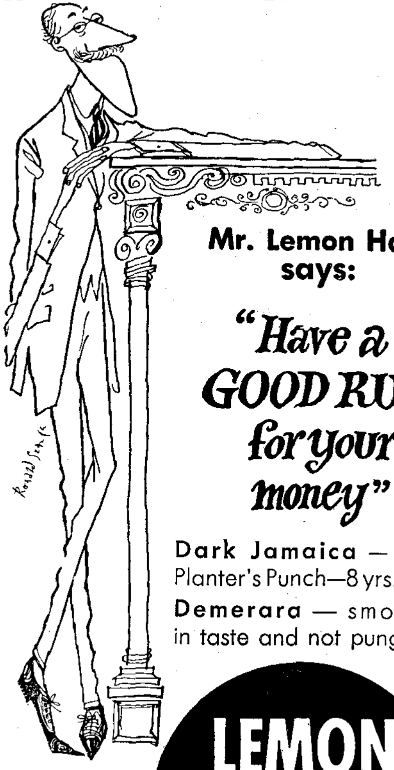

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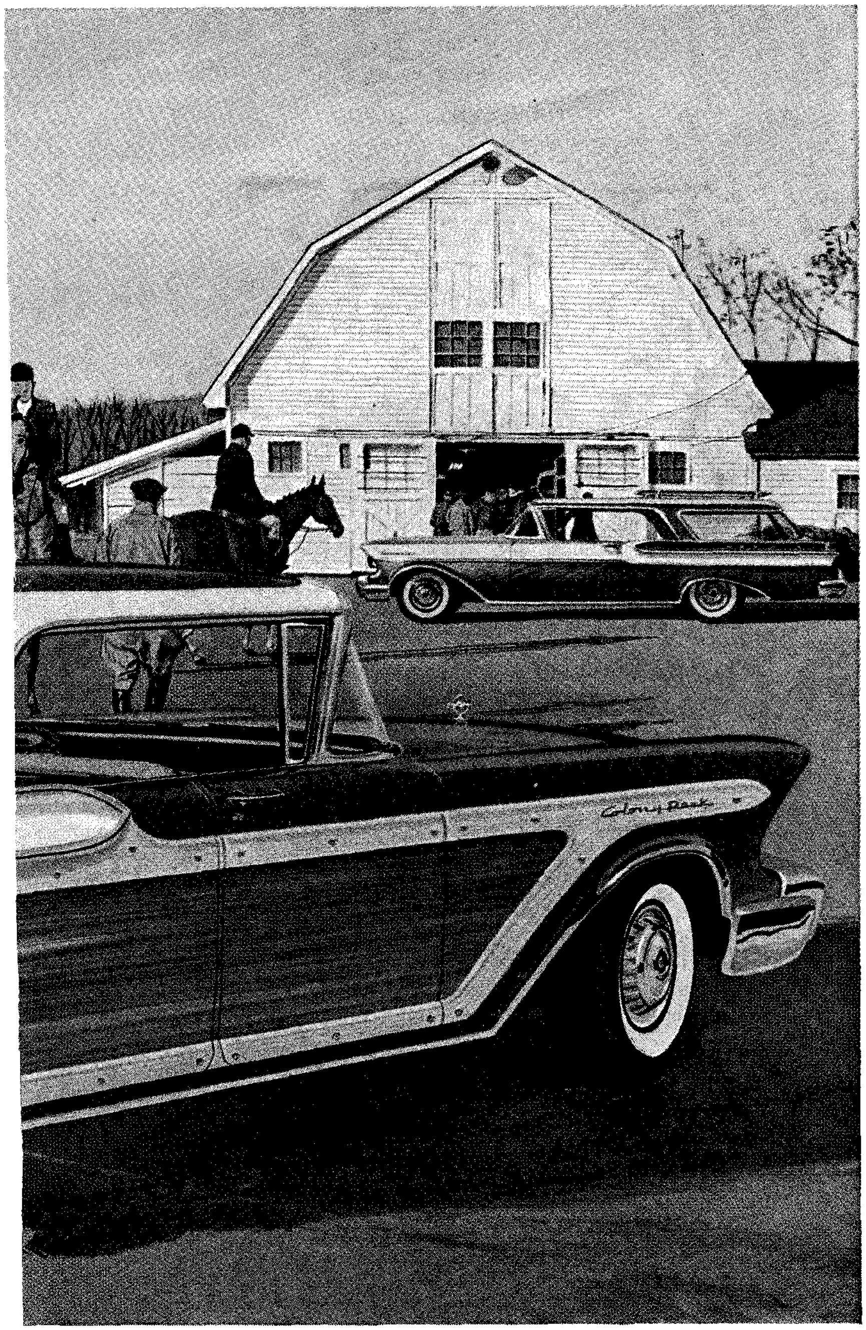
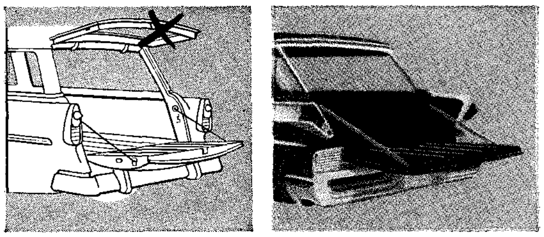


ton from the driver's seat. Mercury's new loading capacity is a giant 87.4 cubic feet.

Bigger all over! Exclusive Floating Ride with Air-Cushion Suspension gives true passenger-car comfort. Here are the most convenient, luxurious and easiest riding station wagons ever built. Everything is totally new. New beauty, new spaciousness, new riding comfort—new ideas everywhere you look.



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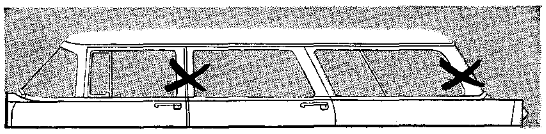

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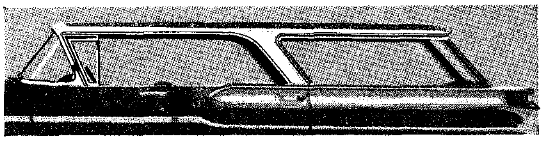

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the foreground above. The Voyager (left above) is available in both a 2-door 6-passenger and a 4-door 9-passenger model. The Commuter (top right) is Mercury's value series. It is available in 3 models—2- or 4-door 6-passenger, and 4-door 9-passenger.

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says MARGIE McNALLY
MISS RHEINGOLD 1957

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INDIAN CIRCLES

WE often hear it said that we, as people, have cheapened ourselves by simply becoming too many. Whenever I hear this remark, whether it is true or not, I automatically think back on those days when Mr. Gates seemed to me to be one of the few people on earth.

I was about eight years old, soon after the start of the century, when Mr. Gates became the only neighbor my father and I had in Montana. He took up a homestead some four miles from where my father had taken one up not long before. One of my older brothers had been with my father and me, but after a short time he decided that homesteading wasn't profitable enough, and he left us to get a job elsewhere in Montana. Most of the rest of the family, including my mother, were back in Everett, Washington, where some of my brothers and sisters were in school.

The last of the Indians had gone from our part of the prairie, and the only reminders of them were the stones they had placed around the bottoms of their tepees to hold them down during windstorms. These circles of stones had gradually sunk into the prairie sod until they were level with it, and buffalo grass had grown around them. They appeared as if they had been there always, a natural thing, and it seemed as if no one—Indians or anyone else—had been on the prairie ahead of my father and me. So when Mr. Gates arrived, he was an event merely by being another person. From our shack, my father and I could look across the treeless prairie at Mr. Gates' shack, which was silhouetted, but only partly, on what we called the benchland—the crest of a gentle rise. His shack was the only dwelling anywhere around besides our own. Like ours, his consisted of one room, with three windows, a low flat roof, and a stovepipe anchored by baling wire. Nearby was a small barn, similar to one we had.

Mr. Gates came to the prairie early in the summer. I was glad to see him, because I had no one else around to visit, and we soon became friends. He was a bald-headed, roly-poly man, with legs so short he could not swing up into a wagon seat any easier than I could. He talked constantly. On my first visit to his shack, he said he had been living here and there around Montana ever since he was a boy, and that he had even been in Montana ahead of General Custer. "But I never had any use for Custer," he added, "or for any of his damn officers, either, because they wouldn't listen when I warned them about the Indians. I never thought I'd ever be a homesteader, though, but look at me now." When I was about to leave, he said, "Wait a minute. I haven't shown you my scalp." He had only a fringe of hair at the back of an exceptionally round head, but this did not seem remarkable to me, as my father was almost bald. Mr. Gates told me that he had been scalped by Blackfeet and that they had felt sorry about it afterward and had returned the scalp to him. He said he had been keeping it in his trunk ever since. The trunk was nothing more than an old toolbox from off a wagon, and it stood in a corner of the room. He opened the trunk and took out the scalp. I noticed that it had a cloth lining. He put on the scalp, and the hair fitted all over his head. I thought it made him look much younger. He went on to say that during his younger years in Montana he had killed hundreds of Blackfeet, Flatheads, Crows, and Piegans, but not many Sioux. He explained that the reason he spared so many Sioux was that he made friends with them, and had been adopted by one of them, a chief named Two Belly, so that he could teach the Sioux how to make gunpowder and fire rifles. Glancing out a window at some buffalo skulls—they were still plentiful on our part of the prairie—Mr. Gates remarked that he had killed most of those buffalo many years ago.

From time to time, when I went to see him, Mr. Gates would point out to me where some of his more important battles with the Indians had taken place. "See that knoll over there about five miles, the one that's black from a prairie fire," he said to me one fall afternoon. "Well, one time . . ." And then he went on to tell me about his biggest Indian battle. On that occasion, he said, thirty Piegans came at him while he was cooking breakfast over a campfire. The fight had lasted from morning until nightfall, and had moved down into a draw back of the knoll he had pointed out to me, and that was why the draw had been known ever since as Dead Indian Coulee. From a drawer in a wooden table he pulled

Look at the difference . . . it's
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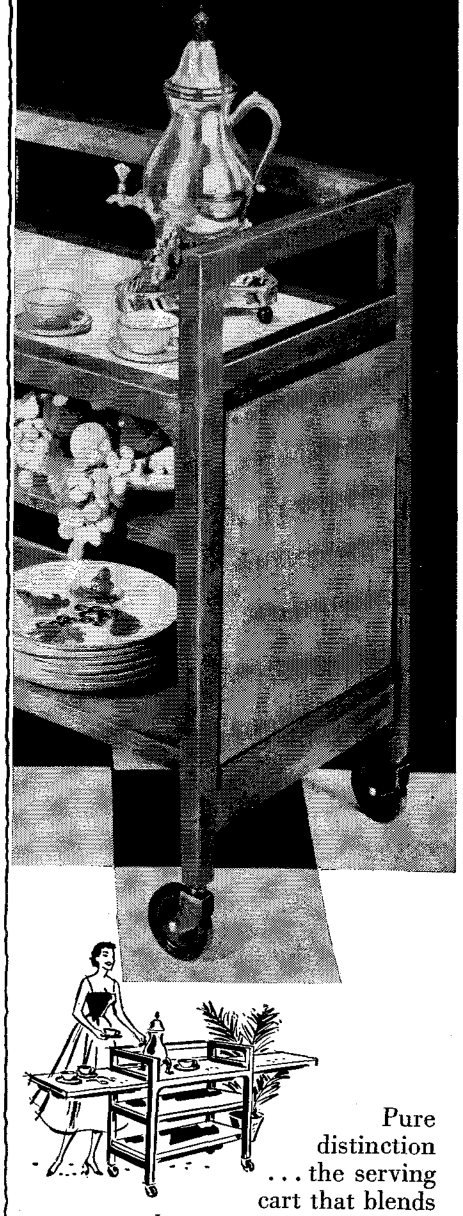

Pure distinction . . . the serving cart that blends stately amber mahogany with flickering wild-grained cherry. Pure function . . . its movable center shelf, Nevamar top, drop leaves that lift for cocktails or supper. From the more than 80 pieces in the Counterpoint® Collection . . . this one, $102.*

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**Slightly higher in the West*

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DREXEL FURNITURE CO.
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out a county homestead map and showed me the name on it.

When I got home that afternoon, I took out my father's homestead map and showed him the name. Then I told him how Mr. Gates had been responsible for it. "Oh, pshaw!" my father said. "Did *he* really tell you that? Well, I just wonder what he'll be telling you next." Mr. Gates had said he was going to tell me next about how he finally managed to escape the Piegans, after killing most of them, including a second bunch. I didn't say so to my father, however, because he had such a strange expression on his face. "But a neighbor's a neighbor, I suppose," he said, and, leaving me, he walked out to the barn.

My father and Mr. Gates did not visit each other, nor did they seem to have much to talk about when they accidentally met on the prairie. They were not hostile, or anything like that; they just didn't seem interested in each other. Also, my father had heard that when Mr. Gates drove his team and wagon to the nearest town, thirty-two miles away, for supplies, he "carried on"—dancing with women and wearing "all that hair." I wasn't sure about that, as I had not been to town since Mr. Gates became our neighbor. But I did know he never read the Bible, and didn't even own one, because he told me so. My father, though, read passages from the Bible aloud to me each morning, just after we finished breakfast and before we started doing our chores.

FOR some time after telling my father about the battle of Dead Indian Coulee, I did not visit Mr. Gates. Winter was coming on, and my father and I were busy getting ready for it. We rebanked the sides of our shack with sod to help keep the winds from blowing up under the floor, and we cut dried buffalo grass and stored it in the barn for our two plow horses. The first snow came unusually early. It was not a deep one, and I was able to go to see Mr. Gates. He told me he was not at all surprised by the early snow; he said he knew it was coming, because of an old Indian sign that Chief Two Belly had taught him to recognize. I asked what the sign was, and he said he had sworn to Chief Two Belly not to tell white men but that someday he might tell me, if the Chief's ghost wasn't around. Pretty soon, the snow got too deep for me to walk to his shack, and then the only way we knew we had a neighbor was by seeing black smoke rise from his stovepipe. Almost every morning, my

"THE TOWN'S TOP TICKET!" —Coleman, Mirror

Ethel Merman in "Happy Hunting"
Fernando Lamas
with Virginia Gibson Gordon Polk Mary Finney
Renato Cibelli Olive Templeton Leon Belasco
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A NEW PLAY BY ARNOLD SCHULMAN
DIRECTED BY GARSON KANIN
WITH
DAVID BURNS KAY MEDFORD
JOYCE VAN PATTEN TOMMY WHITE
AND LEE GRANT

PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY BORIS ARONSON
LIGHTING BY JEAN ROSENTHAL
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Matinees: March 13, 20, 27, April 3, 10, 24, May 1, 8.

PRICES—Opening Night: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.10, 3.45. Thereafter Mon. to Thurs. Eves.: Orch. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.10, 3.45, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: Orch. $6.25; Balc. $4.60, 4.10, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.10; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Included.

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A NEW PLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
STARRING
MAUREEN STAPLETON
WITH
ROBERT LOGGIA LOIS SMITH
JOANNA ROOS CRAHAN DENTON
ELIZABETH EUSTIS ROBERT WEBBER

DIRECTED BY HAROLD CLURMAN
PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY BORIS ARONSON COSTUMES BY LUCINDA BALLARD
LIGHTING BY FEDER MUSIC ARRANGED BY JOHN MEHEGAN

PRICES—Opening Night: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Eves. thereafter: Orch. $6.90 and 5.75; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Tax Incl.

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father, seemingly fascinated by the sight, would say to me, "Mr. Gates has got up, I notice."

Then one night we had our first chinook, which meant the breaking up of winter, and the snow began melting. Next day, when I visited Mr. Gates, he said he might start for town early in the morning. This would be his first trip there in several months, and since my father hadn't been there for almost as long, Mr. Gates asked me if we had any errands for him to do. I knew we had quite a few, so I returned to our shack and told my father, and he wrote out a list. "Just as I've kept saying," my father said as he handed me the list to take back to Mr. Gates, "a neighbor's still a neighbor." At daybreak the following morning, when we looked over at Mr. Gates' shack, his wagon, which usually stood near the barn, was not there, and no smoke was coming from his stovepipe.

Mr. Gates was away for more than a week on that trip. We did not see him come home, so he must have returned after dark. We knew he was back, because one morning we saw the familiar silhouette of his wagon between his barn and his shack, but as yet there was no smoke trailing up from the stovepipe. I thought Mr. Gates must be sleeping later than usual. As soon as I finished a couple of my chores, I started across the prairie, telling my father I wanted to see if Mr. Gates had got the things on the list we gave him. As I neared the shack, I thought he must have seen me approaching; his door was open, and I thought I saw him standing there to welcome me, as he usually did. But when I came closer, I saw that the figure in the doorway was a woman. I was so surprised that I stopped right where I was and stared at her. She stared back at me.

The woman was wearing Mr. Gates' sheep-wool-lined overcoat, which reached about to her knees; her legs and feet were bare. She had long black hair that hung loose all around her head, and presently, without taking her eyes off me, she began brushing it back with her hands. In a minute or two, Mr. Gates appeared in the doorway. He motioned for me to come into the shack, and then he said something to the woman that I couldn't hear. When I reached the door, he began to laugh. He slapped me on the shoulder and said, "By God, but you look scared. What you so scared about? You act like you've never seen a woman before in your whole life." Well, I hadn't seen a woman on the prairie before. In fact, the only women

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I had seen in a long time were those I saw on a trip to town with my father. They were not like this woman. Their hair had already been done up, and they had dresses on, instead of only a sheep-wool-lined overcoat. At least, this seemed to be all she was wearing.

I walked a few feet inside the shack. At first, everything was a blur. When my eyes cleared, I saw that the bundles Mr. Gates had brought from town were scattered around the floor, along with a strange assortment of women's garments. Nothing was in order. A chair had been upset, and on the table two coffee cups were lying on their sides. Although my father never drank whiskey, or even kept a bottle of it in our shack, I knew how whiskey smelled, and now I was smelling a lot of it. I wanted to back out of the doorway, but Mr. Gates was watching me and grinning.

The woman finally said something to me, but I could not understand her, as the words seemed to be partly foreign. She herself looked that way—maybe partly Spanish or Italian, I thought, because she had very dark eyes, and her face was darker than that of most women I had seen. Then Mr. Gates said to me, "A woman sure'd be good to have around out here all the time, but"—and now he looked at me closely, without grinning—"what would your dad think?" In the immensity of what was happening, I had not thought about that. "Her people," Mr. Gates went on, "used to make camp around here lots of times in the old days. By God, I bet I've known her ever since she and me were both about your age. You know, I bet when she was a kid she helped put up the tepees for her folks around here, and helped gather some of those stones you're always talking about. The ones in circles. I bet she did. I'll ask her." In a strange mixture of language, Mr. Gates and the woman began talking—and gesturing—to each other. Then he turned back to me. "She says, if you like, she would go outside and show you exactly where she put some stones herself. She still remembers, and it would make her happy, she says."

By now, my stomach was doing funny things, and I could not get any words to come out. If she had been wearing Indian clothes, I would have known right away from Indian pictures what she was, but not when she was wearing just an overcoat, and standing there in her bare feet.

She said something to Mr. Gates, and they both laughed. Mr. Gates said to me, "What she's laughing about is that she has no business being this far off the

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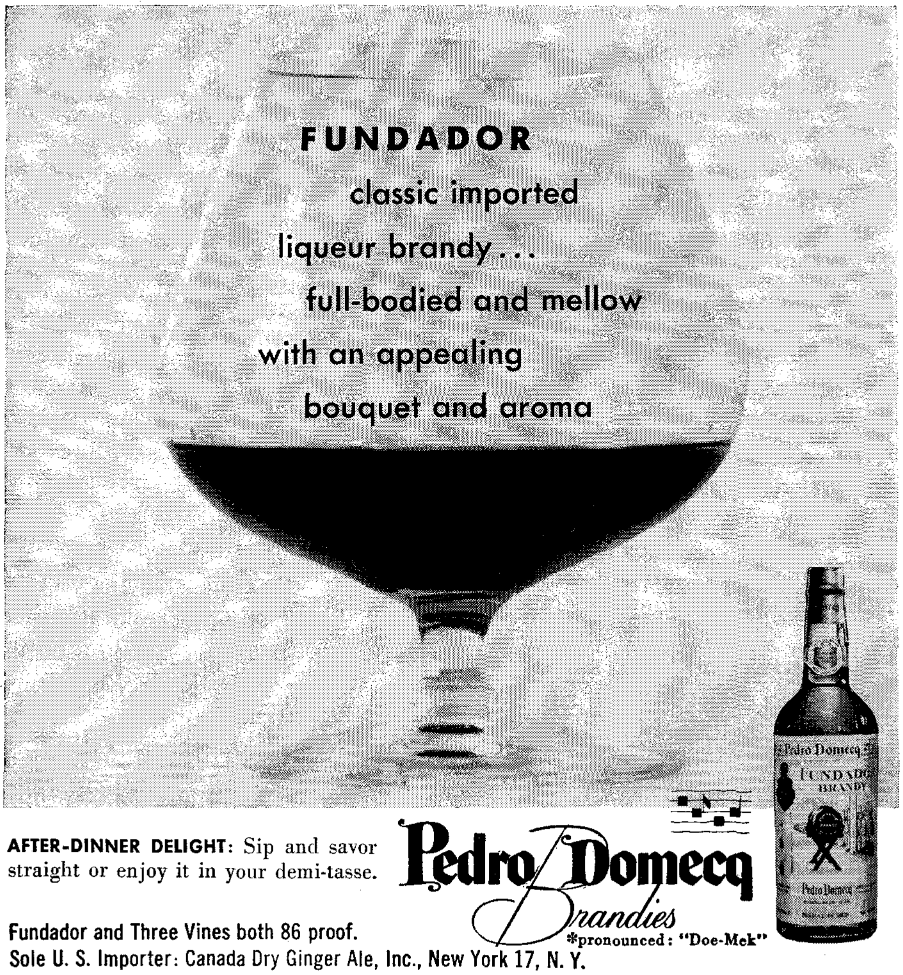

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reservation, and she knows it. But what the hell? She just got a little looped, I guess, but so was I. So, when I was leaving town yesterday, she climbed in my wagon, and I let her come. She said she wanted to see some of her old camping places out here again." Mr. Gates paused a moment, and then said, once more, "But what'll your dad think about me having a woman over here?"

My father would not believe she really was an Indian, I thought, and even if she was one, I had a feeling he would not want me to visit her and Mr. Gates again. But I didn't say anything.

Mr. Gates must have realized something of what I was thinking, because he smiled and said, "Of course, she ought to tidy herself up a bit. Get her moccasins on, and some of her other stuff, and begin looking pretty once more. But you should have seen her in the wagon last night, when she was *really* looped. I sure had one hell of a time trying to convince her, all the way out, that she wouldn't see Chief Two Belly again even when she did get out here. He was her uncle, but she'd forgotten he was dead. Or else she'd made up her mind he wasn't dead. Indians can do that, you know."

I nodded, as if I had always known, and this man-to-man confidence between us seemed to please Mr. Gates. The woman said something to him, but again I could not make out the words. He interrupted her long enough to say to me, "She thinks you're a mighty fine boy, but she wonders if you've ever learned to talk. She wants to know when she can go out and show you some of those stones she placed in circles. But I think you hadn't better."

"On account of my father?" I asked, and I realized these were the first words I had said.

Mr. Gates nodded. "And another thing," he said. "Because of your dad, I'd better keep her inside until dark, so he won't see her, and she 'n' me—we'll leave in the wagon soon's it gets dark. And you won't have to tell your dad you saw a woman over here at all. How's that?"

"All right, I guess." It was all I could think of to say.

"Shake on your promise, then," Mr. Gates said. We shook hands. "You see," he went on, "I've about decided that on a prairie as flat as this, a fellow like me ought to have no neighbor at all, or else a hell of a lot of them. Now, I don't mean *you* personally. Get me straight. You 'n' me have had a good time right along. But if I can't have an Indian woman like this around to stay once in

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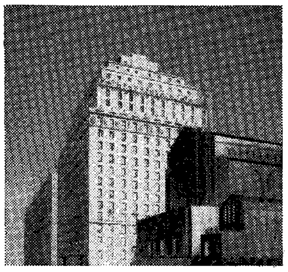

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a while—why, hell and horses, this prairie's too crowded."

While Mr. Gates was talking, the woman had begun brushing her hair again with her hands, and now her eyes were taking in the prairie. I would have liked to walk around the prairie with her, and have her point out some of the circles of stone she had made, but this, I knew, would not do now. So I simply slipped past her through the doorway, turned around, and bowed to her (I was not sure whether a visitor shakes hands with an Indian woman), and then I started back to our shack. Later that day, Mr. Gates brought over the supplies he had bought for us in town, and I saw him again briefly. He didn't, of course, mention the woman.

THE next morning, no smoke rose from Mr. Gates' stovepipe, and his wagon was gone. But this time he didn't return after a week. Instead, after several weeks another wagon, with two strangers in it, pulled up at his shack. They went inside, and then began loading their wagon. When they had finished, they drove over to our shack, and one of them told my father that Mr. Gates had given up homesteading and had sent them for his things. Mr. Gates had said he didn't want some of the things, such as food, and he had asked the men to leave them with us. They did this, and my father was so grateful he wrote a letter of thanks to Mr. Gates and gave it to the men to deliver. They drove away.

From then on, the prairie became once again just the prairie, the same as it had been before Mr. Gates' coming, as if there were no one on earth except my father and me. While helping my father plow, I would, as usual, toss into piles the stones from the Indian circles, along with the buffalo skulls lying around, to get such things out of our way, and I would think about Mr. Gates and his stories. I kept hoping that someday he might be returning, and might even bring back with him Chief Two Belly's niece—who would this time show me, maybe, where she herself had put down some of those stones.

—MAX MILLER

•

On the morning of Dec. 7, 1941, Knowland was having breakfast in bed when *Tribune* City Editor Al Reck called with the news of Pearl Harbor. Scrambling out of bed, Knowland sent his breakfast dishes flying in all directions. Six months later he was off to the Army.—*Time.*

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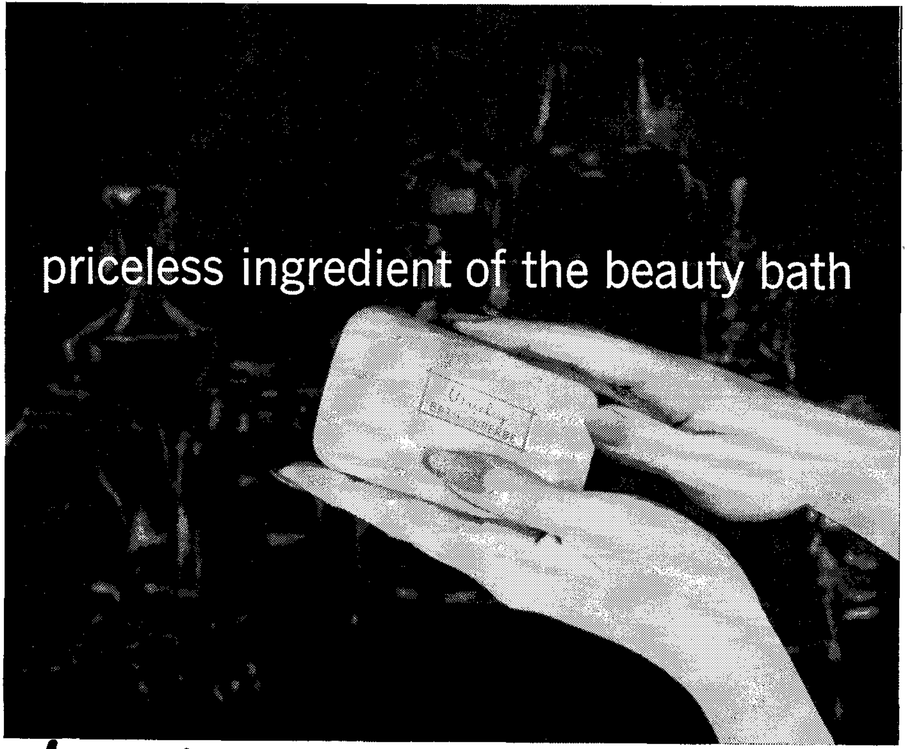

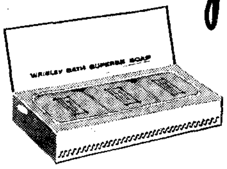

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THE ART GALLERIES

Temperance Lecture

IT is not always the quality of his art alone that establishes a man's reputation, at least in its beginnings. His personality has its effect, favorable or adverse, and as Correggio's truculence damaged his standing among his contemporaries, so Raphael's standing was enhanced by his remarkable friendliness and gentility. Perhaps because they are closer in time, the process seems all the more obvious among recent figures. Dali, of course, almost makes a business of combining artistic eccentricities with personal ones. But others arrived at the same result involuntarily, and frequently at the cost of great suffering. If van Gogh had not gone mad, he might well have been a greater artist, yet there is hardly any question that the tragedy of his life, dramatizing his paintings, has brought him a far wider and more immediate popularity than he might have had. The same thing, to an extent, is true of Modigliani, as it is of Maurice Utrillo (the two were famous drinking companions, till the former's death, when he was only thirty-five, of tuberculosis), whose works are now on view in a big loan exhibition at Wildenstein.

Born in 1883, the natural son of Suzanne Valadon, a model later turned artist, Utrillo was a raging alcoholic in his teens. Though he had been adopted by the Spanish writer Miguel Utrillo, there were persistent rumors that Renoir was his father, based on the fact that Valadon had been one of his favorite models, and there seems no doubt that the uncertainty about his parentage was a major factor in his excesses. Perhaps because of it, he was, by a familiar psychological inversion, violently drawn to his mother. Although she seems to have neglected him sadly during his youth, he signed all his early paintings with a "V" (for Valadon) after his name, as if to bring himself closer to her; she was for a long time the only one who could manage to control him during his sprees, and when, in his early forties, he achieved an immense and extremely profitable fashionable success, one of the first things he did was to set her up with her own château, carriage, and so on.

Success, however, did not change his habits; it merely helped to spread his legend. To be sure, in his later years he married a forceful widow who "straightened him out" rather drastically. But except for this, and the fact that he lived to a considerable age—he died a little more than a year ago, aged seventy-one—his career followed the classic pattern of the reckless, feckless bohemian, as careless of his life as he is of his talent, and who burns up both in picturesque dissipation. For Utrillo *was* talented. But—and I hope I don't sound like a reformer—no one has ever been able to drink his way to greatness, and while the legends about him might have suffered, Utrillo might have been a far better artist, perhaps a truly great one, if his life, both emotionally and artistically, had been more orderly. This is hard to demonstrate (who can prove what might have been?), but I think there are oblique indications all through the present show.

For one thing, the early paintings, or from "Quai Malaquais," done in 1906 and loosely Impressionist in style, on down to "Le Jardin de Renoir," which was painted around 1910, are in many ways the best—particularly in their far wider outlook. At that time, he was interested more than he ever was afterward in the variety of subjects that landscape painting afforded. He was interested, too, in their atmosphere—the effects of sheer weather upon them—and so the range is from the dark, leafy "La Guinguette à Montmagny," through the greener, airier "Rue Drevet, Montmartre," with its banked slope of shrubs and flowers, to the somewhat Pissarroesque long street vista called "Rue de la Jonquière." In general, it was not till his White Period, a little later (ironically, it was the one that marked the beginning of his success), that his work settled into that rather formalized method of presentation in which the subjects—a street or a street corner, a church building or a square—seem to exist, a bit drearily, in a chill vacuum not only airless but timeless, or at least devoid of the effects of sun and shadow, wind and calm, that go with changes of the weather. In his last paintings, this summary absence of interest in the elements as they might affect his presentation becomes more pronounced, as does his tendency to stiffen the outlines till they look as if they were done on a drafting board. Yet there are exceptions—one can't be arbitrary about art—and compensations. As late as 1939, Utrillo did the small and charming "Le Moulin de la Galette sous la Neige," which catches beautifully the mood of a sunny winter's day, and scattered throughout there are others—"L'Ancien Domaine de Gabrielle d'Estrées," with its blocky manor house and farm buildings, the carefully composed "Rue Chappe," and "Le Sacré Cœur," with its skillful use of whites—that admirably confuse my thesis, and his design, if repetitious, is always graceful. And it must be said that it took tenacity to be willing to explore almost the same subjects throughout a lifetime. Perhaps the very monotony of the scenes has a value in emphasizing the monotony of everyday life as he saw it.

I BELIEVE I get the credit, or the blame, for coining the term Abstract Expressionist, to define a style that combined the analytic quality of the one with the coloristic ebullience of the other. Since then, the school has gathered force—to the point where a new group is emerging, less aggressive in use of color, perhaps more concerned with surface aspects, and generally gentler in mood. Someone, I don't quite know who, has neatly christened this general style of painting Abstract *Im*pressionism, and unless I'm much mistaken we've three men on the list this week—Thomas Sills at the Parsons Gallery, Hollis Holbrook at Contemporary Arts, and John Hartell at the Kraushaar—who fall into this category. I liked Sills' work most of all, for its broader range, and his "Flight" is especially good, for its suggestion of the dynamics of a plane in motion. Both Hartell and Holbrook go in largely for landscape themes, and both, too, display a nice feeling for the rhythmic compositional effects that are possible in their subjects—Hartell perhaps best in "Shore" and "Noon" and Holbrook in "Southwest Harbor" and "Brown Passage." The main fault I find with them all is that they tend to be too consciously "poetic" at the expense of any deep exploration of their subjects' formal qualities.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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THE MYSTERIOUS AND INADVERTENT EAST

[*Adv. in the Osaka (Japan) Mainichi*]

COSTUME DANCERS FROM AUSTRALIA

MISS GLORIA DAVIS and MISS SHIRLEY MAY SWAN, Costume Dancers from Australia, were billed as nude stars in the OS Music Hall advertisement dated January 3.

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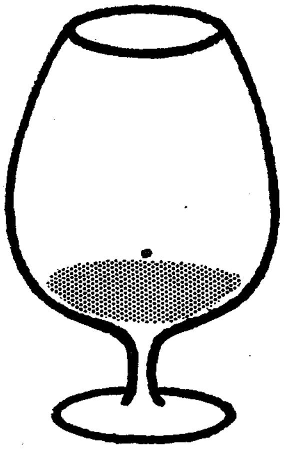

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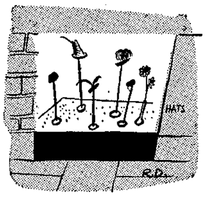
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

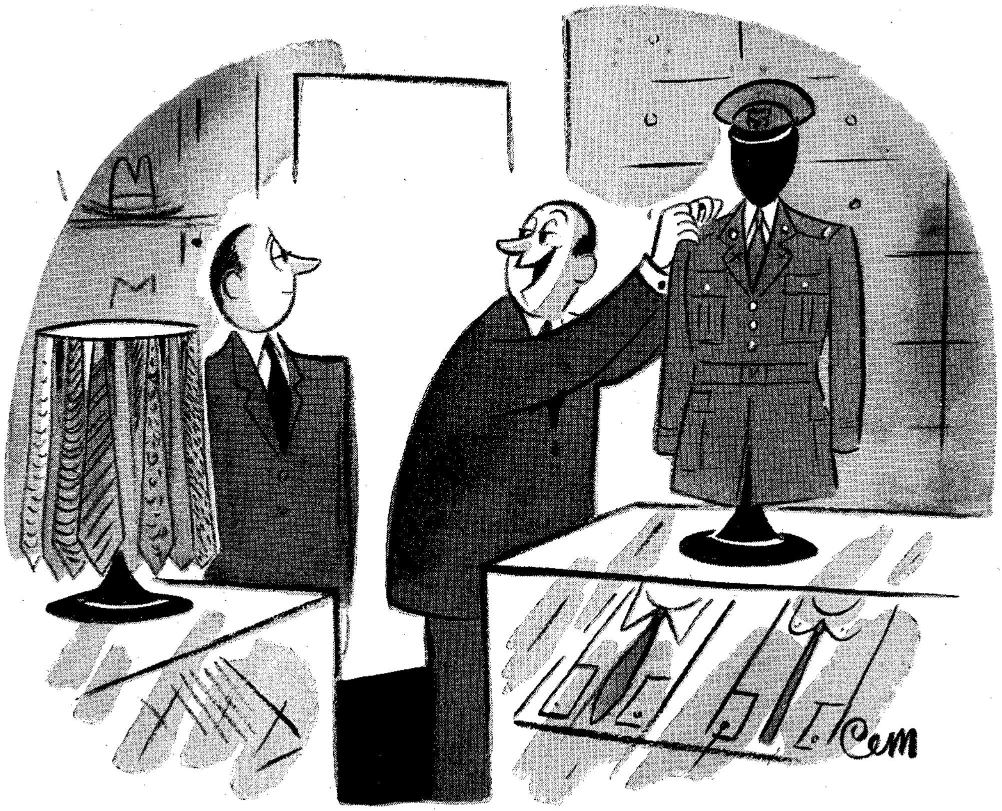
FEMININE FASHIONS



WOMEN who wear resort clothes this year will, as I have murmured before, all be fastidiously feminine, but their femininity will be represented by both understated aplomb and sheer, old-fashioned, garden-party prettiness. In the first of these categories, no dress could be more charming than Clare Potter's short-sleeved linen with a deep scoop neck front and back—on an elasticized band, to make the décolletage adjustable. The dress glides smoothly down the body (a seam around the waist is the sole interruption) to an easy, circular hemline. It comes in lots of solid colors, among them larkspur blue, geranium red, petunia pink, and lilac lilac, and costs $69.95 at Bonwit Teller and Jay Thorpe, to name two addicts. In the second category, there's a dress by another Claire (last name McCardell), of white swiss batiste imbued with delicate, party-china bouquets of pastel flowers surrounded by big squares, patterned like handkerchief borders, in teal blue and black. This has a short-sleeved surplice top, a full, gathered skirt, and a patent-leather belt; $59.95 at Altman, for one. Lord & Taylor's own version of it involves a skimpy shirtwaist top (with puffed sleeves) on which the cross-bar pattern is worked into inverted Vs front and back. Some of this impulse toward prettiness inevitably leads to prints of the Liberty of London type. One of the most ingratiating (and inexpensive) sweater costumes in town starts with a dress of crisp, cottony dacron that's a mass of floral print in which gold, pink, or blue predominates. The skirt is all permanent accordion pleats. Over this goes an orlon sweater with pleated edgings of the print, and the whole thing is $29.95 in Altman's Spectator Dress Department. Actual Liberty lawns are everywhere, and I suspect that they are becoming fashionable again, but I have to confess to an irrational prejudice against them, even when Jamison makes them up. I must have been frightened at an early age by the wrong kind of beldame. However, Jamison does use some beautiful white Liberty *linens*, with up-and-down floral stripes in various larkspur blues, pinks and fuchsias, or apricots and pale blues, for sleeveless shirtwaist dresses buttoned all the way down the front; around $40 to $45 at places like Jay Thorpe and Martha West.

The femininity drive also leads to full-skirted, petticoated, doll-waisted dresses, notably those by Murray Zenkel in Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room, but—to look at the reverse side of the coin—the slick sheath silhouette is still unworried. Every shop (yes, *every* shop) has its own "basic" skimp of this nature, often by the well-known designer Anon. Nantucket Naturals' slim linens, at about $35 to $45, have never been better. One of them, at Altman, is of beige, avocado, cherry, or bright-blue linen, and there are slanting seams through the ribs and another across the hipbones, for a touch of roundness. Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room shows a new version of its own model, a town-or-country job, this time with short sleeves, a trim and pointed collar, inverted V detail flat on the diaphragm, and a wide self belt running around the back from the sides of this detail; $45. You may have it in beige, pastels, coral, navy, or black. The Blue Room is also the home of a beach or dinner bit of prim coquetry—a linen princesse sheath with shoulder straps ending in self bows in front and a waist-length jacket to match; $50. Harvey Berin has designed a pastel linen dress with wide shoulder straps; white cotton-lace appliqué joins the body of the dress to the white linen that goes around the décolletage and edges the hem. The price is $125. Bergdorf is one who owns this, as well as his Wedgwood, which is linen in the blue the name calls for. The skirt is wrap-around, white binding encircles the collarless neck and the open armholes, and little white embroidered sprigs grow all over it; $100.

BUT let us get on to a methodical, shop-by-shop canvass. The willowy sheath has no more talented or demented supporter than Rudi Gernreich, a designer Lord & Taylor keeps all to itself. His undulant arrangement of black shantung has eight vertical stripes of grosgrain ribbon—gold, cerise,



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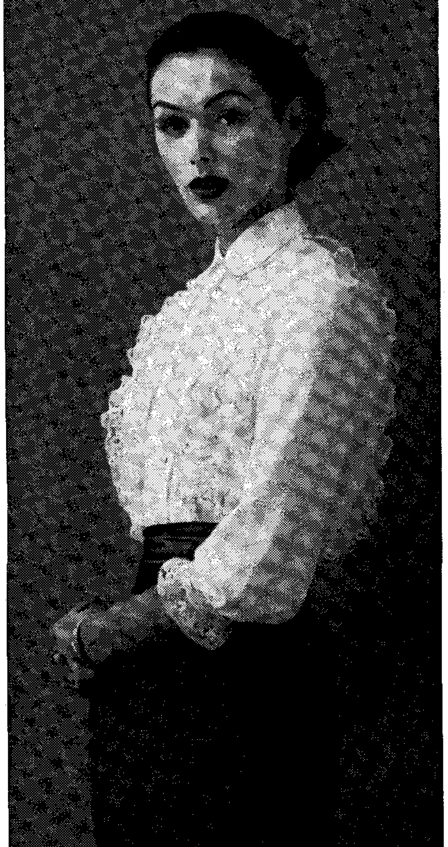

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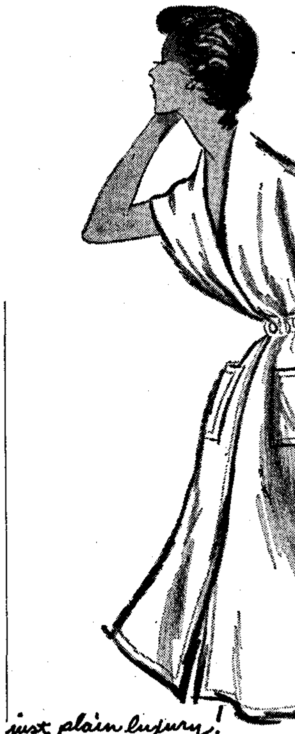
tobacco, and orange—from its bateau neck to its hem; $59.95. Another Gernreich sheath is of heavy jacquard-checked cotton in solid colors—yellow, pink, black, and white. Over it goes a waist-length, straight, sleeveless jacket of Balkan flavor, in which three separate patterns are involved. With one black sheath goes a jacket that has a black-and-white pin-striped back, a polka-dotted front, and a black-and-white checked lining; another covering for a black sheath combines an olive-and-white polka-dotted front, a baby-blue-and-white checked lining, and an olive-and-white pin-striped back. These are $49.95. Claire McCardell, also visible at Lord & Taylor, has come up with a no-underwear-needed beauty of heavy black cotton on which big white crossbars are prominent. The front is a prim, shirt-collar one, but the halter back is cut to the waist, where a wide self belt is attached to keep the dress snug and then is detached to gather in the dress in casual folds; $35. A handsome Clare Potter sheath of beige, oatmeal, or petunia-pink linen has a clinging, bias-cut top with a low yoke; $75. There are inset pockets on the chest and peg-top folds at the top of the slender skirt. Huge white rickrack braid makes vertical bands on the square-necked bodice of a sheath of olive-drab or bright-pink linen, as well as a jagged line down the front and back of the skirt; $69.95.

I WAS speaking just a moment ago of full-skirted, petticoated doll dresses and the fact that Murray Zenkel is a designer of them. Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room is an ardent sponsor of such stuff. One Zenkel is of cotton with a French-ribbon sort of striping—flowered and plain stripes alternating and blue or pink in the ascendant. The dress has a scoop neck, short sleeves, and diagonal folds across the ribs to make the bodice look even snugger; $65. A print—gold, fuchsia, or bright-blue butterflies on white surah—is used for Zenkel dresses with shirtwaist tops and full skirts that are all unpressed pleats. Other sassy doll dresses come from Helga of California. One dandy is of navy cotton with leafy white stems in stripes on the bodice, massed around the waistline, and spraying outward below. This is sleeveless, and the back is low and oval; $90. I love all of these, but it is hard to forget another example of this genre, by Harvey Berin, of white ribbed piqué from Switzerland, with delicate wild-strawberry clusters embroidered here and there. Unpressed box pleats make



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the skirt, and the sleeveless top, piped with red cotton, has a bateau neck. It's $100.

INTERESTING fabrics lurk at Bergdorf Goodman. A thin white silk finely checked in red, blue, or pink has gold fleur-de-lis dots woven in it to boot. A dress of it by Filcol is in the simplest shirtwaist style, with a wide roll collar, elbow sleeves, and flaring cuffs. Then comes Ceil Chapman's warp-printed cotton, blurred and muted olive greens and bronzes with flashes of mauve, which makes (naturally) a Ceil Chapman dress, with a bateau neck in front, a very low U neck in back, and slanting detail forming sidewise drapery on the hips—still more proof that Miss C. can persuade bustlines and hiplines to look deliciously rounded. This is $80. Next comes a Bergdorf fabric from India—a streaky silk in a bold periwinkle-and-gold plaid. This ends up as a full-skirted dance dress with a prim, square-necked bodice.

Downstairs, in Bergdorf's Sports Department, there are tailored separates as fresh as lingerie, done in linen ornamented all over with sprigged rosebud embroidery. I like these best with a charcoal ground, but there are pastels, too. Bermuda shorts are $19, to give an idea. Cabana has made up, specially for Bergdorf, some splashy separates of slubbed white cotton that resembles shantung and is covered with inch-and-a-half-wide polka dots, either red and pink or pale and purple-blue. Among these separates are bathing suits with little-boy shorts; they may be accompanied by a piqué beach coat or slacks in solid purple-blue or red. Items run from $25 to $45. And, in case you're in search of those wild appliquéd skirts at humanitarian prices, Bergdorf has them, too. Some are of denim covered with jewelled asparagus and other realistic vegetables, for $30, and there are slacks and shorts of the same denim assemblage.

IN Altman's Spectator Dress Department is one of the best-looking linen dusters I've seen in many a dust storm. The color is that misty gray-green now called Loden. This gem, which is yours for $45, has a round neck encircled by a flat band, big pearl buttons down the front, and three-quarter sleeves. In the same department lives a new invention that's been christened Arnel, a synthetic that can be made in a fine sharkskin weave. A simple, V-neck dress of it, with an accordion-pleated skirt, is $39.95. This fabric also shows

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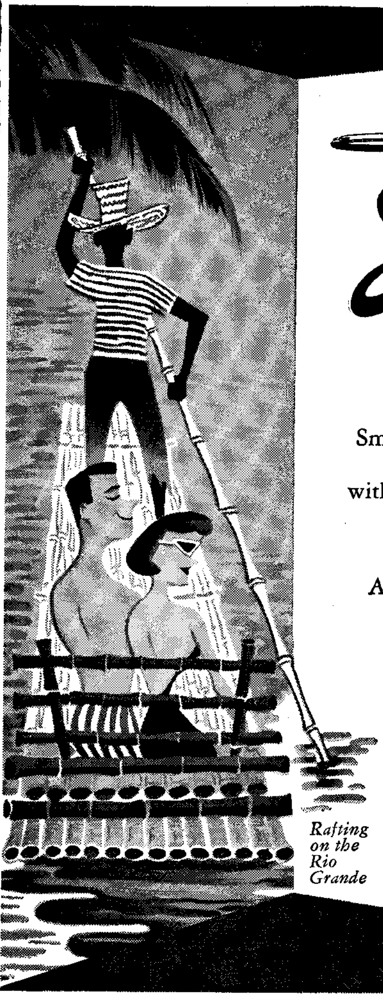

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up in the women's department, where sizes can run as high in half sizes as 24½ and in full sizes as 44, in an allover red, green, or blue floral print. Dresses with V necks, short sleeves, and permanently accordion-pleated skirts are the result; $29.95. This department also offers a green Moygashel linen dress with a deep scoop neck whipped all the way around with matching taffeta ribbon; a pink rose at the base of this makes it dressy enough for the evening, too. Elsewhere, Altman is showing, with cruise-bound misses in mind, Mollie Parnis's sleeveless surah sheath (*there's* a tongue twister for you!) in a print that's concerned with richly mottled sapphire blues and Kelly greens or crimsons and peacocks. The sheath, which has a V back, is endearing all by itself, but an overskirt of matching chiffon ties on when a soft swirl is indicated; $110 for the whole deal. An Adele Simpson contribution will also do well for dancing. The linen top has cap sleeves, tiny self-covered buttons, and nice diagonal folds as it approaches the waistline; the circular skirt is of matching chiffon. In either lime or apricot, it's $135. And I don't see, come to think of it, why Brigance's pet beach dress shouldn't go to the ball, too. It's a halter-back of cotton, with huge red and pink roses printed all over it; $35.

DE PINNA has thoughtfully provided a number of resort dresses, done in brilliant silk prints with stained-glass colors, that could be worn now and used later for journeys to the country on drizzly summer weekends. Suzanne Augustine's, of organza, has an oval neck, up-and-down pleats over the bosom, and a sapphire satin cummerbund that goes up on the ribs. The dress is lined to give it body, and the full skirt is a mass of unpressed pleats. Then, Trigère converts a Paisley-printed silk (reds and blues and greens) into a sheath with a deep V décolletage in back. To this she adds the trumpet flare down near the hem that she fancies this season. Great minds work in the same direction, so she, like Brigance, loves huge sleeves to make the costume beneath look extra skinny. Hers, which are short, are released from deep pleats at the sides of the shoulders. In the Sports Shop is a goodly assortment of linen dresses for from $39.95 to $45, and Nantucket Naturals are well represented. A basic sheath has a V back and a tab below it, a bateau neck in front, and peg-top folds over the hips. This appears in pastels, in black, or in white, so it can go with any casual sweaters and

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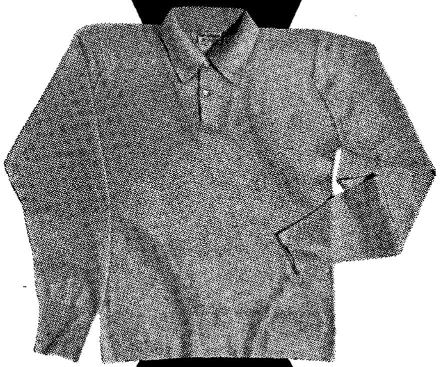

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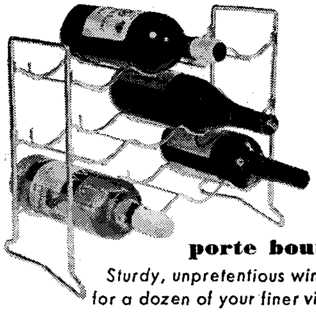

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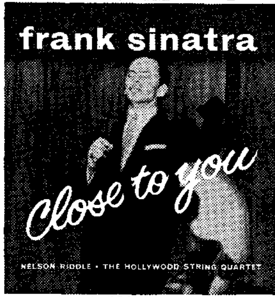
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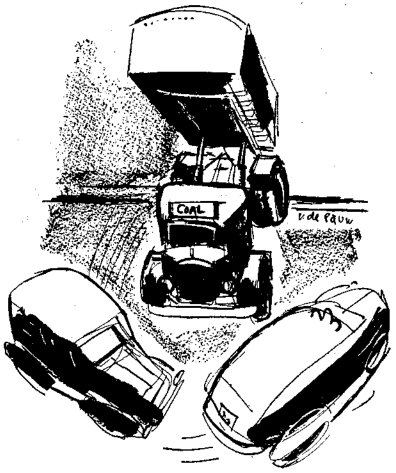
jackets that are lying around the house, and it's $29.95. Here, likewise, is David Goodstein's white linen sweater dress, a real prize, across which dogged tropical fish in blues and reds or oranges and yellows are swimming. Fish-shaped pearl buttons (nothing like carrying through on a motif) descend to a bit below the belt, and the skirt has side pleats. A black cashmere sweater piped with white linen goes over this job, which comes, complete, to $145. (Goodstein uses the same linen for his zippered-down-the-back, square-necked sheath, which I happened to see first at Hattie Carnegie; $60.)

AND, speaking of Mr. Goodstein, Jay Thorpe also thinks well of his work. To begin at random, there's a surah dress in his Verbena print—ethereal pink flowers and yellow-green leaves—with sequins and beads on the bateau neck and trimming the pink cashmere sweater; $145. A dress of his Cosmos print, in vivid pinks, has a waist-length jacket of the print instead of a sweater, for a change; $125. For women up to size 42, there are Alison's simple but dressy outfits in beige, blue, or yellow spun rayon. The decoration is delicate appliquéd embroidery in fan shape. This goes straight down the buttoned front of the scoop-necked, shirtwaist versions, and is dotted all over the ensembles consisting of a sleeveless, oval-necked dress and a short-sleeved jacket. They're $49.95 and $69.95, respectively.

THERE are, as anyone couldn't help expecting, new knits at Martha West. One, from Italy and suggesting heavy jersey, is made up into, among other things, a dress with a turnover collar and raglan sleeves that look (but only look) as though they were attached by featherstitching. It's pink,



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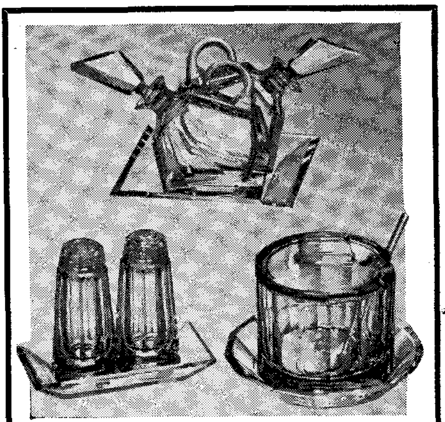
blue, navy, or beige, and it occurs in sizes up to 18; $35. A dress of another new knit—orlon with a dull-finish, hand-knit air—involves a crossed cardigan top with a deep ribbed edge and an easy, circular skirt; $39.95. A second Italian knit, which is ribbed, is also of orlon. It goes into a two-piece dress that ends in a fan-pleated skirt below the flat hipline. This runs as high as size 20, and shows up in a bright pink-red they call winterberry, in champagne, and in a nice aqua; all $29.95. The famous West linen knits, crunchy and porous, are used for six one- or two-piece styles, and they can be ordered in large sizes and half sizes. A two-piece suit with self-crocheted buttons on the waist-length jacket has easy revers on the collar; the skirt, though slim in effect, has a care-free flare. This is $75. Martha West also presents a good selection of Pakables, the name for clothes of a fabric that combines acetate, rayon, and nylon and has a dull, spongy finish. These have to go to the cleaner's now and then, but they never muss. The colors are aqua, azalea, Corsair blue, pink, and navy, to mention just a few. A particularly deserving costume consists of a scoop-neck, sun-back dress with satin appliqué on the buttons and a short-sleeved bolero jacket; $49.95.

PECK & PECK's printed ABC Everglaze cottons manage to convey fragility and crispness simultaneously. The Reef design is full of small fish. Yellow and orange ones appear on pale-cream grounds, mauve and deep-blue ones appear on pale-aqua grounds. Another has little orange or blue lobsters and crabs enmeshed in charcoal-brown seaweed, all arrayed in lacy up-and-down stripes on a white ground. With these prints to urge him on, Cole of California has turned out a variety of swimming and beach clothes, starting with maillot bathing suits that are shirred on elastic in back below very low oval décolletages, and often have shirring down the ribs, too, for a perfect cling. They're $19.95. (This shirred thing is famous with Cole, and it's far more flattering to heavyish figures than skirts, which tend to shorten the body even further.) Peck & Peck also shows two-piece bathing suits with boxer shorts, and a one-piece princesse suit with shirring down the ribs. This last is $35, which includes a separate skirt of unpressed pleats on an elasticized waistband. Among the beach or short evening dresses is one that's strapless, princesse through the middle, shirred down the ribs, and sharply flaring, by means of eight gores, toward the



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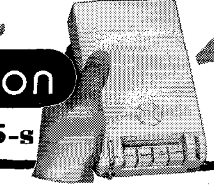

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hem. I liked this one in a crustacean stripe; $29.95. A woman is apt to look self-conscious with *everything* matching, but, for the record, there are huge beach bags with plastic patent-leather trim in prints to match all these things, for $5.95, and matching low-vamped beach shoes with flat leather heels, for $4.95. Another cotton print that Peck & Peck sets store by is Ice Cream Plaid—yellows and mauves and soft blues. It makes, among other romping gear, a pretty beach dress that has a tiny turnover collar with buttoned-down points in front, a bare, halter back, and a skirt with unpressed pleats. A wide white cotton belt accompanies this; $22.95 for the lot.

MEANWHILE, that worldly group that winters in Palm Beach has discovered black—black for all ages and all occasions. Hmm? —LOIS LONG

•

PROTEUS

I have no enemies today;
I may have had them yesterday;
Tomorrow I shall have some, maybe.
Not two days running has the same
Identity assumed my name
Since I was an unchristened baby.

The wicked godmother who brings
Envenomed gifts to christenings
Went mumbling down ancestral hall-
ways
Decreeing I should never be
A self-continued entity
But doomed to metamorphose always.

The things my name has done and said,
Like stories in a book I've read,
I scan with comments quite objective.
I am, perforce, indifferent
To future deeds I can't prevent
With their appropriate corrective.

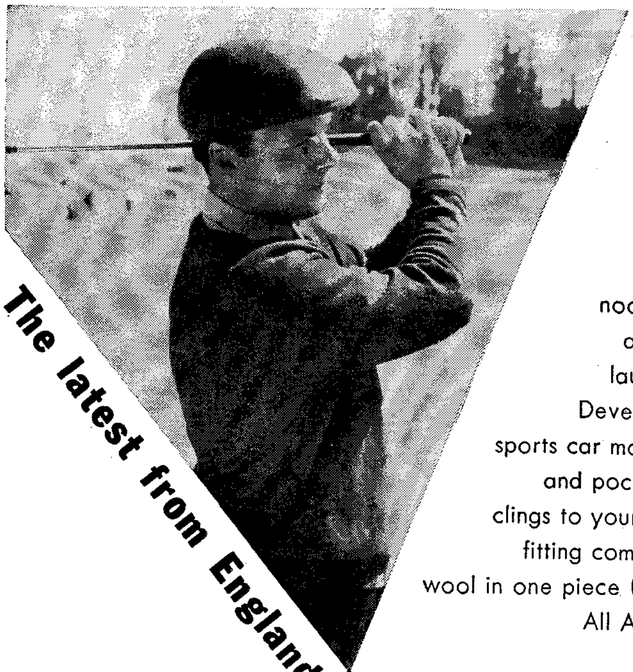
Today alone is my concern.
Tomorrow—why, I well may burn
For sins that were my someone-else's,
Or if good fortune, in his place,
Should substitute a man of grace,
Rise, singing Gloria in Excelsis.

—ROBERT HILLYER

•

The "bumps" in the center span roadway of the Mount Hope Bridge are being eliminated by the welding of steep strips to bring the expansion joints to grade with the blacktop surface. The work will be completed within the month. When the work is completed, the bridge will be removed.—*Newport (R.I.) Daily News.*

And that'll be the end of *that* trouble.



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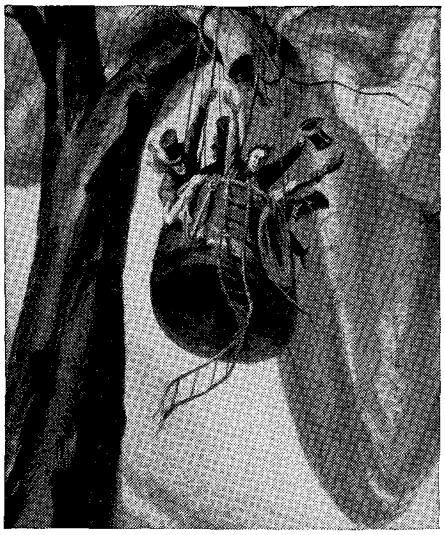

The old lady gave him what for

From AMERICAN HERITAGE

AN OLD LADY living near Henderson, N.Y. in 1859 scolded at the way the four men had arrived. Such sensible-looking men in such an outlandish vehicle! But John Wise and his crew, perched up in a tree, were too happy to listen. Caught by a storm, their aerial balloon had almost plunged beneath the angry waves of Lake Ontario, then crashed wildly through a mile of tree-tops before stopping in one.

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He had also proved his theory of an earth-circling air current—and that was far more important to him. For Wise was no carnival balloonist. He was a pioneer scientist of the air whose inquiring mind and courageous spirit helped start the forward march of American aviation.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Humanity on the Docks

"EDGE OF THE CITY," a film adaptation of Robert Alan Aurthur's television play called "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall," is a worthy attempt to demonstrate, in low-pitched dialogue laced with the shrilling of melodrama, that the color barrier is not insurmountable. Mr. Aurthur, who wrote the screenplay himself, depicts the dockside friendship of a couple of freight handlers—an easygoing, genial, and protective Negro foreman and a white hobo who has deserted from the Army and whose whole life has been cruel and empty. Under the kindly treatment of the Negro, the vagrant begins to thaw out and to get some notion of elementary humanity, but presently an evil, shifty, slobbering gang boss, who, incidentally, is a fast man with a baling hook, steps in and temporarily puts an end to the idyll of interracial comity. Mr. Aurthur resolves his various dilemmas, but, for all his good intentions, he does so with a precision that is just a trifle too well honed for plausibility.

"Edge of the City" is inevitably reminiscent of "On the Waterfront," but while it may be imitative, there's more to it than that; it has many solid moments, and the acting is a pleasure to witness. Sidney Poitier, the Negro of the piece, does a splendid job, and so do John Cassavetes and Jack Warden, who play the hobo and the boss, respectively. Martin Ritt, the director, has gone about things in the documentary manner, and though his camera isn't always as expansive as it might be, he does very nicely with the more intimate scenes.

IN "The Iron Petticoat," we have Katharine Hepburn as a captain in the Russian Air Force and Bob Hope as an American Air Force officer, both having a time of it in London. In her efforts to talk with a Russian accent, Miss Hepburn sounds like somebody doing a turn at a parlor game in Westport, and in his efforts to redeem her from her Communistic leanings Mr. Hope makes jokes that leave you with a small knot of misery at the pit of your stomach. Obviously, this little item was supposed to be a latter-day version of "Ninotchka." Come back, Miss Garbo.

ANOTHER lunge in the direction of comedy is "Top Secret Affair," a film allegedly based on John P. Marquand's "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A." Here a lady editor (Susan Hayward) tries to bring to heel a tough tank-corps general (Kirk Douglas), partly because he is going to appear on the cover of her magazine and partly because something under his prognathous exterior seems to appeal to her. What Mr. Douglas and Miss Hayward are primarily called upon to do is bicker. Neither of them reveals any particular flair for comedy, but under the circumstances who could?

"THE WINGS OF EAGLES" is supposed to be the biography of the late Commander Frank W. (Spig) Wead, who, after a brilliant flying career with the Navy, was laid low by an accident and was reduced to writing films about flying. In this movie, directed by John Ford, the Commander is played by John Wayne. Mr. Wayne is very manly; Mr. Ford is very arch; the film is very tiresome.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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Given the gift of a ring,
what circle does it close?
What does it say, passing
from lover to lover?
That love, encircled so,
rings for ever?

Or is it the round of love?
Does the ring say,
"So must love move,
and in its altering weather
you two will turn away,
as now you turn together"?

Is the ring given or lent?
Does love ring round us,
or do we ring round it?
Ring-giver, be warned,
and as love turns, expect
love or the ring returned.

—ALASTAIR REID

•

This, in fact, was exactly what happened in the week ended May 26 when the market sank close to its present levels, fell off a bit more, then staged the greatest one day daily since Sept. 5, 1939.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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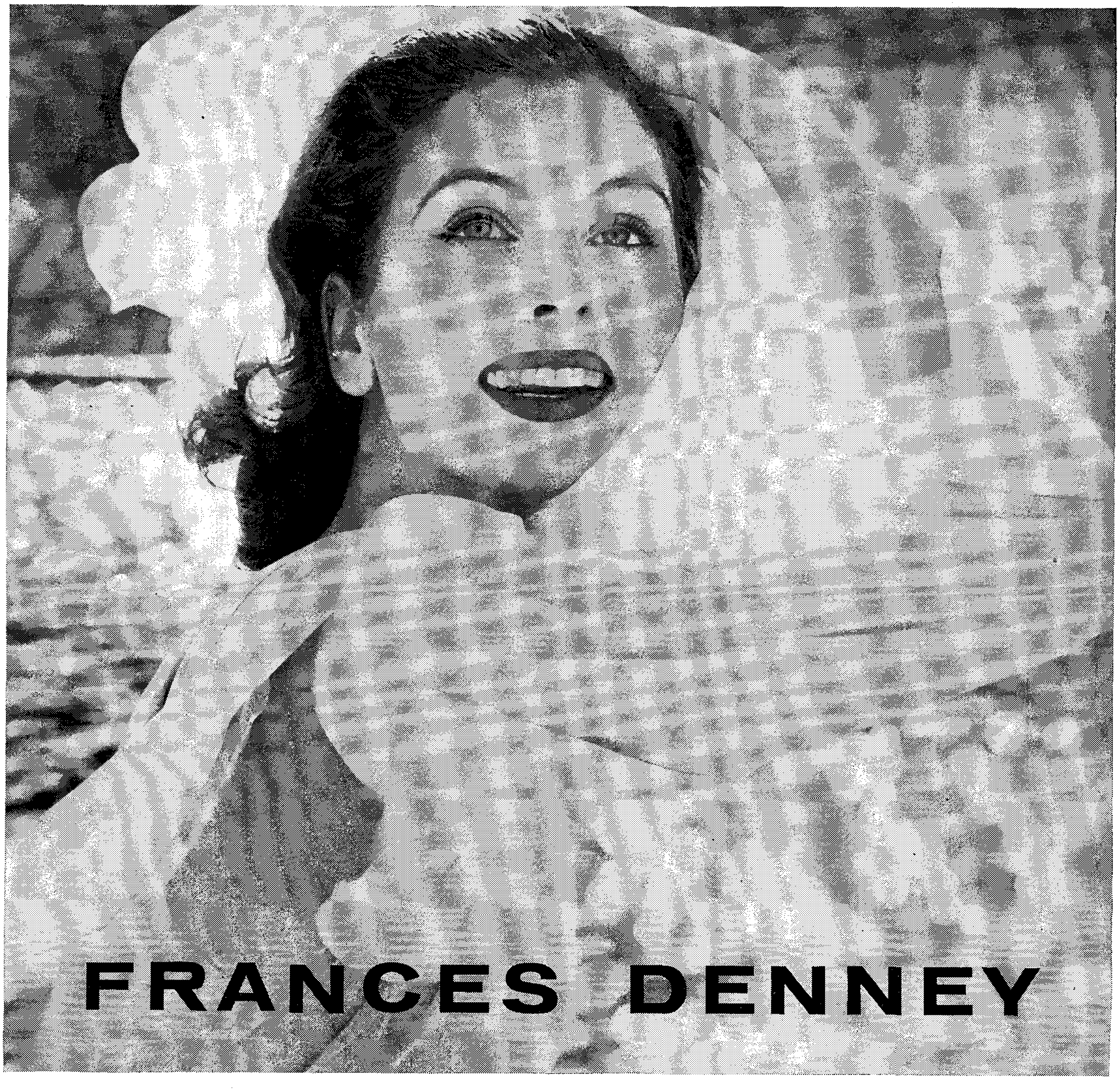
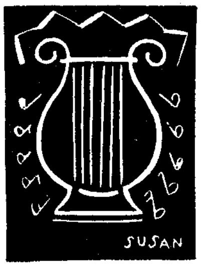


MUSICAL EVENTS

How Not to Communicate

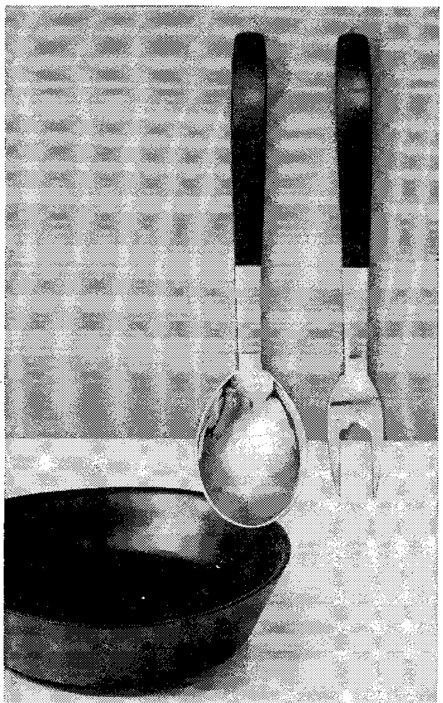


THE program played by the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall last Thursday evening, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, was, for a change, a rather interesting one, consisting of a delightful little Mozart Divertimento for Strings, Flute, Oboe, Bassoon, and Four Horns (K. 131); a somewhat loud and trashy "Symphonic Episode" from Riccardo Zandonai's opera "Giulietta e Romeo;" a new symphony, subtitled "Midrash Esther," by the contemporary composer Jan Meyerowitz; and Karl Goldmark's seldom heard A-Minor Violin Concerto, in which that admirable fiddler Nathan Milstein undertook the solo part. Of these items, the Goldmark concerto received by far the most applause—partly, no doubt, because of the sterling virtuosity with which Mr. Milstein performed it but also, I think, because of the engaging melodic grace, and the appropriateness to its purpose, of the work itself.

Mr. Meyerowitz's symphony, on the other hand, got a very mixed reception, which even included loud boos from the gallery. I do not believe that the symphony was quite bad enough to deserve such vociferous condemnation. It had its moments of energetic melodrama, and it was filled with the exotic clashings and the pseudo-Oriental scale structures that are sometimes thought to be suitable for evoking the atmosphere of the Old Testament. It was, in short, neither better nor worse than a lot of efforts by living composers that are presented in our concert halls from time to time, labelled symphonies. Still, it lacked the communicative power that one associates with important music, and the fact that it was so easily outshone by the Goldmark concerto—a relatively minor composition by a *petit maître* of the late Romantic era—struck me fairly forcibly.

The most obvious difference between the two works is that the Goldmark concerto was modestly written within the frame of the great tradition of its time, whereas the Meyerowitz symphony represents no tradition at all, and, on the contrary, was conceived in a musical idiom invented largely by the composer himself. For many years, this habit of inventing one's own musical idiom has been the rule, rather than the exception, and has often been mistaken for the hallmark of originality, stemming, as it does, from the revolutionary thought of the nineteen-twenties, when tradition was an ugly word, imagined to be synonymous with academicism. After some forty years of experiments with novel musical idioms, it is becoming increasingly clear that tradition is as indispensable a feature of music as language is of literature, and that music written without regard to certain established norms of musical communication is bound to prove meaningless. Tradition, of course, evolves and changes, just as language does, and a few very great musical innovators—Beethoven and Wagner are examples—are noted for the striking alterations they made in it. Tradition is not, however, the exclusive creation of composers. Performing artists, with their vocal and instrumental exigencies, have contributed to it, and so have audiences and patrons, through the expression of their preferences. Significant composers have, as a rule, manipulated tradition—often unconsciously, I suspect—in such a way as to produce what one recognizes as an individual style. But, as far as I am aware, no significant composer has completely disregarded it unless his purpose, for the moment, was to be grotesque or humorous. A composition written without regard to tradition may be interesting as a collection of sound effects, but from the point of view of communication it inevitably turns out to be the musical equivalent of gibberish. Perhaps it is a trifle unfair to hold up Mr. Meyerowitz's symphony as a horrible example of what is, after all, a fairly widespread tendency in contemporary music. Still, I think its lack of strong traditional meaning goes a long way toward explaining why it seemed to convey so little to last Thursday night's audience.

I WAS delighted to find that, despite advance reports to the contrary, there was a dragon in the Metropolitan's production of "Siegfried" on Wednesday evening of last week. It was a beautiful dragon, somewhat resembling a thirty- or forty-foot representative of the iguana species of lizard. Its scales gleamed, it belched smoke, and, in its duel with the hero of the piece, it boxed magnificently with its front claws. This was gratifying to me not only as evidence of the Met's continuing respect for the fauna of the Wagnerian



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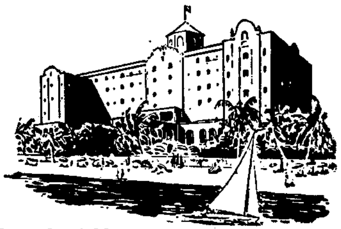

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world of make-believe but also because in "Siegfried" my sympathies have always been with the dragon, and I have long had to suppress a wish that, in some exceptional performance, justice would triumph and the dragon would eat the beefy *Heldentenor* who so inconsiderately disturbs its rest. This, I realize, is asking too much. Nevertheless, Siegfried remains the least ingratiating of Wagnerian heroes, and in my opinion his egregious lack of charm is one of the main factors that make this opera the weakest, from a dramatic standpoint, of the Ring cycle.

Musically, however, it goes without saying that "Siegfried" contains some beautiful stretches, and, under the experienced direction of Fritz Stiedry, these exerted a great deal of their magic at last week's performance of the opera. I was slightly disappointed in Wolfgang Windgassen's portrayal of the title role, which was, on the whole, sung rather timidly and without the brassy brilliance that some other tenors I remember have given it. I was also disappointed in the singing and acting of Martha Moedl, a German artist who was making her début in the role of Brünnhilde, though I must say by way of extenuation that it is a fearfully difficult role to make a début in, since Brünnhilde appears only during the final half hour of the opera, long after everybody else has had a chance to warm up, and is allotted some of the most taxing phrases that Wagner ever wrote. Elsewhere, it seemed to me the performance adhered to the highest standards. Norman Kelley, as Mime, lived up superbly to the expectations I had formed when I heard him in the same role in "Das Rheingold," giving the part much more than the usual clownishness and singing with admirable enunciation and real musicality. Otto Edelmann's Wotan, Jean Madeira's Erda, and Gerhard Pechner's Alberich are, of course, familiar to Metropolitan audiences—in "Siegfried" or other Ring operas—and each of them, as is customary, was an interpretation of outstanding quality.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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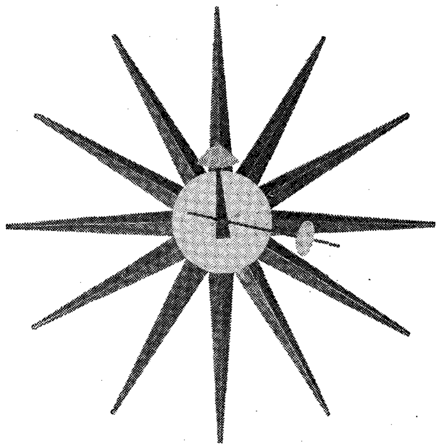

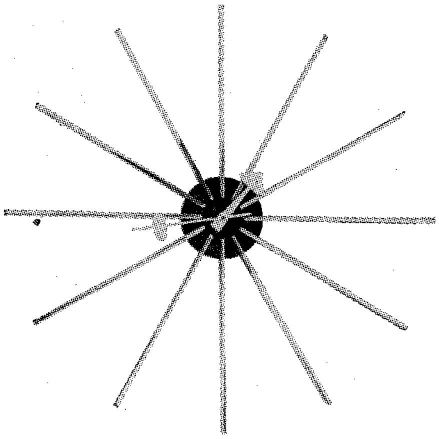

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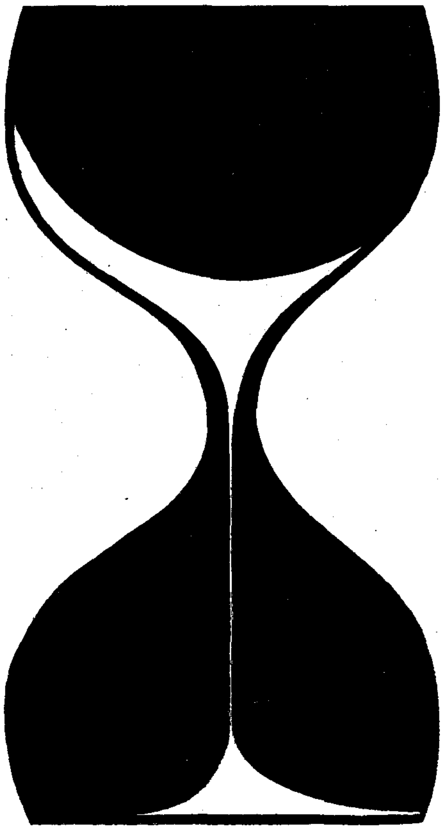
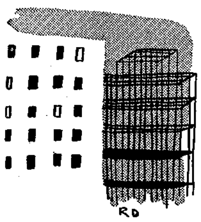


THE SKY LINE

Historic Philadelphia—II

THE present project of rehabilitating the area around Independence Square in Philadelphia began with an effort to provide a suitable approach from the north to the Square and the string of historic buildings that adjoins it to the east. The plan to reconstruct the district was set in motion a dozen years ago by a group of Philadelphia citizens headed by Judge Edwin O. Lewis. Ever since the Civil War, the changes that had been effected thereabouts had been mainly for the convenience of business, with no thought of providing a fine setting for the most venerable of all our national monuments. From the red-brick-and-brown-sandstone Bourse, on Fifth Street north of Chestnut, to the twenty-story granite Penn Mutual Building, bulking over the south end of Independence Square, the needs of business, and business only, governed the development of the district. This commercial exploitation was too erratic to give any unity to the neighborhood, for alongside the big insurance offices many historic dwellings remain, sinking stage by stage from indigence to squalor, from squalor to grimy destitution, like old pensioners, too decrepit to perform any offices but the most menial ones, not even lucky enough to succumb to the commercial fever and be put out of their misery. The nearest anyone came to considering Independence Hall was when the twelve-story Curtis Publishing Company Building and the Public Ledger Building, both at the west side of the Square, were deferentially given façades of red brick with white marble columns, under the delusion that this—plus a few suitable moldings and cornices and facings—made them appropriately "Colonial." All that can be said about the mishmash of business buildings that invaded the quarter is that when the visitor at last reached Independence Square, the contrast between eighteenth-century courtesy and nineteenth-century competition was a violent one. This ugly setting, though not designed to bring out the virtues of the jewel, at least gave it the benefit of that contrast.



Since Judge Lewis's committee got under way, the whole situation has changed. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the same but different Commonwealth that back in 1816 considered selling off Independence Square and all its buildings, including Independence Hall, to the highest bidder, has taken on the responsibility of clearing a swath of land three blocks long north of the Square in order to form the approach I have spoken of—a formal park now called Independence Mall. Following this, the national government (in the guise of the National Park Service) has taken possession of a swath of land running east from Independence Square, to be made over into what it has designated as Independence National Historical Park. The refurbishing of this area brings up many fundamental problems in city design, such as what activities and what manner of architecture are appropriate in such a historic neighborhood. Those concerned with this matter divide into several groups. There are the people who are interested in creating a handsome frame for the old picture, and the people who would like to create a greatly enlarged picture, filled with pseudo-Colonial reproductions that would "blend" with the originals. There are also those whose bump of historic respect disappears between 1800 and 1840, and those who believe that characteristic mementos of each generation should be cherished until they become a positive nuisance or, though perhaps intact, an obstacle to a fresher act of creation. Then there are the "total preservationists," who would permanently maintain these significant examples even if they impede a sound new development. Each of these groups favors a different answer to the problem. Cutting across these divisions is a natural conflict of interests between the state authorities, who got there fustest, and the federal officials, who have the mostest men—and, incidentally, most of the historic buildings. As a result, not only has the project grown since 1942 but its plans and purposes have shifted, and are still shifting, as one pressure or another prevails.

Originally, the only visual approach to Independence Hall was a long, diagonal walk that still leads across Washington Square (which is southwest of Independence Square and just across the street from it) and through the informally planted interior of Independence Square itself, a little park that looks much the way our own Washington Square once did. When the trees are in leaf in this park, one sees only parts of the Independence Hall group of buildings—a patch of brick wall or a bit of white spire—until one is close enough to take in the main structure as a whole. Independence Square has gone through almost as many alterations as these buildings, but when it was planned, landscape architecture, while flourishing in England, had no practitioners in America, and the artlessness of its present design, though different from the original planting, is in keeping with the air of domesticity that is a part of Georgian architecture. There is nothing magnificent in this approach; its charm is its unpretentiousness, just as Georgian buildings please by their modest details—a porch, a fanlight, a Palladian window—rather than by any larger structural assertions. By the time Independence Hall is in view, it almost seems bigger than it is, and that, too, is quite fitting. However inadequate the planting in the park as it is today, its general design seems to me more fitting than the exact historic resurrection of the 1784 plan that the National Park architects are now considering. That restoration, which calls for a central alley and wavy side paths, ignores the diagonal approach from Washington Square, and it fails to provide open space in front of the Independence Hall tower for outdoor public ceremonies—a provision all the more necessary because the happy suggestion, made as early as 1915, of a permanent reviewing stand in a plaza in front of the Hall was not taken seriously by the designers of Independence Mall.

The unassuming and intimate air of Independence Hall is precisely what the Mall cannot claim. Naturally, one has no quarrel with the generous public spirit that is responsible for this lordly gift of land. Whether visitors in cars approach downtown Philadelphia from the west, via the Schuylkill Expressway and Pennsylvania Avenue, or from the east, over the Benjamin Franklin Bridge, it is in the area of the Mall that they would logically park their cars before going on, by foot, to see Independence Square. Along the route of this pilgrimage, every device of architecture and landscape gardening should be utilized to make the walk a rewarding one. But the value of space is not dependent solely upon the quantity available. Too much space has a peculiar effect upon a reasonably well-educated architect; it induces sensations of grandeur, and it reminds him, automatically, of the long, axial approaches, like those at Versailles and Karlsruhe, that were used with such formal distinction by the great Ba-

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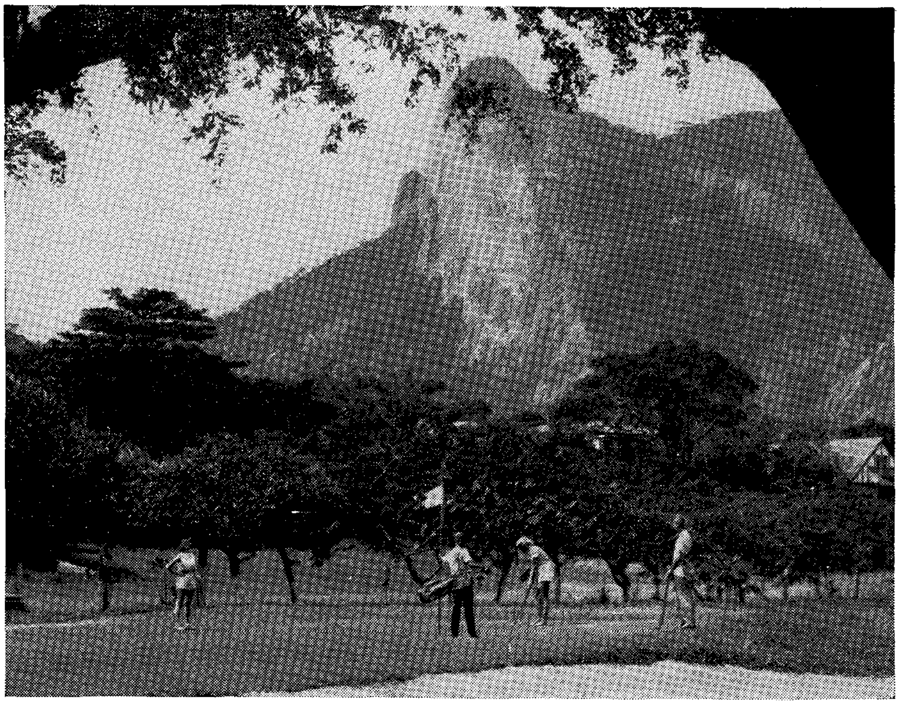

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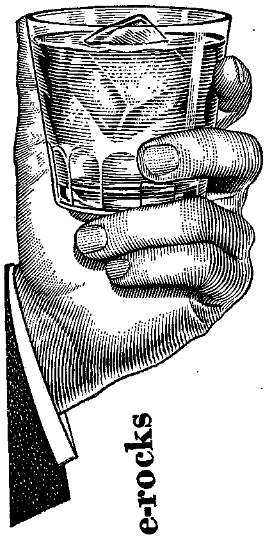

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roque architects. The first study for the Mall, made by the Philadelphia architectural firm of Harbeson, Hough, Livingston & Larson, in 1944, called for an approach of this nature, and its general conception is being carried out—with sundry modifications, not all of them improvements—by Mr. Larson. The result, even before the work is complete, is striking; such vigorous order, such freedom from the haphazard and the formless, falls gratefully on eyes constantly assailed in Philadelphia by incongruous clutter. But is this long formal park the right approach to the modest Georgian buildings of Independence Square?

IT is a little unjust to deal with an only partly completed design, but it is possible to estimate the total effect, on the basis of what has been completed and the unpublished plans for the rest. The Mall, as I have said, will occupy three city blocks. The block just north of Independence Square has already been cleared and planted; its design will be repeated in almost every detail in the northernmost block, on which no work has yet been done, for its welter of dilapidated buildings is still standing. This is also true of most of the center block, the proposed site of an underground parking garage, an idea that has now apparently been abandoned by the state authorities.

If one could grant the validity of the dominating concept of design, one might easily accept the way it has been carried out. There are a few minor annoyances, like the little service buildings, which have been treated to suggest guardhouses, but there are also certain admirable features. A ribbon of greensward, ninety feet wide, runs down the middle of the portion already planted to within a hundred feet of Chestnut Street, on which Independence Hall faces. This green carpet is flanked on each side by a broad flagstone alley, for pedestrians, which is lined with a double row of trees, and the alleys in turn are flanked by slightly raised esplanades, planted with magnolias, fruit trees, and ornamental dwarf trees, pleasantly grouped in a fashion that invites the pedestrian to rest. In twenty years, when the trees that form the arcade have grown bigger, they will close off the scraggly rooftops on either side of the Mall until the pilgrim comes within a long stone's throw of his objective. This uniform pattern is all that is left of the original concept, so elegant on paper, which treated the whole Mall as a unified area, with a grand circle at

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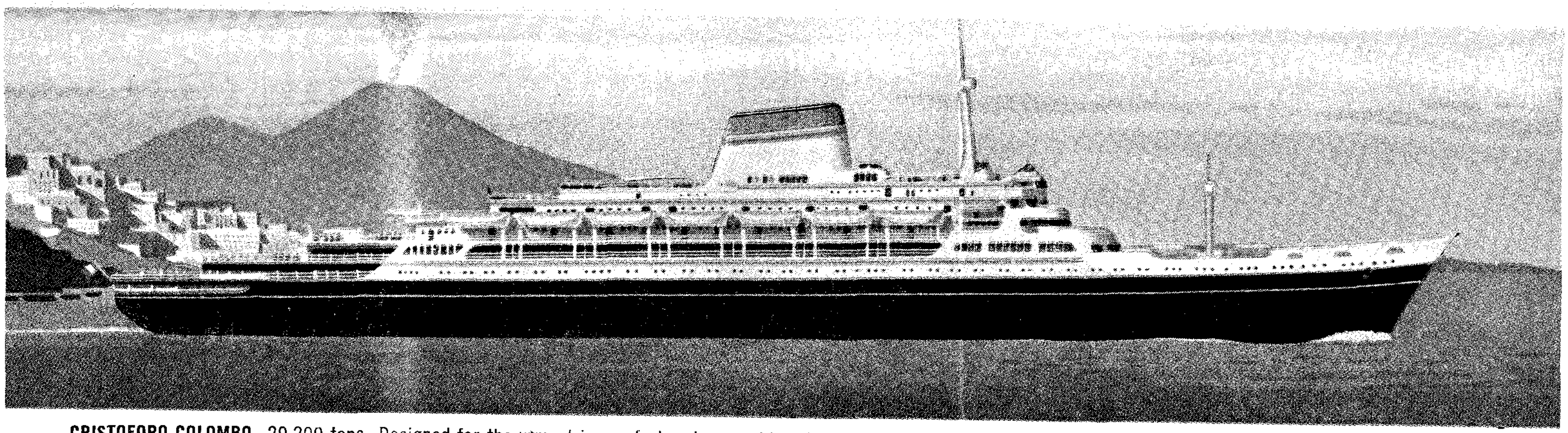

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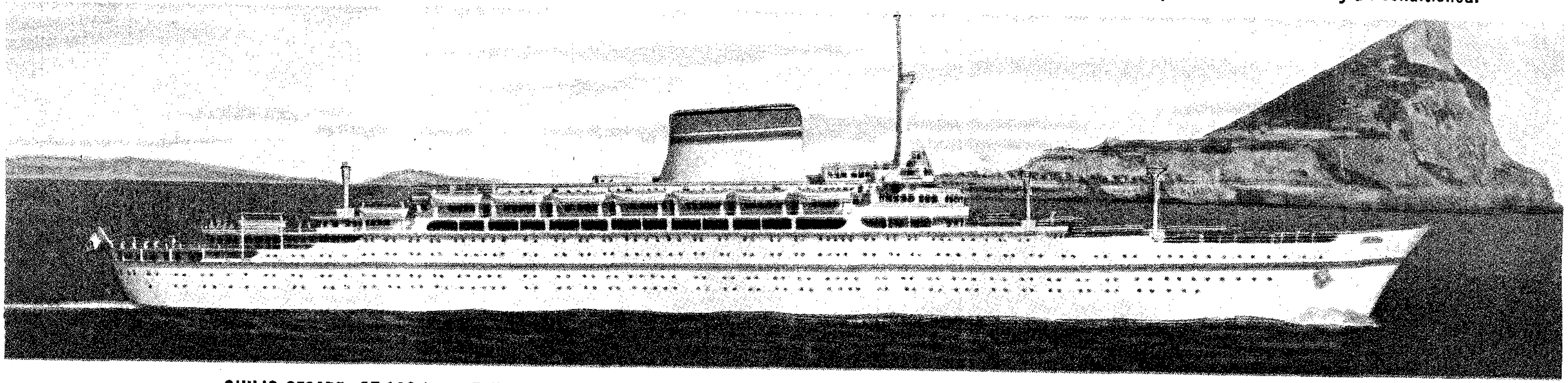

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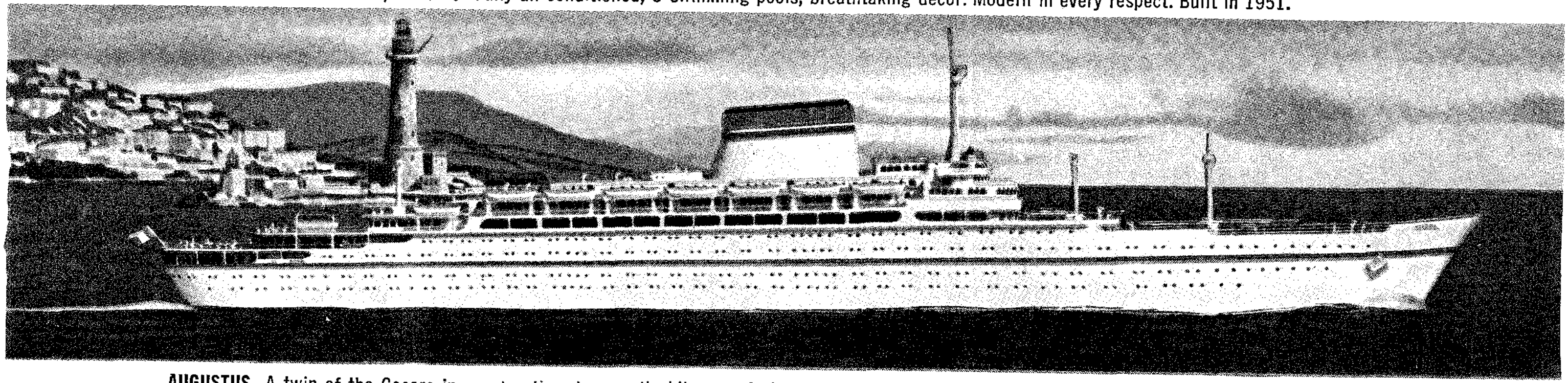

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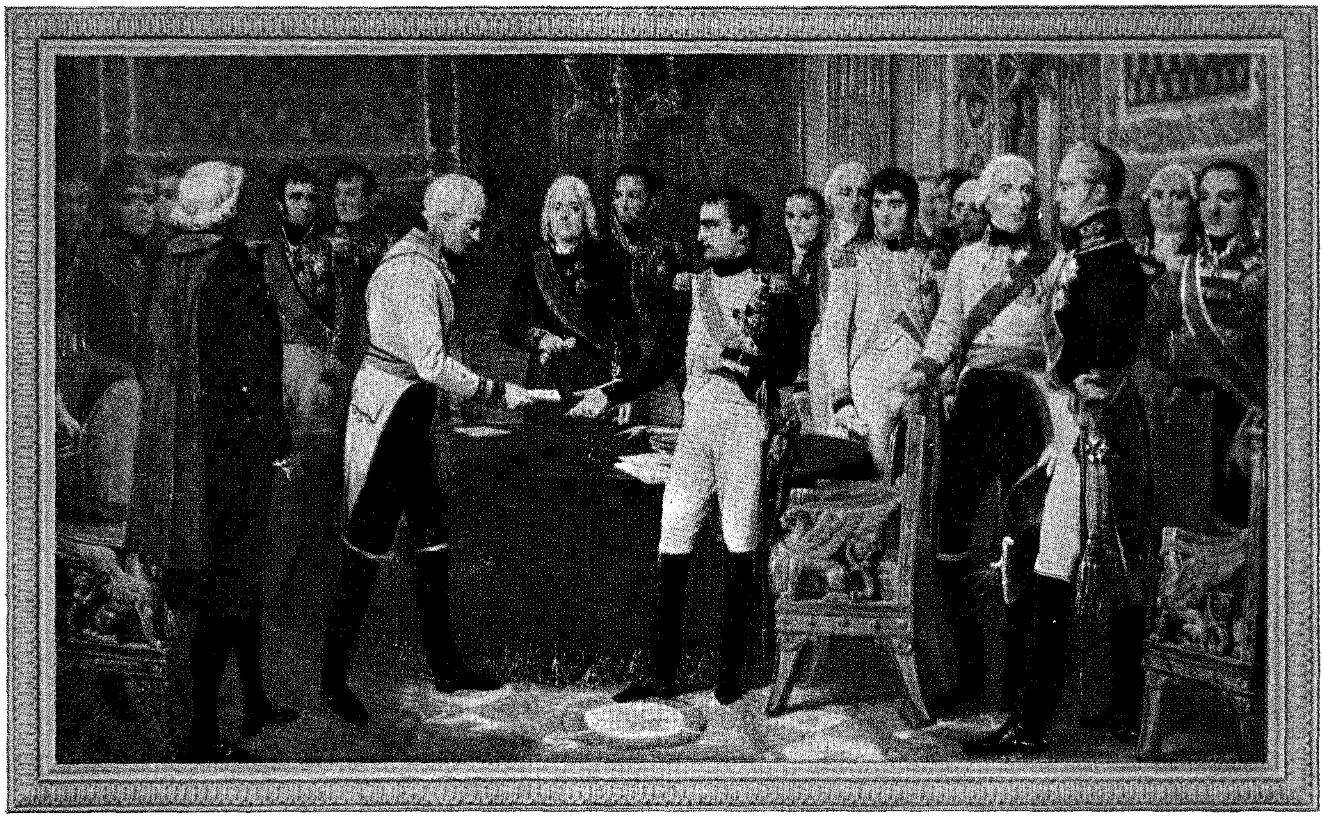

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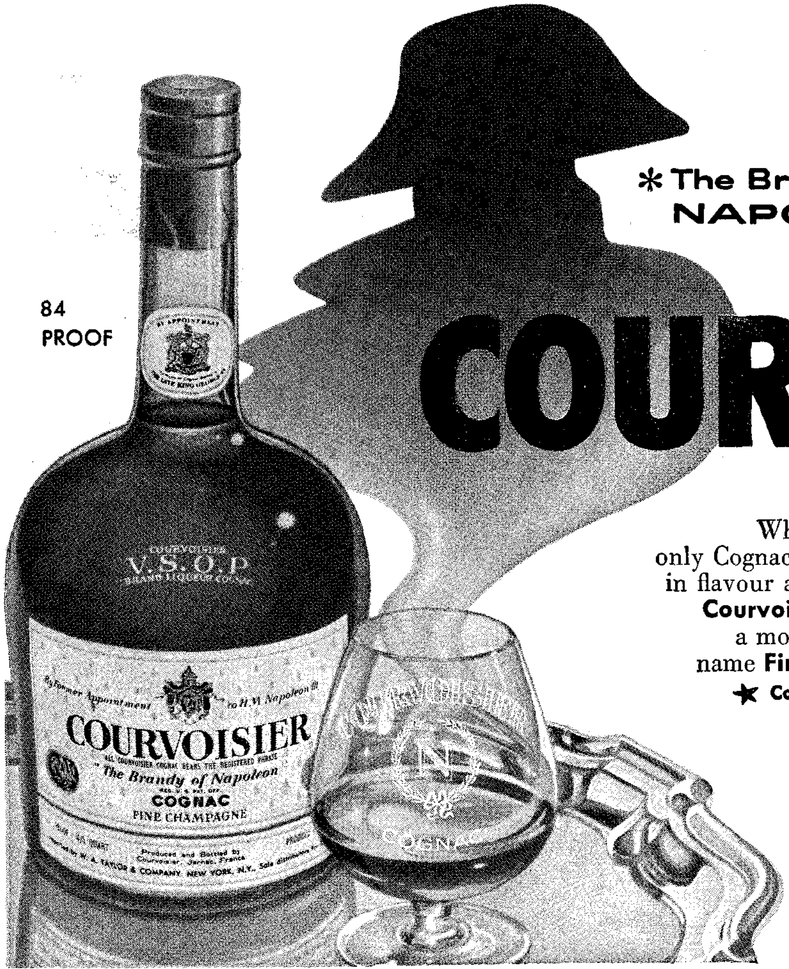

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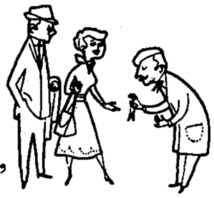
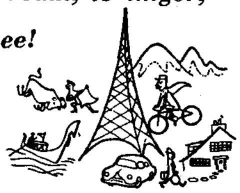
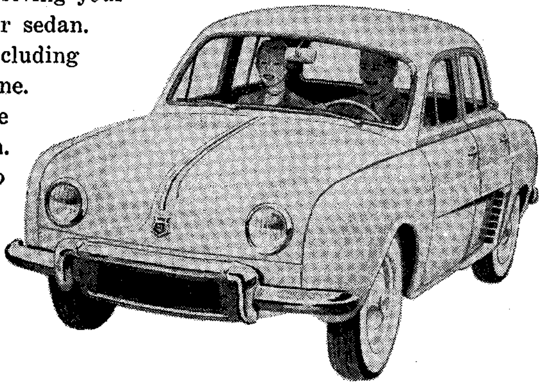
the northern end and a grander semicircle at the southern end. But though they tried to cling to this concept, the architects had to come to terms with the facts that denied it. For these three separate blocks are neither functionally nor visually one; not even from the spire of Independence Hall could they be seen as they appear on the architectural rendering of the project, with the traffic arteries that cut across the vista artfully presented without any hint of traffic. What this grand opening up of space will reveal, when it is completed, is the ragged sky line of industrial Philadelphia.

Functionally, there was much to be said for all the proposed utilities. The parking garage, an information center, and a restaurant, which were to have occupied the middle block of the Mall, would at least be in the right place for the convenience of the visitor. What needed revision was not these utilitarian features but the conception of the grand axial approach. All that is now left of this bad compromise between "form" and "function" is a square pool with thirteen jets of water gaily spouting in it. The National Park Service wants its information center not here, along the logical approach to Independence Hall, but much farther to the east, near the waterfront, so that the guided tourist will reach the national shrine more circuitously, through the oldest and most historic part of the city. To prompt the tourist to acquiesce in this arrangement, the National Park people will offer him parking space next to the new Custom House, near the historic Philadelphia Exchange, which will become the information center, and to "feed" the tourist they will "reconstruct" the ancient City Tavern (1773), at Second Street and Moravian, without, however, offering the visitor any actual food. Whether all this is a sound conception, even for the guided tourist, is dubious. But I trust this federal scheme will not keep the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania from reviving its plan for its own garage, to take care of those reckless vagrants who want to commune with their ancient heritage in their own wayward fashion. The money required for this project will not be wasted; as the pilgrimages to this spot become more popular, two parking facilities will be barely sufficient on a busy day. Some million and a quarter visitors already flock to this shrine every year.

Eliminating the information building and restaurant from the scheme for the Mall will, by the way, only emphasize a basic fault. Their disappearance will







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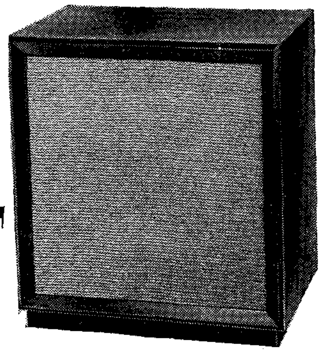
remove the major interruption in the architects' contemplated long vista, but it will make all the more apparent the fact that the movement of pedestrians *across* the Mall will be impeded except where the streets intersect it. Redesigning the Mall to permit cross-walking by people who do not intend to go to Independence Hall would increase the utility of these three blocks of park as recreation space. This is something that might well be emphasized in the rehabilitation of the district. And the happy decision to retain the Free Quaker Meeting House—once scheduled for removal—at the northeast corner of the middle block of the Mall surely accentuates the need for another mode of park design here.

THE situation faced by the designers of the Mall may be profitably compared with that faced by Sir William Holford in his recent design for the precinct around St. Paul's, in London. Like Independence Hall, St. Paul's is a hallowed monument, and it is set in a district even more dedicated to commercial activities. But unlike our first Capitol, the cathedral is a large and imposing structure that, until the University of London's Bloomsbury skyscraper was built, in the nineteen-thirties, had no rival on the London sky line. For more than two hundred years, people dreamed of lifting St. Paul's out of the clutter of buildings that hemmed it in, and Wren's plans for rebuilding the City of London sought to open up the site with two converging avenues. In 1940, the blitz succeeded in doing what no planner had ever persuaded the city to do—it razed almost all the buildings in the area around the cathedral. In his early plans for this area, Holford sought to take advantage of this openness, and he was even tempted, by the very style of St. Paul's, to outformalize Wren by providing a semicircular colonnade to define strongly the open space in front of the building. But he could not down his misgivings about this treatment, and in a revised plan he was driven to minimize, rather than maximize, the direct exposure of the cathedral, planning the approach to it through a series of lanes and openings between buildings of different heights, the whole completely dissimilar in aesthetic effect from the spacious symmetrical and standardized arrangements dear to Baroque architects.

Quite another treatment is called for in Philadelphia, precisely because the individuality of the city must be taken into account. But a planner who had equally freed himself from Baroque political



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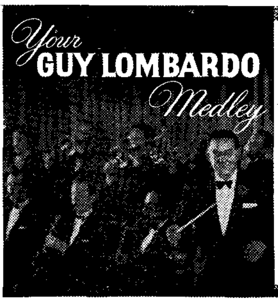

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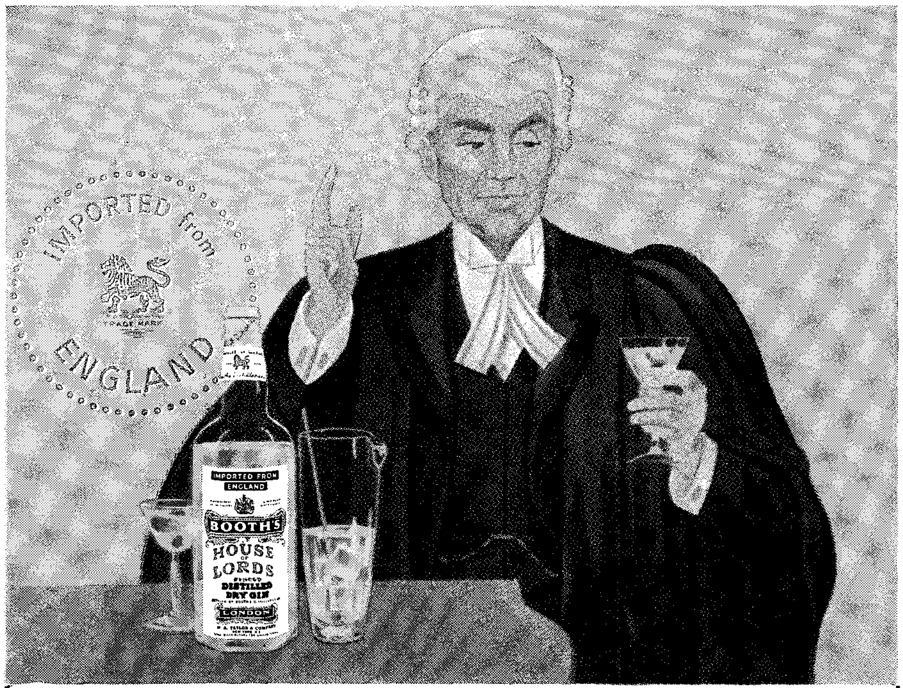
and spatial perspectives would, I believe, turn up with an entirely different solution, and a much more fitting one. He should respect tradition in the design of the Mall, but the tradition that should be understood and carried further is that of Philadelphia, with its ample squares, its uniform roof lines, and its intimate gardens, not that imposed by the servants of an absolute monarchy seeking to translate into space the mysteries of absolute power and centralized political control. Was it not in revolt against that absolutist tradition in politics that Independence Hall itself acquired its special meaning for Americans?

Just because it would be lost, on account of its diminutive size, if it were as closely surrounded by business buildings as St. Paul's, Independence Hall needs a setting of green to insulate it from the contemporary city. But this setting must take account of the east-west traffic lanes, which are probably too important to be broken by converting the Mall from three separate square blocks into a single oblong superblock. The answer, then, is to accept the blocks as the units of design, and to organize and furnish them in such a fashion as to give each its individual content instead of trying to relate them visually to the historic buildings they lead to. Then Independence Hall would come, as it still does when one approaches it through its own square, as a happy surprise, in a friendly and intimate setting of its own, without pretensions to an architectural magnitude it does not possess. Even if the cross-traffic did not ruin the long, spectacular approach through the Mall, the very length of that approach will impose upon this unassuming Georgian building an aesthetic burden that only a vast palace or temple of far greater architectural merit could hope to carry off. One will be looking at the Hall through the wrong end of the telescope.

The problem of designing a pleasant and fitting approach to a building whose architectural boasts are much more modest than its historical claims is so new that one should not be cast down because this first exploration was tempted down a visual alley that turned out to be a blind one. But the results show how dangerous it is to adopt a purely formal scheme, based on a historically remote tradition, as a safe way for avoiding often unpleasant modern clichés. The proper key for such a design is not wholly a visual one. The designers would have come out better if they had thought not of a modernized Baroque scheme but of the little shrine



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itself, what it means, and in what mood and for what purpose the visitor approaches it. Surely the purpose is not just to reach Independence Hall; one could do that quicker on a moving platform. Nor is the purpose just to stretch one's legs after being cooped up in a car. Here, rather, is an opportunity gently to remind the passerby, at every turn, of the relevant facts of American history and to prepare his mind for more immediate confrontation with the past in the old buildings themselves—Philosophical Hall, Carpenters' Hall, and, finally, Independence Hall. Instead of concentrating on an axial approach, the architects might have created, quite in the spirit of Philadelphia, a series of connected enclosed areas, strung along a series of short, continually shifting axes, each forming a sort of outdoor room, with the shrubbery and the trees providing a screen against the surrounding areas of the city. Symbolically, each of the enclosures might have been dedicated to one of the thirteen founding states, and a series of fountains, by a play of water, if not by the rhythm of sculpture, might have given the whole design an animation and a vitality it now lacks.

In short, it seems to me that a good design for this Mall would not merely emphasize the separateness of the squares but would invite the visitor to dawdle and reflect, going and coming; to awaken his own historic associations, his state and regional pride, his ancestral pieties. Such an approach might irritate the tourist who speeds from one historic spot to another, and stops just long enough to buy a batch of picture postcards or snap another spool of film. But that kind of tourist could be painlessly taken care of in an air-conditioned chamber in that underground garage, where he could enjoy a rapid guided tour of Independence Hall on a television screen before rushing off to the next spot. Fortunately, there are plenty of people who, with a little inducement, might linger even longer than they now do.

Doubtless it is too late to canvass fresh suggestions for the part of the Mall that is already complete. But is it really too late to think twice about the rest of it—or, for that matter, about other parts of the project? —LEWIS MUMFORD

(This is the second of a series of articles about Philadelphia.)

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ADMINISTRATION SEEKS
CONTINUANCE OF TEXAS
—*Headline in the Dayton (Ohio) News.*

Another Eisenhower doctrine?

THE RACE TRACK

Great Expectations

IF I had to find fault with Bold Ruler's victory in the Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah last week, I would say that it was almost too brilliant. Not only did he lead all the way, lengths ahead of the ten other three-year-olds—Federal Hill, Gallant Man, and King Hairan among them—but he ran the seven furlongs in 1:22, equalling the course record. What's more, he was going easily at the finish. All in all, it was an impressive performance for a colt who was making his first start in three months; generally speaking, even the best racers need at least one good gallop to bring them up to pitch for a big race, but obviously Bold Ruler didn't. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that many impressionable horseplayers—and a few not so impressionable ones—seem convinced that Jim Fitzsimmons, who handles Bold Ruler for the Wheatley Stable, has come up with another Nashua. As a matter of fact, Mr. Fitz was quoted only the other day as saying that Bold Ruler had trained as well as Nashua did when he was a three-year-old. Still, jumping to conclusions can be disillusioning and expensive, and this department reserves judgment—at least until after the colt's next race, the Everglades Stakes, a week from Saturday.

Bold Ruler, who, like Nashua, is a son of Nasrullah, is a large and rather showy animal, with a good deal of quality and a powerful, easy way of galloping. He has the ideal temperament for racing, and in this he differs greatly from Nashua, who was impulsive, resented restraint, and never ran as if he enjoyed it. There's one thing the matter with Bold Ruler, though. He is an unlucky fellow; that is to say, things happen to him. After winning five races in a row last spring, he injured his back, and was idle for months. Just as he was about ready to return to the races, he slammed into a fence at Saratoga, and his stable feared that he was through for the year. Happily, he wasn't. In October, he won the Futurity handsomely, but a few weeks later, in the Garden State Stakes, the jinx caught up with him again; he bumped and was bumped, and finished far out of the money. Then, in the Remsen Stakes, his final appearance last season, he got away so badly that he was eased up in the stretch. Mr. Fitz must have his fingers crossed.

I caught the Bougainvillea Handicap, a race over the turf course at Hialeah, on my television set last Saturday afternoon, and all I can say is that it was exciting from beginning to end. It was so exciting, in fact, that while the television announcers—there were three of them—agreed that Espea had won, they didn't agree on who was second or third. Of course, that was before Sunningdale, who actually came in second, was disqualified for crowding, so it didn't matter much. (For the record, Leap Tide finished second and Maharajah third.) I must say that the Hialeah telecasts don't seem to be done nearly so well as they were several years ago; what with the switching from one announcer to another, you don't get much of a look at the horses.

IF you're wondering who the best three-year-old in the West is, the answer is Prince Khaled. He won the California Breeders' Champion Stakes at Santa Anita last weekend by about ten lengths, with Shoplacerwin (now, I ask you, isn't that a dandy little name?) second and Friendly Isle third. Prince Khaled, a giant of a colt by Khaled, the sire of Swaps, created something of a furor in the Del Mar Futurity at Santa Anita last summer, when he ran six furlongs in 1:08⅘—the fastest time ever made by a two-year-old on a circular track. Indeed, he took the turns so fast that he bore out—centrifugal force, I suppose—and bumped a couple of other runners; as a result, he was disqualified as the winner, and was placed third. General W. W. Kratz, who owns him, protested, but lost the case after a long legal wrangle; now he's counting on the colt to win the Santa Anita Derby on March 2nd. No doubt Prince Khaled will win it, but the odds on him are going to be short—too short for my money.

—AUDAX MINOR

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RUSHVILLE, ILL., Jan. 17 (Special).—In memory of Dr. Frederick Culbertson and his wife, Sarah, oil paintings have been hung in Memorial hospital which was named for them and of which they were benefactors. which Secretary of Agriculture Benson has described as ineffective.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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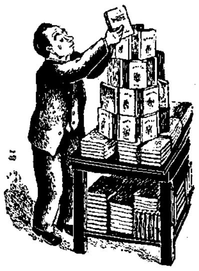


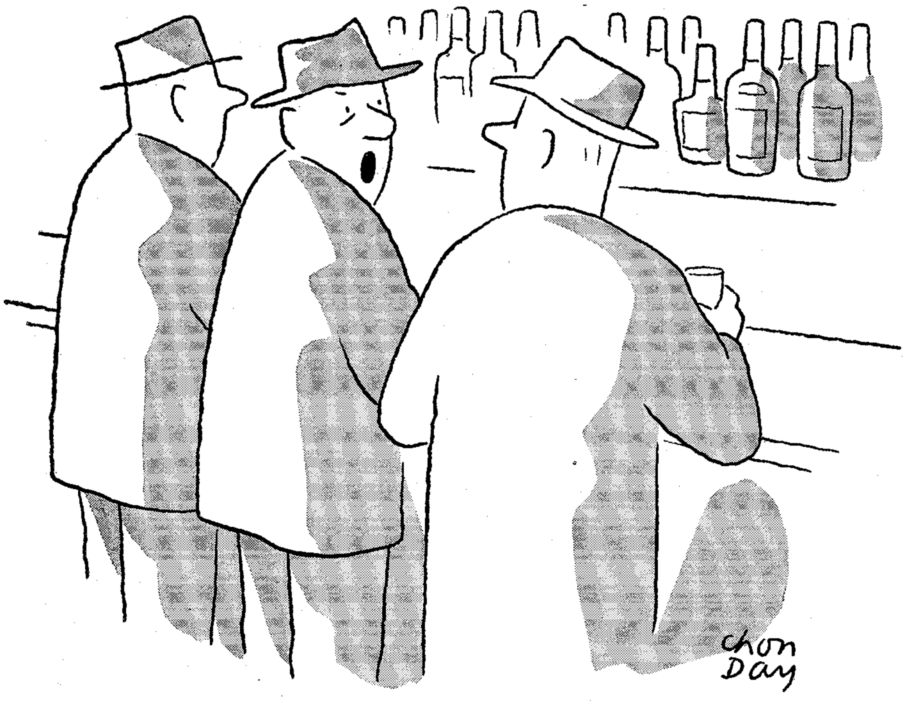
FOR various reasons, one would expect "Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey: Letters" (Harcourt, Brace) to be of the greatest interest, particularly if it should turn out that the letters are really letters and not a running literary symposium designed to make a good impression on posterity. Well, they *are* letters ("Dear Virginia, I've no idea whether this will reach you . . ." "Dear Lytton, We have asked the Fishers to come on the 7th—a Thursday. Will you come then—I suppose we must dress . . ."), and at first the reader does have the agreeably immoral sensation that he is reading something not intended for his eyes. But then he discovers that somebody else has been poking around in the writing desk; the letters have been edited, by Leonard Woolf and Strachey's brother James, and it is no more improper for us to be reading them than to be reading, say, "Jacob's Room" or the life of Queen Victoria. If caught, we don't have to pretend that we were looking for a Kleenex. On the other hand, how disappointing!

The correspondence covers a period of twenty-five years. There are sixty-five letters from Mrs. Woolf to Strachey and thirty-nine from him to her. The first letter begins, "Dear Mr. Strachey, We should like so much to see you, if you could come one day . . ." and ends, "Yours sincerely, Virginia Stephen." The last letter, written shortly before he died and, the editors believe, never read by him, has no salutation and ends ". . . please come and see your old and attached friend Virginia."

There is no more fascinating reading than the whole history of a friendship traced out in letter after letter, but for this to be possible the friends must meet rather seldom and with some difficulty. Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey met often and easily, and one is regretfully conscious that it is not these letters their friendship fed on but the meetings that are constantly being referred to—those weekends at Rodmell and Garsington, those evening parties at 29 Fitzroy Square and 46 Gordon Square, those conversations over tea and brioches in a corner of Verrey's—and that the common reader is excluded from by several million light-years. It is not even possible, on the basis of this small volume, to have an opinion about how good a letter writer either of them was.

Strachey's sardonic and mincing manner, so habitual in these letters ("I am sitting, as you may guess, rather comatose, in a small cottage apartment, green mountains out of window, the stuffed head of a very old female sheep over the window, etc., etc. Alix, James, Mr. & Mrs. P. and l'ami Brenan wander in and out with fish-hooks and hard-boiled eggs done up in newspaper. Some of them declare that they are going out to squat among the heather and the damp ferns, in order to have lunch and tea. Needless to say, James and I remain at home—James on an enormous air-cushion balanced upon a horsehair sofa, reading the psychopathology of day-dreams, by Dr. Varendonck. . . . The rain and cold have been fairly continuous, though for three or four days it was extremely hot, and we walked over the stoney hills until our feet were covered with blisters—they still are—at least mine are, and I can only wear silk socks and slippers, in which I totter occasionally into the air . . ."), cannot have been the only one at his disposal. It is not unique, and he was, as his literary imitators one and all have proved.

One has read elsewhere better letters by Mrs. Woolf than any that are included here. Perhaps in writing to Strachey she adjusted her manner to his with her. Once she does start out, "Your letter was a great solace to me. I had begun to doubt my own identity—and imagined I was part of a seagull, and dreamt at night of deep pools of blue water, full of eels," but it is the only sentence of this highly characteristic kind in the book. When she is writing to him about his books, she is again recognizably herself, and as serious in her appraisal as he, on similar occasions, is with her. What one finds most of the time is entertaining ("Dearest Lytton, I am greatly distressed to hear that you are



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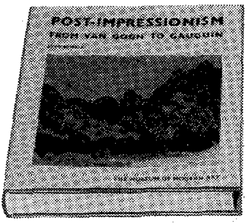

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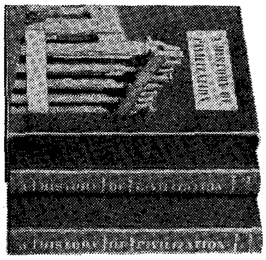

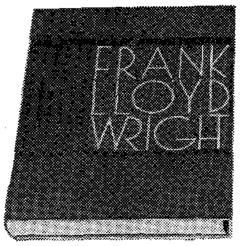

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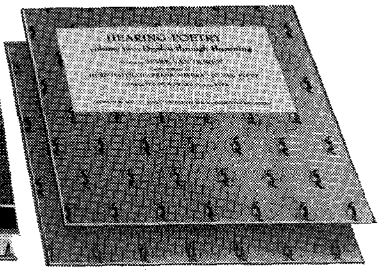

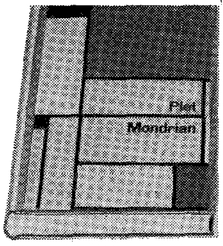

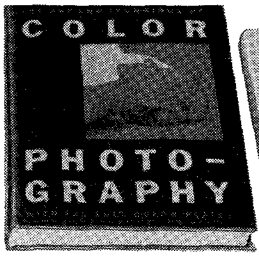

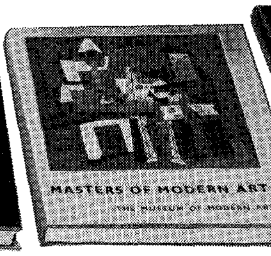

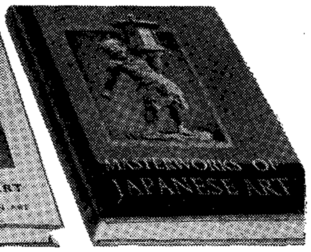

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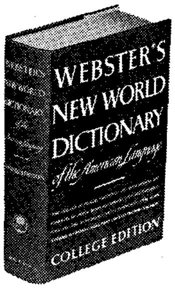

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still plagued by diseases of all kinds—just as I was snatching a few moments to read Books & Characters too. Why do I always fly to your works when the electricians are in the hall, the gasmen in the basement, and the telephone ringing with Tom's sepulchral voice? It's a very queer fact, but in moments of crisis I always turn to you"), as one wants published letters to be, but not much more; there is nothing comparable to the best extracts from her diary.

The editors have been courteous enough to explain, in their prefatory note, to what extent the correspondence has been tampered with:

> Lytton was extremely methodical in preserving and arranging his correspondences, and it seems likely that every scrap of writing sent to him by Virginia has been preserved. Thus a large number of notes, postcards, and telegrams containing little more than invitations to tea or announcements of train arrivals have survived, and these, to the number of about thirty, we have omitted from this collection. Lytton's side of the correspondence is, for various reasons, less complete: the trivial items have not been preserved, and a few more important ones are probably lost.
>
> Apart from these omissions, it has been our policy to print every letter as completely as possible—perhaps, it may even be thought, more completely than possible. Some cuts we have felt obliged to make, and these are all indicated by dots enclosed in square brackets.... In addition to this we have deleted a considerable number of names and replaced them either by other names or by initials chosen completely at random and often inconsistently.

Granted that the reader's interests are not the only ones involved, and that the editors have had to consider the possibility of libel, what one finds, or seems to find, on close inspection, is that the letters have been edited also for reasons of personal and social expediency. What else could account for *these* bogus initials in brackets: "However, at the last moment she [Lady Ottoline Morrell]* typically recovered, appearing in a yellow straw top hat, in which she drove me and [D.E.] to Oxford in the finest manner. [D.E.] makes the heart sink within one—a sharp twist of the neck would be the thing for her. . ." Or this: "[P.] turned up two days ago—but if one sees much of [Q.] one wants less of [P.], which does not mean that I don't find him large and serene & as satisfactory as a great big pigeon." Surely [D.E.]'s and [P.]'s and [Q.]'s solicitors would not have urged them to bring suit on the basis of such slender wisps of malice as these. Can it be that the editors are more genteel than one would have supposed, that even Bloomsbury has its genteel side? Or were they afraid that

---

* My insert.

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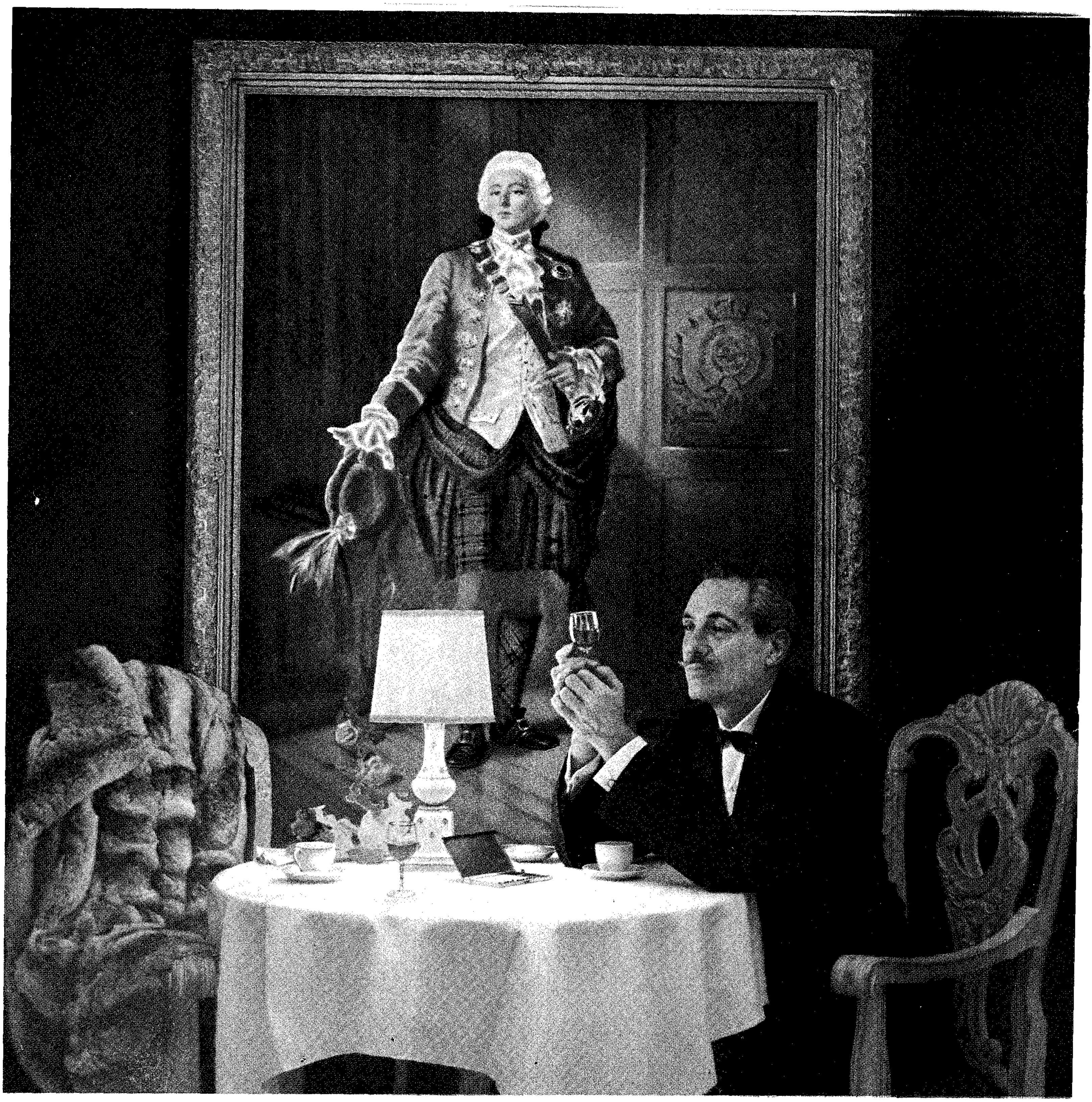

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sooner or later they would find themselves seated next to [D.E.] or [Q.] or that great big pigeon [P.] at dinner, and that the rest of the evening would be something they wouldn't wish on a dog? If so, their conception of the function of the editor is open to criticism. It is anyway. The book has no index, and, having been provided with a glossary of names, we are nevertheless told, in one silly footnote after another, that Clive is Clive Bell, that Tom is T. S. Eliot, that Roger is Roger Fry, that Morgan is E. M. Forster, but we are given no explanation whatever of this: "The Maynard affair is most peculiar. So far I have only heard Vanessa's account, but I hope before very long to get a first-hand one. What are we all coming to, pray? The Universe totters." It is not conceivable that the editors couldn't elucidate, or that Mrs. Woolf, whose letter this is, didn't find out what she wanted to know. She delighted in scandal. "Go on; this is enthralling," she once said to Rose Macaulay. "People keep telling me different bits of this story; I feel as if a buried statue were being dug up piece by piece."

THOUGH the editors have deprived the reader of some very old by now and in all probability not downright fascinating literary gossip, backbiting, and so forth, they have included something that is a genuine surprise—an extract from a letter Strachey wrote his brother James in March, 1909, when he himself was twenty-nine years old and Virginia Stephen was twenty-seven:

> . . . in my efforts to escape, I had a decided reverse the other day. I haven't mentioned the incident before for various reasons. On Feb. 19th I proposed to Virginia, and was accepted. It was an awkward moment, as you may imagine, especially as I realised, the very minute it was happening, that the whole thing was repulsive to me. Her sense was amazing, and luckily it turned out that she's not in love. The result was that I was able to manage a fairly honourable retreat. The story is really rather amusing and singular, but its effect has been to drive me on to these shoals more furiously than ever. I need hardly mention the immense secrecy of the affair. . . .

The extract gives rise to one haunting question after another. Could Virginia Stephen, of all proud and beautiful people, have put so slight a value on herself as to be willing to marry a man she admired but was not in love with? Had she, as early as that, come to the conclusion, which one finds years later in one of these letters, that "love is such a horror I would advise anyone to break

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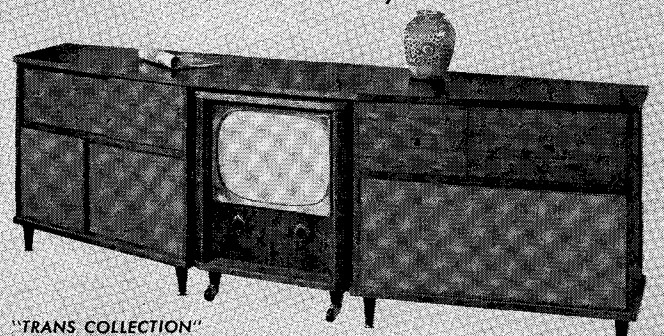

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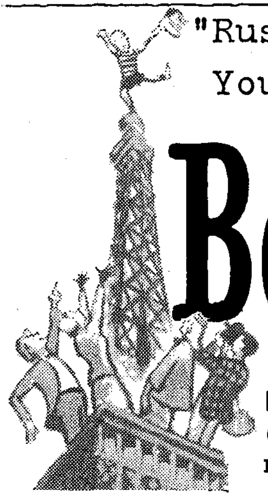

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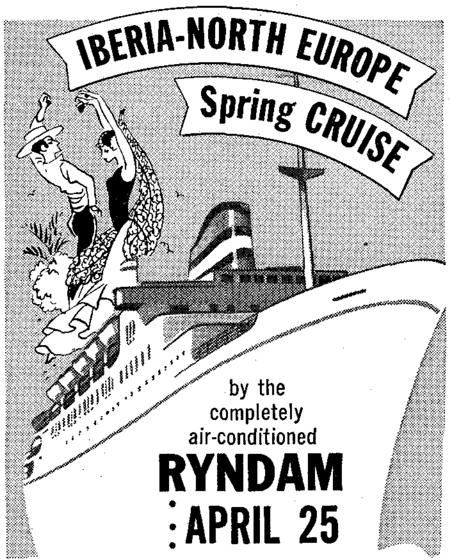
off"? Or was Strachey, in his embarrassment, only too ready to be deceived by her about the depth of her feelings for him? And what would their lives, and their published works—what, in the end, would *they* have been like if, instead of that failure of nerve he so pathetically congratulates himself on, he had had access, at that moment, to the courage he did indeed possess? And wasn't their friendship—wouldn't any friendship between a man and woman be colored, be altered irrevocably, by this incident?

"Lastly," the editors' preface continues, "we cannot help remarking that neither side of this correspondence is completely typical of its author. Both Lytton and Virginia were, for many years at least, exceedingly prolific letter-writers. By comparison with others, this correspondence is both sparse and spasmodic. Moreover it occasionally gives an impression of self-consciousness—even of stiltedness—which was very far indeed from being usual in their letters. The fact was, no doubt, that each was a little wary of the other: in writing to each other they were always on their best behaviour, and never felt so much at ease as they did in their dealings with people whom they admired and respected less."

Perhaps. It could also have been that there was a hollow board they both knew and did not like the sound of and so went to some trouble to keep from stepping on. She accepted him—one keeps coming back to this. If she had refused him, he might have been able to consider himself romantically in love with her to the end of his life; people were still capable of that sort of thing in 1909. But she accepted him, thereby—one would think—making it difficult for her utterly and entirely and deep down in her nature to forgive him. Or for him to forgive himself.

Though they were, at least in letters, on their best behavior with each other, and the friendship was further complicated by literary rivalry, it was a substantial friendship. It stood the tests of time and absence. "Find me a house where no one can ever come," she wrote to him in 1925. "I like talking to you, but to no one else in the whole world." And a year and a half later, with a harshness that is possible only between old, old friends, "I'm afraid I seemed rather brusque—not sympathetic last night—owing to circumstances. I do feel that love is such a horror I would advise anyone to break off. But I see the difficulties. I hope to make the young man's acquaintance when we come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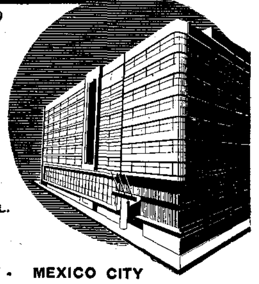
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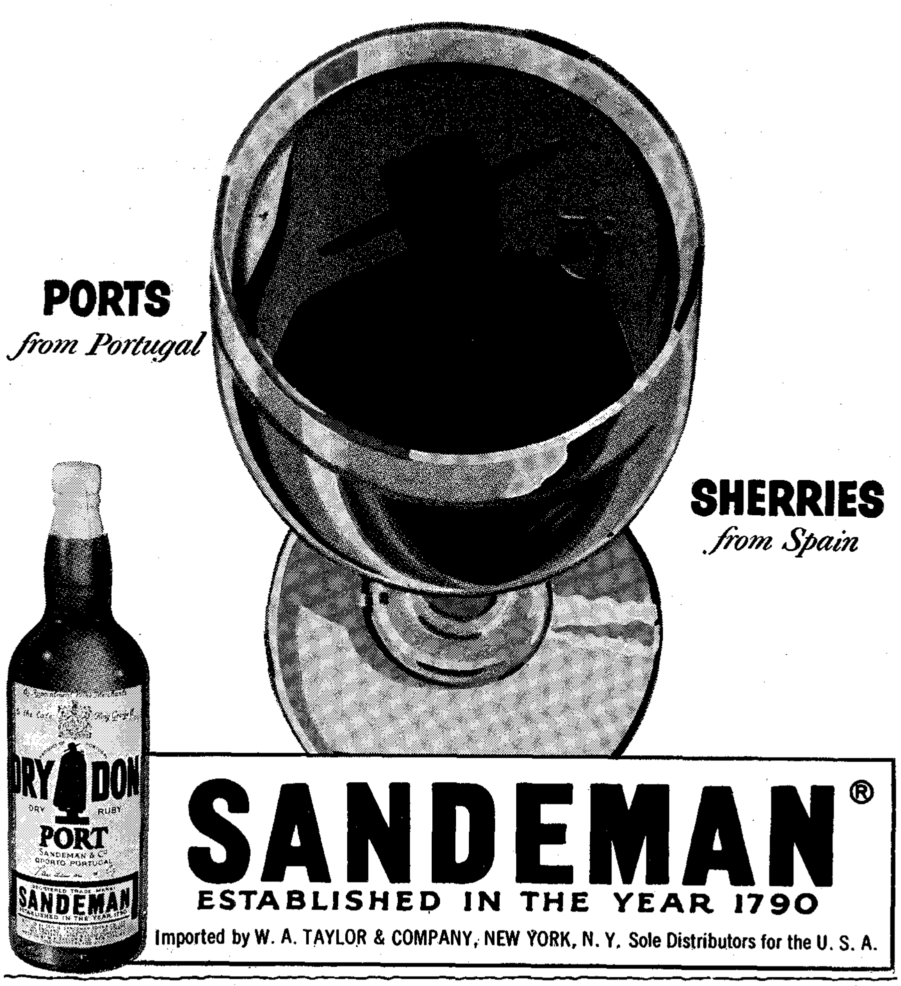
back. . . .” And that last letter: “I have just woken from a dream in which I was at a play, in the pit, and suddenly you, who were sitting across a gangway in a row in front, turned and looked at me, and we both went into fits of laughter. What the play was, what we laughed at, I’ve no notion, but we were both very young (no, for you had your beard) and at the age when we used to write to each other. Why are these dreams more vivid than real life?”

They must often in real life have looked at each other and burst into fits of laughter, but dream laughter is something else again. Admitting that there is a certain vulgarity in the layman’s psychoanalyzing other people, which must extend to psychoanalyzing their dreams, let us go right ahead and be vulgar for a minute. According to Theodor Reik, the dream joke is not funny but tragic. Thanks to the ingenuity of the sleeping mind, the heartbreaking thought is turned inside out, to spare the dreamer’s feelings—is treated as if it were hilarious.

“Well, this is only a dream letter and needs no answer,” Mrs. Woolf continues, “unless you can tell me what we laughed at.” Strachey was past telling her what they were laughing at in her dream. He was, in fact, past reading and writing letters; he died six weeks later. And that anyone else, and especially an American, should have an opinion in the matter would probably have aroused the mild wonder and derision of both of them, but even so, it does seem—if not likely, then at least possible—that she was dreaming about and disposing of that awkward incident, twenty-two years before, in which his efforts to escape from himself met with a decided reverse, and her sense was amazing.

MEANWHILE, if you are interested in the personality of Lytton Strachey, you will not be satisfied with these letters. But there is the familiar portrait of him by Henry Lamb, sitting in a much too small wicker armchair, with a wall of glass between him and the outdoors, and there are some very funny informal photographs, and the descriptions of him by his friends, from all of which it appears that he would not have seemed out of place in a Punch-and-Judy show—a cadaverous, long-limbed, bearded, bespectacled, limp, but dangerous puppet. Somebody—I think it was Mrs. Woolf herself—has described him as looking inert, his long body draped over a chair like an old rug or a shawl. His voice was



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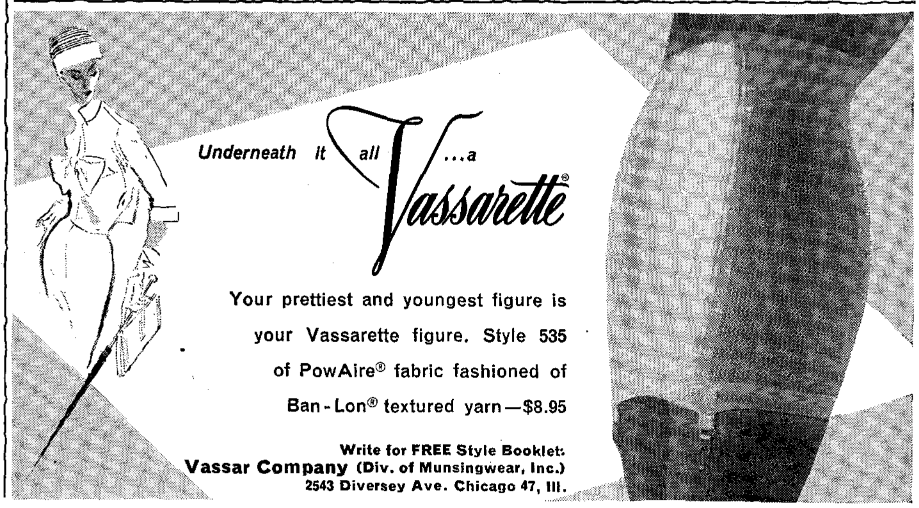

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high-pitched. There was, as everybody knows, nothing inert about his mind.

And Virginia Woolf is, of course, to be found in the diary and other places—for example, in this one sentence by William Plomer, published in *Horizon* a month after her melancholy death:

> I see her in a shady hat and summer sleeves, moving between the fig tree and the zinnias at Rodmell; I see her sitting over a fire and smoking one of her favorite cheroots; I see the nervous shoulders, the creative wrists, the unprecedented sculpture of the temples and eye-sockets; I see her grave and stately, or in a paroxysm of happy laughter; and I shall never see her again.

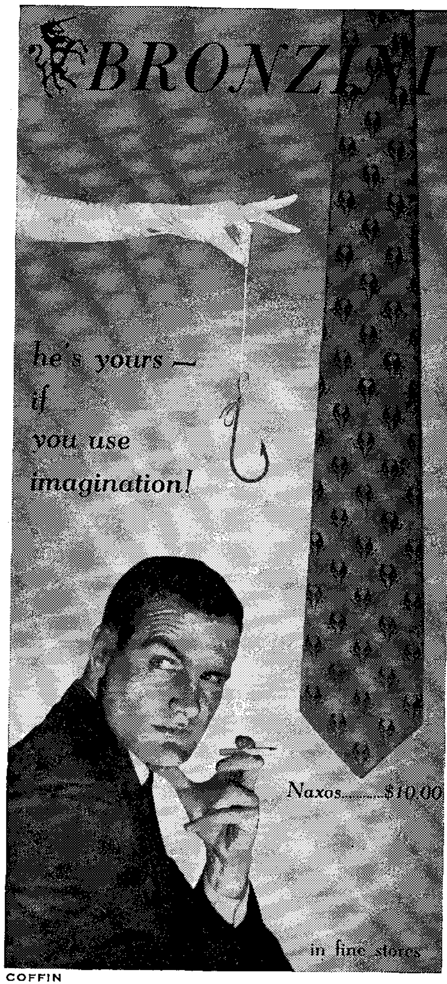
—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A MOMENT OF WARMTH, by Francis Irby Gwaltney (Rinehart). A melodramatic and vastly entertaining novel about the Hunters, "the richest family in Arkansas," who live in a palace and are owners and rulers of all they survey and of a good deal else, including the neighboring town, which they built according to their idea of what is picturesque in English architecture. The story is told by Andrew Hunter, who is the tallest and strongest and ablest of the current generation of the family, but who has no legal right to any part of the enormous Hunter inheritance, because he is only a cousin of the present owner, a weakling who shows signs of living forever. The time of the telling is the nineteen-fifties, but the story covers the thirty-four years of Andrew's life, and explains how the Hunter fortune was acquired and why Andrew feels he is entitled to a share in it.

TILL WE HAVE FACES, by C. S. Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Lewis attempts to chart the causes of war and the possibilities of peace in the human heart, and also in the human spirit, or soul. His dominant theme is the destructive impulse, perhaps unconscious, of some unloved creatures toward those they appear to love. He also examines man's chances of winning God's love, and his chances of finding fulfillment in learning to love as God is supposed to love. The chief figure in the story, which is set in some distant and barbarous time, is an ugly, unhappy virgin queen named Orual. Her kingdom is called Glome. Orual's lifelong pilgrimage along a path dark with symbols and portents leads her to a revelation that is both personal and religious.



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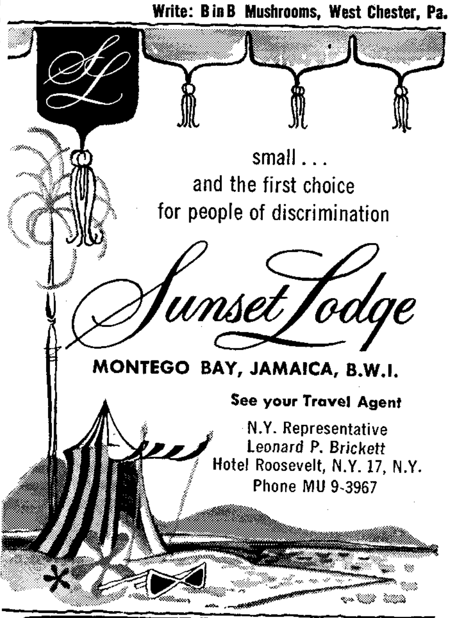
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Mr. Lewis's tone is plausible and determined and self-indulgent—a missionary tone.

AS A SPECKLED BIRD, by Annabel Johnson (Crowell). A stiffly serious novel about high principle, and, on the other hand, lack of principle, in the Greenville Academy of Art, a smallish establishment that suffers from a lack of funds, from an inferiority complex about its scholastic reputation, and from the hostility of the Midwestern town in which it is situated. High principle is represented mainly by a ceramics teacher and one of his students. Lack of principle is demonstrated through the president of the school, whose evil genius is the teacher of painting. All the people in the book have some set function in the rather unexciting play of ideas that Mrs. Johnson chooses to examine, but as human beings they can hardly be said to exist.

FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE, by Ihara Saikaku (Tuttle). Five charming novellas about women who stepped far outside the limits of personal safety in their determination to possess, at least once, the particular love that they felt would justify their existence. The stories, which have astonishing freshness, color, and warmth, were first published in Japan in 1686. This translation, by William Theodore de Bary, is in every way admirable. The black-and-white illustrations are reproduced from the original edition, and they convey the same delicate, gay, and intimate enchantment that radiates from the stories.

GENERAL

THE FIRST FOUR GEORGES, by J. H. Plumb (Macmillan). A spirited and witty attempt to set to rights the characters and careers of the Georges who ruled England from 1714 to 1830 and who, the author points out, "have not enjoyed a good press since Thackeray's day." It is Mr. Plumb's contention that although the Georges were indubitably mediocre men, they nevertheless led England fruitfully through one of the most difficult periods the country has ever known. Indeed, the portraits he gives us—of fat, lusty, obstinate, unruly men, hopelessly caught between an alien culture and their own slow-footedness—are unfailingly persuasive, and so are the incidental sketches of such of their Ministers of State as the Pitts, Robert Walpole, and Lord

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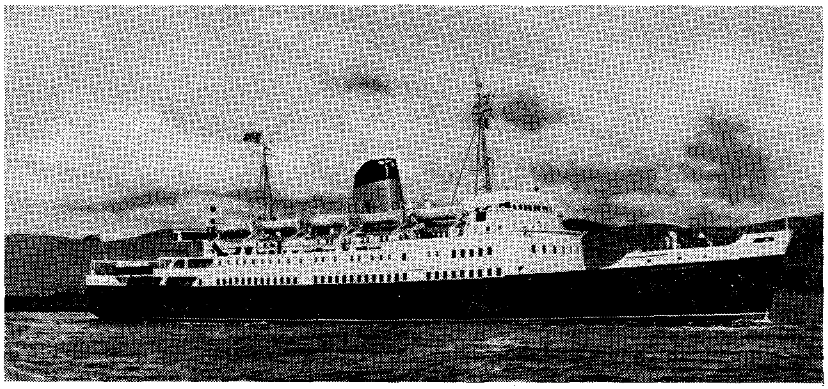

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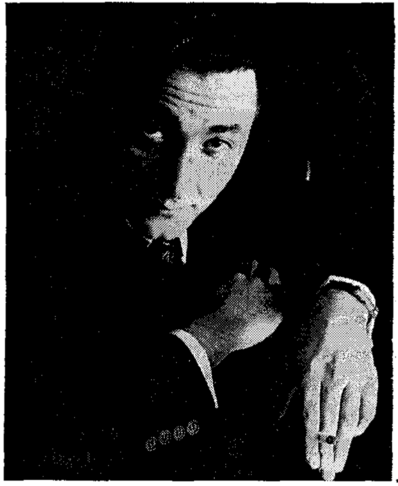

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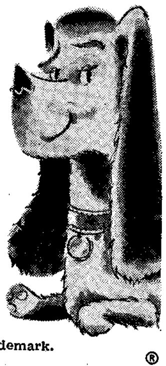

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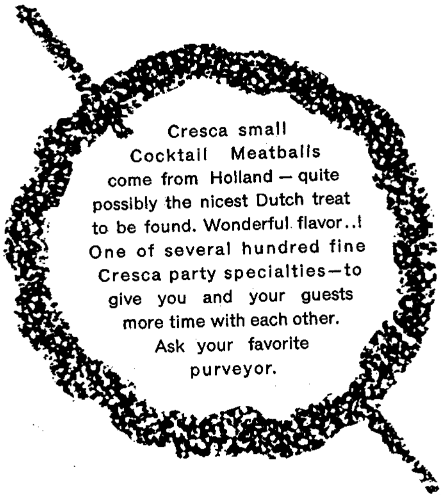

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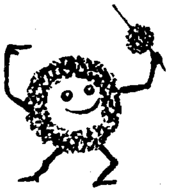

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North, the genial, self-pitying man who all but handed America her independence. There is also a short, penetrating chapter on the impossible social tangle of eighteenth-century England, where in a single day it was possible to enjoy both the brittle acumen of a couplet by Pope and the lawful burning at the stake of a sixteen-year-old girl. Illustrated with reproductions of contemporary paintings, cartoons, silhouettes, and the like.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE UNION, by Samuel Flagg Bemis (Knopf). The second, and final, volume of what the author calls a "basic biography." While this volume starts with the Presidential campaign of 1824 and covers Adams' four not very happy years in the White House, most of it is devoted to the last seventeen years of his life—the years in which, as a member of the House of Representatives, he became the patriarchal conscience of the nation and the "compulsive defender of freedom," as Professor Bemis puts it, against the institution of slavery. The author has made full use of the voluminous Adams family papers; every word of dialogue or monologue he presents is authentic, and he gives us a speaking likeness of our greatest diplomatist and one of the most extraordinary men ever to walk the American earth. Although Adams was thought to be contentious, cantankerous, and humorless even by his friends (and by himself), he emerges here as a statesman of noble proportions, who fulfilled in every way the promise that such mentors as Jefferson, Franklin, and Washington had seen in him as a youth. Undoubtedly a definitive biography. Illustrations.

MEMOIRS OF MICHAEL KÁROLYI (Dutton). Count Michael Károlyi, who died two years ago at the age of eighty, after completing this autobiography, entered Hungarian politics in 1910, when he was elected to Parliament as a member of the Party of Independence. A young nobleman with a personal fortune of a hundred and twenty-five million dollars and a history of gambling, horses, and women, he was nevertheless a passionate liberal and a true humanitarian. In 1918, after persuading King Charles to abdicate, he became provisional President of the Republic of Hungary, a post he held until Béla Kun's Communist coup the following year forced him to flee.

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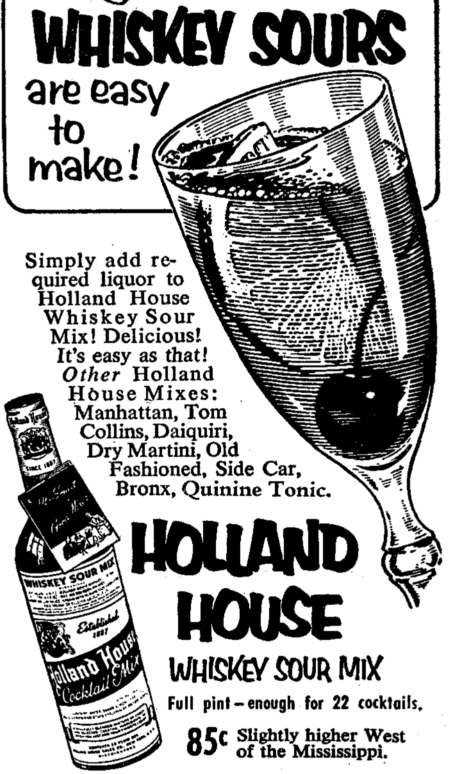

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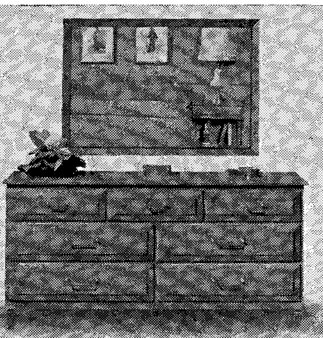

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For the next twenty-six years, he travelled widely—in England, the United States, Mexico, Yugoslavia, France, and Italy—preaching anti-Fascism, land reform, and a Socialist Hungary. Shortly after the Second World War, he returned to his homeland and served in the government of Mátyás Rákosi, only to be exiled again in 1949. An engrossing link to a past that seems as remote as the age of the great reptiles, and an extremely useful background for a study of Hungary today. Photographs.

The Papers of Christian Gauss, edited by Katherine Gauss Jackson and Hiram Haydn (Random House). A collection of lectures, fragments of autobiography, and letters by the late Dean of Princeton, along with letters written to him by such students of his as F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edmund Wilson, who has annotated his correspondence with Gauss. (Many of Wilson's books were written with Gauss's encouragement and help, and when the older man was disposed to be critical, Wilson accepted the criticism with humility.) In his writings, Gauss displayed a fine, active, and open mind—the mind of a humanist with an astringent wit—and this is a valuable and captivating book; it is regrettable that the editors did not see fit to index it. Frontispiece.

Pacific Ordeal, by Captain Kenneth Ainslie (Norton). In May of 1947, the author, a Merchant Marine officer, was given command of a big seagoing tug that was to tow four wooden-hulled minesweepers from Panama to the Philippine Islands—a voyage of fourteen thousand miles. His crew was a random collection of Filipinos, Americans, Germans, and so-called Panamanians, his tow rig was faulty, and matters were further complicated by mutiny, engine breakdowns, accidents, and illness. (At one time the entire ship's company, except for Captain Ainslie himself, was sick, from eating poisonous red schnapper.) Before the tug reached its destination, two of the minesweepers had broken away permanently, and United States Navy planes had to be called out to hunt for them. The account of this monster fiasco is hilarious, hair-raising, and, finally, inspiring. No pictures, unfortunately.

Man and Materialism, by Fred Hoyle (Harper). Mr. Hoyle is the British astronomer and mathemati-

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cian whose theory of the continuous creation of matter fluttered some wash on the line six years ago. This book, a contribution to the World Perspectives series, ranges far and wide, tackling the Communist challenge, the problem of overpopulation, the number of knifings in Los Angeles, and the element of feedback in the movement of the human hand. It is all readable and amusing, but on the topics where the author speaks with no special authority, he clearly speaks with no special authority.

THE DARWIN READER, edited, and with an introduction and notes, by Marston Bates and Philip S. Humphrey (Scribner). Like Freud, Marx, and the other great shapers of contemporary opinion and prejudice, Charles Darwin, the editors believe, is more often taken at hearsay than read and understood (an assumption, incidentally, that the publishers crisply confirm by referring to his masterwork as "The Origin of the Species"), and they feel that this indifference to fundamentals in a society increasingly dominated by the productions and propositions of science is undesirable. They also feel that our lack of interest in Darwin stems largely from the overpowering quantity of his work, its general inaccessibility, and the fact that much of it is no longer either valid or relevant, and they have attempted here to remove these obstacles by showing us, through selections from his autobiography, "The Voyage of the Beagle," "The Origin of Species," "The Descent of Man," "The Expression of the Emotions," and "Plants and Worms," his genius at its most arresting, revolutionary, and pertinent. They have succeeded magnificently.

NOTE: "The Road to Miltown," a collection of thirty-four pieces by S. J. Perelman, all but three of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

•

Metesky reportedly said he commuted from Waterbury to New York "whenever I felt like it" and mailed his letters at Random.—*Baltimore News-Post.*

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LONDON, Jan. 9 (UP)—Queen Elizabeth has commissioned a motorist to do a painting of her favorite dog "Susan," Buckingham Palace announced.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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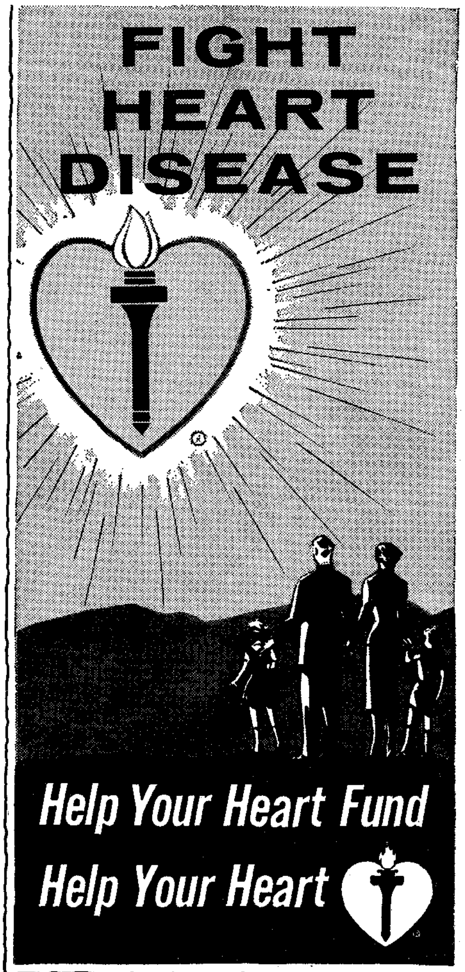

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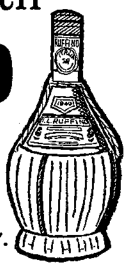

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